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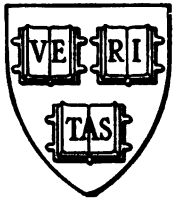

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF THE

REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
JOHN S. TAYLOR,
143 NASSAU STREET.
1849.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

J. T. HEADLEY.

THE first American ancestor of Mr. HEADLEY was the eldest son of an English baronet, who came to this country in consequence of a domestic quarrel, and ultimately refused the family estate, which is now held by Sir Francis Headley, the author of a work of some note, on chemistry. Mr. Headley was born on the 30th of December, 1814, at Walton, in New York, where his father was settled as a clergyman. It is a wild and romantic spot on the banks of the Delaware, and his early familiarity with its scenery doubtless occasioned much of his love of mountain climbing, and indeed his descriptive power. He commenced his studies with the law in view, but changed his plan; and after graduating, at Union College, became a student of theology, at Auburn. He was licensed in New York, and a church was offered him in that city, but his health was feeble, and his physician dissuaded him from attempting to preach. Unwilling, however, to abandon his profession without an effort, he took charge of a small

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church in Stockbridge, in Massachusetts, where he thought he could give himself the most favorable trial, but after two years and a half, broke down completely, and planned a European tour and residence for his recovery. He went to Italy in the summer of 1842, intending to spend the winter there, the summer in Switzerland, and the next winter in the East. The state of his health, however, led to some modification of his design; he remained in Italy only about eight months, traveled some time in Switzerland, passed through Germany and the Netherlands, went into Belgium, thence to France, then over England and Wales, and finally home, having been absent less than two years. His health being worse than when he went abroad, he gave up all idea of following his profession, and turned his attention to literature.

His first publication was a translation from the German, which appeared anonymously, in 1844. In the following year, he gave to the press Letters from Italy and the Alps and the Rhine; and in 1846, Napoleon and his Marshals, and The Sacred Mountains.

Mr. Headley is one of the most promising of the youthful writers of this country. He has shown his capacity to write an agreeable book, and to write a popular one. His Letters from Italy is a work upon which a man of taste will be gratified to linger. It possesses the unfatiguing charms of perfect simplicity and truth. It exhibits a thousand lively traits, of an ingenuous nature, which, formed in a sincere and unsophisticated society, and then brought into the midst

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of the old world, retains all its freshness and distinctiveness, and observes with native intelligence everything that is striking in the life and manners and scenery around it. There is a graceful frankness pervades the composition, which engages the interest of the reader in the author as well as in the subject. We meet, everywhere, the evidences of manly feeling, pure sympathies, and an honorable temper. In many of the passages there is a quiet and almost unconscious humor, which reminds us of the delicate raillery of The Spectator. The style is delightfully free from everything bookish and commonplace; it is natural, familiar, and idiomatic. It approaches, as a work of that design ought to do, the animation, variety, and ease, of spoken language.

The work called Napoleon and his Marshals was written to be popular. The author obviously contemplated nothing but effect. In that point of view, it displays remarkable talent for accomplishing a proposed object. The figures and scenes are delineated with that freedom and breadth of outline, and in that vivid and strongly contrasted style of coloring, which are well calculated to attract and delight the people. If it were regarded as a work written to satisfy his own ideas of excellence, and as the measure of his best abilities, it could not be considered as adding anything to his reputation. He has taken the subject up with ardor, but with little previous preparation: the work therefore indicates imperfect information, immature views of character, and many hasty and unconsidered opinions. The style has the

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same melodramatic exaggeration which the whole design of the work exhibits. Yet unquestionably there is power manifested even in the faults of these brilliant sketches. There is that exuberant copiousness of imagination and passion, which, if it be not admirable in itself, is interesting as the excess of youthful genius. We accept it as a promise, but are not satisfied with it as a production. If it be true, however, as has been stated, that some five thousand copies of this book have been disposed of in the few months that have elapsed since its publication, Mr. Headley has many motives to disregard the warnings which may be mingled with his triumph.

I am unwilling to trust myself in a detailed criticism of Mr. Headley's latest work—The Sacred Mountains. He may readily be acquitted of intentional irreverence; but he has displayed a most unfortunate want of judgment, and a singular insensibility to the character of the subjects which he undertook to handle. The attempt to approximate and familiarize the incidents of the Deluge, to illustrate the Transfiguration by historical contrasts, and to heighten the agony and awe of the Crucifixion by the extravagancies of rhetoric, has produced an effect that is purely displeasing. As events in the annals of the world, those august occurrences "stand solitary and sublime," and are only to be viewed through the passionless ether of the inspired narrative. As mysteries of faith, and symbols of a truth before which our nature bows down, they recede into the infinite distance of sanctity and worship. In a literary point

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of view, Mr. Headley's design has much the same success that would attend an effort to represent the stars of heaven, the horror of an eclipse, or the roseate beauty of an evening sky, by the whiz and crackle of artificial fireworks.

We think so highly of Mr. Headley's natural powers, that we feel a concern in their proper direction and development. The fascination of strong writing, the love of rhetorical effect, have proved the "*torva voluptas*" by which American genius has often been betrayed and sacrificed. It is to be hoped that Mr. Headley will recover in time from the dangerous intoxication. He should remember that the spirit of literary art is essentially natural, simple, and calm; that it is advanced, not by sympathy with the passions of the multitude, but by lonely communion with that high idea of excellence, which is pure, permanent, and sacred; that it dwells not in excitement, and the fervent endeavor after an outward result, but in the quiet yet earnest development of those inward instincts of grace and beauty which are the creative energy of genius. Mr. Headley's first move in literature was a commendable and successful one, and he could not do better for his true fame than to retrace his steps, and recover the line of his earliest efforts.

Besides the works above mentioned, Mr. Headley has published several orations and many able articles in the reviews.

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HEADLEY'S MISCELLANIES.

CHAPTER I.

ROME.

ROME is one of the pilgrim spots of the human mind. Around it cluster the most heroic associations, and over its fallen greatness the heart utters its saddest tones and learns its saddest lessons. We believe that in Roman history the race had reached its highest point of *military* greatness. In it the problem whether a military government could stand, was solved for all after generations. The education of its youth in the profession of arms—the love of glory and scorn of death it kept alive in the hearts of the soldiers, and over all the iron and despotic sway of its rulers, strengthened and secured, as much as human skill and power can secure, that government on the firmest foundations. All the moral motives adapted to stimulate a military people, and all the physical power necessary to execute their wishes, were used with consummate skill. The freedom requisite to maintain independence of thought and feeling,

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and hence give character to the soldiery, was granted, while the strongest checks were furnished against the action of this wild power on the government itself. Indeed, we look upon the military government of Rome as a model one—the most perfect that human power and skill could carry out, and its failure the settlement of the principle for ever. The conquests it made, the territory it held under tribute, and the unrivaled magnificence and splendor it reached at home, prove the energy and wisdom with which its affairs were managed. What is true of the nation, is also true of the individuals that composed it. More heroic men never lived than Rome furnished. The power of human endurance, and the strength of the human will, were never more fully exhibited. They grew up stern, proud, indomitable beings, filled with a great, but lofty enthusiasm, and marked in all their actions by the highest self-respect. As the nation grew luxurious and corrupt, these features gradually wore away—but we were speaking of Rome in the prime of its manhood. I suppose we have no conception of the splendor and glory of the imperial city. Its *ruins* outshine modern excellence, and its *corpse* is more awful than any living nation. The imagination never recalls this fallen empire without coloring it with its ancient magnificence; and, indeed, so linked has its name become with all that is grand and awe-inspiring, that the traveler on the spot finds it difficult to believe the evidence of his senses. It is plain that he has been dreaming all his lifetime, or is dreaming now. The impressions which the imagi-

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nation from earliest childhood has graven on the soul, and the aspect presented to the actual eye, are so widely different, that one seems struggling between waking and sleeping —he cannot wholly shake off the early dream—and he cannot believe that what rises before him is all that about which he has been dreaming so long.

First around Rome spreads the desolate Campagna. The plain, once dotted with temples or cultivated fields, is now almost a desert. It is cut up into large farms, owned by the nobility or wealthy men in the city, and let out on shares to farmers or graziers. Very little of this, however, is fit for agricultural purposes, not even for grazing. But this very desolation around the old city, is, after all, a great relief to one's feelings. It harmonizes more with their mood, and speaks their language. Bright fields, and thrifty farm-houses, and all the life and animation of a richly cultivated country, would present too strong a contrast to the fallen "glory of the world." But the sterile earth, the ruins that lie strewed over the plain, and the lonely aspect all things wear, seem to side with the pilgrim as he muses over the crumbled empire. Besides, his faith is not so grievously taxed, and his convictions so incessantly shocked. He is not compelled to dig through modern improvements to read the lines that move him so deeply. There they are, the very characters the centuries have writ. He sees the footprints of the mighty ages, and lays his hands on their mouldering garments. Perhaps nothing fills one with thoughts of old Rome more

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than the ruins of the ancient aqueducts stretching for miles over this desolate Campagna, like long rows of broken colonnades, supporting here and there fragments of their architraves. Here and there a hut or casella, in ruins, leaning against the sky, is the only object that marks the plain where the Sabines, the Volsci, and the Pelasgi had, in their turn, striven to crush the infant empire.

The *city proper* now contains about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, while the whole empire, or that over which her own king has temporal sway, is but 18,117 Roman square miles, containing a population of only 2,732,736, or less than the single State of New York. The whole revenue of this fragment of by-gone power is only $10,000,000, while the expense of collecting is $230,000; and $300,000 more go to pay the interest on the public debt, which has grown so large that the credit of His Holiness would be called in Wall Street decidedly low.

Those mighty legions that were wont to thunder along the Appian Way, and streamed in countless numbers out of the city gates on their march to conquer a world, are now represented by a miserable army of *fourteen thousand men*, and the kingly guard of Cæsar, by a richly dressed company of *fifty* effeminate noblemen; nay, he who sits on the throne of the Cæsars, is a mere dependent on the nod of Austria for his place. The city occupies perhaps a third of the ground covered by old Rome. Some idea may be obtained of the comparative dimensions of the ancient and modern city, by stating that it took *eighteen*

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aqueducts to supply the one, while *three* are found sufficient for the present demand. The Seven Hills, renowned through all time, can still be designated. Most of them are covered with modern buildings. Two parallel palaces, built by Michael Angelo, stand on the Capitoline, while the Aventine is almost entirely naked and covered with rubbish, which it will take another century to blend with the common mass of earth. The old Palatine, along whose base runs the Forum, and one side of which looked down on the Circus Maximus, and the other on the Forum and Coliseum, stands desolate and lonely on the outskirts of the city. A few dwarfish trees wave along its summit, and here and there is a small patch of ground which the gardener tries to cultivate, after raking off the fragments of marble that load it like pebble-stones. Nero's Golden House has crumbled away, and all its rich ornaments been the prey of the spoiler or trampled to pieces by the foot of time. Here and there a cavernous arch opens to the vaulted rooms below, once flashing with gold and silver, and rich with costly Mosaics. Tangled weeds choke the entrance, and one mighty tomb seems to have ingulfed all.

But let us start from the Pincian Hill on the northern side of Rome, and walk around its ruined sides, and view the corpse of this once mistress of the world. The features are here, though "Decay's effacing fingers" have left few of the lines of beauty. Descending the magnificent flight of steps, and turning to the right, we are in a few moments at the "Piazza del

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Popolo," or place of the people. Here the gate opens that leads towards Florence. Turning back by a parallel street we come down the Corso, the Broadway of Rome, and once the old Appian Way. Having traversed a third of its length we turn to the right, and after half a mile's walk reach the Tiber, where the famous bridge of Michael Angelo crosses it to the Castle of St. Angelo, once Adrian's Tomb. Passing on, the noble form of St. Peter's bursts on the view with its glorious front, and still more magnificent double rows of colonnades sweeping down in a bold semicircle from either extremity. From the top of this church you have Rome, and the whole Campagna, in one *coup d'œil.* On the north and west stretch away the Volscian, Sabine, and Albanian hills; on the south, flows the Tiber through the low flat land to the Mediterranean, which sleeps placidly in the distance. Around the city, on every height, stand magnificent villas; while, nearer down, Rome is spread out like a map. The splendor of a noonday sun is on it all, and the fountains before the church are sending their showers of diamonds towards the sky; while the old Egyptian obelisk that once stood in this very spot, then Nero's Circus, is dwindled to a miniature shaft from this height. Keeping along the outskirts of the city, moving on towards the east, we ascend another hill to the Convent of San Onofrio. Here is another beautiful view of Rome. Beside an oak tree that has lately been shivered by the tempest, Tasso was wont to sit of an evening and look down on the queen city. He

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had been summoned there to be crowned with the laurel wreath, but driven by sickness to this airy and salubrious spot, he would here sit for hours and gaze on Rome. But the hour of his triumph never came, and he sank away and died on this hill, while the wreath woven for his brow was hung on his tomb. Sleep quietly, thou bold-hearted poet, for the city whose praise thou didst covet is a ruin, and the hall where thou didst expect to hear the acclamations of the great, has disappeared from the knowledge of man! Keeping on our circuit, we pass the Temple of Vesta, and the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestus. Turning partly back on our route, and keeping still on the outskirts of the city, we come to the "Capitol." Having ascended its flight of steps, at the foot of which stands an old Roman milestone marking the first mile of the Appian Way, the noble area is before us, with the equestrian statue of Aurelius—the finest in the world—in the centre. Here Rienzi, "The last of the Tribunes," fell, in his struggle for liberty. At the further end, is the Palace of the Senators of Rome. What a mockery! Rome has no senators but in name. The ancient Republic is gone—substance and shadow; then why keep alive the name? Descending on the farther side, lo! the Forum is before us! Can this be Rome, and this her ancient Forum? The Arch of Septimus Severus, covered with its disfigured but still beautiful bas-reliefs, is sunk at our feet, as we lean against one of the remaining columns of "Jupiter, the Thunderer," and look away towards the solitary Arch of Titus at the

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farther end. The Palatine, bereft of all the magnificence the Cæsars piled on its top, rises on the right, weighing down the heart with its great associations; while farther on, the gray old Coliseum draws its circular summit on the sky. Here, for the first time, the traveler comprehends what it all means. The Past gives up its dead, and the dead rear again their palaces around him. Fancy calls back the Cæsars—the Golden House of Nero on that desolate hill, and philosophers slowly promenade before him along the shaded walks of the Forum. The steep Tarpeian is near by, and although its top is now a garden, yet, like Byron, the wanderer asks and answers the question the same moment—

"Is this the rock of triumph—the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? This the steep
Tarpeian—fittest goal of Treason's race?
The promontory where the traitor's leap
Cured all ambition? Yes! and in yon field below
A thousand silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breaths, burns with Cicero."

Yes, it *is* immortal ground. Here Horace used to walk and muse, as he himself says—

"Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum; totus in illis."

"*Via Sacra!*" where is it? Buried many a foot beneath the ground. Yet, right there where stands the modern Capitol, once stood THE CAPITOL to which the Roman orators so often pointed to give effect to their appeals; there Caius Gracchus directed the

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eyes of his hearers; and, in the language of despair, asked if he could find refuge there, while the blood of his brother still smoked on its pavement. Thither Cicero turned, when, raining his accusations on Catiline, he burst forth into thanks to the gods that presided on that hill, and exclaimed *Ita presentes his temporibus opem et auxilium nobis tulerunt, ut eos pœne oculis videri possimus!* "So palpably have they been with us in these times, bringing aid and succor, that we can almost see them with our eyes!" So musing, the hill assumes its olden splendor, when the airy marble glittered along its summit, and statues of gods seemed guarding its Capitol; and silver, and gold, and precious stones made it the admiration of the world. But the structure which the imagination reared melts away—the Cæsars are shadows—the lizard crawls over their ancient palaces, and the night bird sits and whistles in the old Forum. It is true that here Catiline trod, urged on by his fiery ambition—here Cicero thundered and grave senators listened. But how changed has everything become! There still bends the Arch of Titus, reared to grace his return from the conquest of Jerusalem. Then the haughty victor marched to the sound of music along the way, with the spoils of the Holy City carried before him, and the weeping train of Judah's captives following his triumphal chariot. Then the Palace of the Cæsars rose in its glory over the Forum, and the Capitol looked down upon them laden with the trophies of a hundred battles. Now, solitary and lonely, it stands amid the surrounding ruins. Stretched

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away from its triumphal curve are *rope-walks*, with the unconscious spinners leisurely weaving their lines in the setting sun. Titus and the Jewish captives rest together. The triumph of the one and the sufferings of the other are alike forgotten. The rope-spinner owns the Via Sacra, and the *Forum is a Cow-market!* What a satire on human pride and human ambition! The seats of grave senators of Rome usurped by *cows from the Campagna!* and the eloquence of Cicero superseded by the wrangling of a cattle-market! while, instead of schemes that involved the fate of a world in their completion, the simple-minded peasant weaves his line of flax for some Greek fishing-smack. Thus the centuries go silent by, carrying with them man and his achievements.

A short distance beyond the Forum stands the Coliseum, the grandest of all earthly ruins. The moon is sailing along the quiet heavens, casting its pale light over all, while the arches open like caverns in every direction, and the clambering ivy glistens and rustles in the passing night wind. Arch above arch, seat above seat, corridor within corridor, the mighty structure towers away, bringing back the centuries over the weak and staggering memory, till the spirit bows in silent reverence of the awful Past. The moonbeams glimmer on the pebbly arena that had so often swam before the eye of the dying combatant, as voices smote his ear, "*hic habet.*" But what a slight impression the earth takes from the scenes enacted upon it! The red bricks look the same as ever, and yon old column stands in the same place it stood

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nearly two thousand years ago. Here anger had raged, and fear fallen, and faith soared upward, and tyranny and persecution mocked—but they had not left even their mark on the sand.

> "And thou, bright rolling moon, didst shine upon
> All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
> Making that beautiful which still was so."

A little farther on, as you return to the city, are the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine, through which the fragments of immense columns are strewn just as they fell, as time slowly pushed them one after another from their places. Stand here, and hear the night-bird whistle amid the shrubbery that waves along the Palatine. Darkness and night make these ruins awful; and that solitary cry, swelling upon the warm south wind, sounds like the ghost of Rome shrieking out amid the desolation.

Passing into the city, Trajan's lonely column and Forum, filled with standing fragments of beautiful columns, bid a sort of farewell to the wanderer as he again enters the streets of modern Rome. Hatters' shops, tobacco stores, French finery, and Parisian-dressed belles, fill Rome of the nineteenth century. A weak and imbecile Pope tells his beads "and patters prayer" where the Cæsars trod! and the triumphal processions of the Empire are changed into long trains of superstitious monks, as they go to say prayers for dead men's souls.

Starting from the Piazza Spagna, at the Pincian Hill, from which we first set out, let us go in an opposite direction towards the gate that opens the road to

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Naples. Passing by the magnificent church of Marie Maggiore, we come to St. John in Laterano, standing near the city walls. This is the mother church of Rome. It is older than St. Peter's, and hence, according to the custom of the Roman Catholic Church, should be the residence of the Pope. But the Vatican and its splendor please His Holiness better. Still the Cardinals of St. John in Laterano assert their right of precedence immediately on the death of the Pope, and exercise the chief authority not only as spiritual, but temporal rulers. They issue new laws, and do all His Holiness might do were he alive. It is a glorious structure, wrought of the richest material, and finished with elaborate skill. A beautiful Baptistry stands on one side, in which all the converts from the ranks of heretics are publicly baptized. On the other side is an edifice built over the marble staircase, declared to have been brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and up which our Saviour trod when he went to be tried. Men and women are constantly ascending this on their knees, muttering prayers as they go; because it grants them indulgence for some hundreds of years, and gives to the prayer they repeat power to save them in the direst extremity! Such crowds of devotees climb this staircase that it has been found necessary to cover the hard marble with boards to preserve it from being worn out by the knees of those who ascend. But let us turn aside a moment, as we return, to the semicircular Theatridium of the Baths of Diocletian. These magnificent baths were built in 302, by Diocletian and Maximian.

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Forty thousand Christians were once employed upon them—the slaves of a haughty and Pagan despot. The followers of Christ were a broken and scattered band, and the tyrant then little thought that, over the ruins of all that was once so glorious in Rome, the Cross would be erected in triumph, and that what was once the symbol of shame and reproach would be the standard of the Empire. This Theatridium still stands, *but it is now a cotton mill!* Yes, proud Diocletian, thy forty thousand Christians, whom thy haughty spirit humbled to the task of erecting a structure to satisfy thy soaring pride, have built after all but a *cotton mill*, and a Christian stands beside thy mighty failure, and learns a lesson on human greatness he will never forget. That Christianity thou thoughtest to strangle in its infancy, now covers the strongest thrones of earth, and shall still grow stronger, while the very ruins of thy structure are slowly perishing from the sight of man. Oh, how Christianity did struggle for life in this old Empire! What persecutions and bloody massacres have stained the very pavements of the city! But outliving all—triumphing over all, it finally sat down on the throne of the Cæsars. Yet Christianity has also outlived its own purity, and lain down at last in a drunken debauch on its greatest battle-field. Woe to thee, harlot church, for bringing such disgrace on the name by which thou didst triumph! The heart is overwhelmed with emotions in traversing Rome, where once the pulse of the world beat. All is ruin here—greatness,

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pride, learning, ambition, power, and last of all Christianity.

The interior of the city is like many other old cities of Europe, except that a magnificent palace, that has outlived centuries, will meet you at almost every turn. The most magnificent villa on the outskirts of Rome, is the Borghesian villa, covering acres of ground—cut up into almost endless promenades and carriage-ways, and filled with trees, fountains, and statuary. To leave the dirty streets of Rome of a sultry evening, and drive through these extensive grounds, seems like entering on a fairy land. It is the only spot where the Romans seem to escape from the sombre influence of their ruined city, and relax into mirth and laughter. There is no doubt that the air of antiquity and fallen greatness which is around Rome affects the character of its inhabitants, making them more grave and taciturn than they otherwise would be, for it is in this respect unlike all other Italian cities. The natural vivacity of the Italian is exceedingly subdued here.

But there is one thing respecting which persons at a distance form very wrong conceptions—I mean the religious character of the Romans. They are looked upon as superstitious beings, who can be made to believe whatever the Pope says, and receive as truth whatever monstrous story the priest may invent; but this is not so. They are not possessed with such stupidity as the Christian world imagines. With the exception of the very ignorant, they see through the mighty farce the Church plays off for its own amuse-

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ment with perfect distinctness. The Pope being king, and hence all his secretaries, ministers, &c., cardinals or bishops, those of the nobility who seek for political distinction, must enter the priesthood and perform its functions. But it is entirely a political matter, and so understood among themselves. A man becomes a priest just as one joins a political party here, simply because it is a stepping-stone to influence in the State. The others acquiesce, and are silent, and apparently credulous, because, to act otherwise, would be a double rebellion—first against the king, and second against the Head of the Church. We have never obtained the confidence even of the most common people, without hearing them speak in the bitterest terms against the Pope and his cardinals. They tax ruinously the poor, and *that* they feel. The licentious lives of the priesthood are well known; and *fear*, not *superstition*, shuts the mouths of the subjects of His Holiness. The Catholic religion is losing ground every day; and whatever the catechism may say, intelligent Catholics do not believe in the infallibility of the Pope, any more than the Americans believe in the infallibility of their president. The trickery which in earlier ages blinded the people is now laughed at; and if the clergy were as much scorned and despised in this country, as the multitude of friars and monks are in Rome and Italy, we should think the profession was soon to be extinct. The men pay less and less attention to the ceremonies of the Church, and we should call corresponding action here infidelity. Indeed, we believe there is more infidelity than Roman

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Catholicism, this day, among the intelligent class of Italians. Thus while, by adapting itself to the institutions of every new country into which it introduces itself, it gains a foothold and spreads, it loses in its own land, by adhering to its old superstitions and nonsense, which the spirit of the age rejects. We believe that Italy in heart is nearly half infidel, and that Paris itself is scarcely more skeptical than the very seat of His Holiness—ROME. What this infidelity will work, is more than any one can tell. What influence it will have on political matters, will depend on circumstances which no one can foresee or predict. But one thing we think is certain—however much the form of the Catholic religion may prevail, the Pope will constantly lose power till his spiritual will become what his temporal throne now is, a mere shadow. Indeed, there is a tradition now in Rome among the lower classes that this is the last Pope that will ever sit on the throne. We are surprised to find this in the mouths of the ignorant. Whether Italy will ever assume again, under any dynasty or form of government, her appropriate place among the nations of the earth, is very doubtful. If she does, she will be the first nation that has grown old with decay, and again become regenerated. In this respect, nations follow the law of human life. If age once seizes upon them they never grow young again. They must first die and have an entirely new birth, while this new birth never immediately succeeds the death. Everything there is old—cities, houses, and churches. The whole economy of outward life must

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be changed to fit the spirit that is now abroad in the world. Indeed, we have no faith in the multitude of conspiracies with which Italy is filled. The struggling spirit is not strong enough, or at least cannot be sufficiently combined. The poor and suffering have become too poor. They are beggars, that do not care enough for liberty to fight for it; while those who should guide the popular will, seem to lack the steady energy that inspires confidence. The love of pleasure and its pursuit take from the Italian character the manliness so necessary to a republican form of government. The northern provinces are far better in this respect than the southern. In Genoa, for instance, there is a great deal of nerve and stern republicanism remaining, which may yet recall the days of Spinola. But the *moral* and religious renovation is a still more desperate undertaking. It is easier to revolutionize a corrupt church than reform it, as Luther most fully proved. But a religious revolution in Rome necessarily involves a political one, and, reason as men will, they *must* go together. The Church and State are one and indissoluble, and the death of either involves the destruction of the other. But "what is writ is writ," and religion must yet revive amid those ruins. The scarlet robes of the cardinals correspond so perfectly with the description in the Revelations, that the Protestant believer is startled as he looks on them. They seem to wear the insignia of the condemned, and flaunt out before his eyes the apparel which utters beforehand their doom.

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CHAPTER II.

EASTER SUNDAY IN ROME.

EASTER Sunday closes up the pompous ceremonies of Holy Week. It is the last great day of the popish feast, and the Pope celebrates High Mass in St. Peter's. This is done but three times a year—Easter Sunday, the festival of St. Peter and Paul, and Christmas. This day also the Pope wears the tiara, or triple crown. It was first worn by Pope Sylvester, with a single coronet. Boniface VIII., about the year 1300, added a second, and John II. or Urban V., it is not certain which, added a third, making it a triple crown, representing the pontifical, imperial, and royal authority combined. But, to the day. It was a bright balmy morning, and Rome at an early hour seemed waking up to some stirring event, and its inhabitants, turned out of doors, were pouring towards St. Peter's. It is a mile or more from the main part of the city to the church; and the principal street leading to it presented two unbroken lines of carriages, one going and the other returning. If for a moment you got a view of the street for any distance, it appeared like two currents of water—one bearing the multitude on, and the other returning without them, while between thronged the crowd of

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those on foot. At length, the cardinals began to arrive. Carriage after carriage, to the number of forty or fifty, came dashing along, with black horses, and crimson plumes, and gilded trappings, looking like anything but a cortège of priests. Each had its three gayly attired footmen, and fairly flashed with the gold upon them. One carriage, that of the governor of the city, had all the metal about it, even to the hubs of the wheel, covered with gold, and sent back the sunbeams like a mirror. One after another they dashed up to the glorious semicircular colonnade that comes sweeping down from either end of St. Peter's, and disappeared, carriage, horses, plumes and all, amid the massive columns that formed their triumphant entry. You would never take them to be humble servants of God, but rather the grandees of a court, as they indeed were; and crowding, not to a sanctuary, but to a magnificent temple of art, and thinking, not of God, whom they professed to worship, but of the pageant of which they were to form a part. To get an idea of the ceremony, you must not imagine St. Peter's *crowded*, for that were well-nigh impossible—it was never known to be filled, not even when the German army was quartered in it. But imagine, if you can, an area six hundred and thirty feet long, and nearly two hundred feet wide, with two magnificent rows of columns stretching along on each side of the centre, loaded with the choicest statuary. The bottom of this is a tesselated marble pavement, and the arches above richly wrought frescoes, bending a hundred and fifty feet over your

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head, while the dome circles away on your astonished vision four hundred feet in the air, covered with mosaics. Imagine, I say, this area, so vast that three such buildings as Trinity Church could be placed under the dome alone, without encroaching at all on the body of the church, lined and covered over with gems of art, and holding on its ample floor more than thirty thousand human beings, and you will have some conception of the scene that awaits His Holiness as he comes to celebrate High Mass. A portion of the army is ranged round the nave, to keep it open for the procession as it advances up the church. In a lofty balcony are stationed a band of musicians, to salute with a triumphal strain the "Head of the Church." This is the grand preparation that precedes the approach of the Pope; and the moment he enters the church, borne in a canopy on men's shoulders, the whole chapter receive him, and the choir and procession strike up, "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam," &c.—"thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." The foolish old man receives all this with becoming humility, the procession moves on towards the main altar at the far end of the nave. The grenadiers, national troops, and Capitoline Guard, that stand around the open centre, drop on one knee as he passes, and the whole multitude bow themselves in voluntary homage. At this juncture, the choir pause in their "Tu es Petrus," and the military stationed in a gallery at the end of the church, midway to the roof, fill their trumpets with a triumphant salute that

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breaks along the arches and rolls in solemn grandeur up the lofty nave, while the great bell from without peals forth its acclamations to the "*two hundred and fifty-seventh successor* of the great Apostle."

I thought at the outset I would give a description of the procession and its order, the costumes of cardinals and eastern bishops, and the various ceremonies that preceded the Mass and Communion; together with an account of the ordinances themselves. But it would be simply to say that His Holiness knelt on a crimson and gold cushion—that now he laid aside his tiara, and put on his mitre; and now, *vice versâ*—that he mumbled prayers for which he alone was the wiser and none the better—that the dignitaries of the church held up the corners of his robes, and the choir chanted, and the incense arose, and the trumpets brayed, and the throne looked very comfortable, and the people seemed amused. I loitered it out till the time appointed for giving the benediction to the people, and then threaded my way through the throng, and hastened up to the top of one of the semicircular colonnades that sweep away from St. Peter's, to witness this really imposing ceremony. To imagine it well, the reader must place before him a magnificent church, with the paved ground gently sloping away into an ample area, around which these semicircular colonnades, four columns deep, go like two immense arms thrown out from either end of the church to embrace it in. A hundred and eighty colossal marble statues stand along the top of these colonnades, their only balus-

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trade. Two beautiful fountains throw up their spray between, while a gray old granite obelisk from Egypt towers away in the centre. The centre of this area is kept open by the military, ranged around it in the form of a hollow square. Between them and the steps are the living multitude waiting for the blessing. Behind the lower file are crammed in a black mass the countless carriages. In front of the church, and about half-way up, is a small gallery, or loggia, as the Italians term it, covered with crimson cloth, and shaded by an immense piece of canvas. Into this gallery the Pope advances to bless the people below.

Standing on the top of one of the colonnades, leaning against the base of a statue, I had a bird's eye view of the whole multitude and pageant below. Forty or fifty thousand people stood there in a dense mass. It was a grand spectacle, and I contemplated it with mingled feelings, yet with the deepest interest. There was the soldier in his cap and plume, and there the peasant in his picturesque garb, and there the beggar in his rags. The Pope had not yet made his appearance, and, indeed, for the time being, I quite forgot him. It was a pageant and a farce, combining all the magnificence that dazzles the crowd, and all the folly that "makes the angels weep."

Nearly under me, far down, were a group of pilgrims, ragged and dirty, lying along the noble steps, apparently unconscious of all around—their staves leaning across them, their head on their hand, and they either nodding or fast asleep. One boy held my attention for a long time. He lay on the hard stones

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fast asleep, and his father asleep beside him. Suddenly there was the prolonged blast of a solitary trumpet. The father started up from his slumber, and supposing the Pope was about to appear, roused his boy beside him, so that they might not lose the invaluable blessing. The tired, drowsy little fellow rose halfway up and then fell back again heavily on the steps fast asleep. The Pope did not appear, and the father, too, soon sunk away in deep slumber beside his son. They had wandered far from their quiet home to receive the blessing of the Holy Father. Reckless of the magnificence around them, of the swaying crowd, the ocean-like murmur that went up to heaven, they had fallen asleep under the shadow of St. Peter's. That boy, ragged and dirty as he was, had also *his* dreams, and *his* palace, and objects of ambition; but they were all far away, and many a weary mile must be traversed before he would be amid them again. What a change, to be waked from that quiet dream by the sound of trumpets, and instead of his own rude hut by the mountain stream, to find the lofty cathedral before him, and the rumor of thousands around him!

Suddenly came the shout of trumpets, and as suddenly ceased again, and there stood the Pope in the loggia, clad in his robes of state, and attended by his gorgeously clad cardinals. The sea of human faces was upturned to him, as clasping his hands he engaged in a short prayer, which none but those who stood beside him could hear. When it was over, he spread out his hands over the vast assembly that sank

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as one man to the earth, while the long ranks of soldiers kneeled, with their bayonets erect, under the open sky. The benediction, which none but those near the person of the Pope could hear, was then pronounced, and a bull anathematizing all heretics thrown out upon the air, and lo! the pageant was over. The multitude sprang to their feet—drum and trumpet pealed forth their gladdest notes—the cannon of St. Angelo thundered back the joy, and the bells threw in their clangor to swell the jubilee that made the very city reel. The mighty throng swayed and tossed like a moving sea—the steady ranks wheeled into order—horses galloped over the area—carriages rattled amid the confusion, and the living stream went pouring onward to the city. The people had been blessed in word but not in deed; and I thought of a conversation I once had with a vetturino respecting His Holiness. Speaking of the condition of the lower classes, their wages, poverty, and distress, he became highly excited, and closed up with saying, "the poor are taxed for their land and what they raise on it. It is nothing but tax, tax, till they have nothing left. A poor peasant cannot bring a chicken into Rome without paying a duty on it to the Pope; and what does he get in return for all this? La sua benedizione una volte per anno! Non è un benedizione, è un *maledicione.*" "His blessing once a year! It is not a blessing, but a *curse.*" This was strong language for a Catholic to use, and I looked on him in undisguised astonishment. Has the blessing of His Holiness fallen so low in the estimation of the lower classes?

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How utterly worthless, then, to the more intelligent! The people come to gaze on the magnificent farce, and go away to sneer. There is a feeling deeper than superstition, and that is *want*. The nerve that hunger tortures is more sensitive than all others, and the Pope will find he can *starve* his people into heretics faster than all Christendom can convert them. The pomp and pageantry that formerly controlled the multitude are every day becoming less and less effective. It is hard to dazzle the imagination when the stomach is clamoring for food. Men begin to ask questions of their rulers, and the most ignorant can ask, "cui bono?" to the lordliest entertainment. And high as the king may sit, and infallible as the Pope may be, he has yet to answer these questions directly and plainly, and woe be to him when it is understood and felt he can give no satisfactory answer.

After all the ceremony is over you can walk, if you will, through St. Peter's, and view its magnificence. On one side is arranged a row of temporary confessionals, with a placard over each, in every language in the civilized world. There the Arab, Russian, German, Greek, Swede, Spaniard, and Englishman, can confess his sins in his own tongue, and receive absolution. Poor wretches are kneeling before them, pouring the tale of their sorrows and sins into the ears of the yawning confessor, who dismisses them, one after another, with lightened consciences, though not with purer hearts. At sundown, if not too tired, you can return and stroll over the marble pavement, and listen to the vespers that,

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chanted in a side chapel, come stealing sweetly out into the amplitude, and float away among the arches in ravishing melody. The lamps are burning dimly before the altar—twilight is deepening over the glorious structure, and forms in strange costumes are slowly passing and repassing over the tesselated floor. The heart becomes subdued under the influence of sight and sound, and a feeling almost of superstition will creep over the sternest heart. The gloom grows deeper, leaving nothing distinctly seen, while that vesper hymn comes stealing out on the bewildered ear, like a strain from the unseen world.

But in the evening is the grandest display of all. During the day, the interior of St. Peter's has done its utmost to magnify His Holiness, and at night the exterior must do its share of glorification. This great building, covering several acres, is illuminated in its entire outer surface. It is an operation of great expense, and attended with much danger. It is caused by suspending *four thousand four hundred lanterns* upon it, covering it from the dome down. To accomplish this, men have to be let down with ropes, over every part of the edifice, and left dangling there for more than an hour. Even from the base of the church they look like insects creeping over the surface. Hanging down the precipitous sides of the immense dome, standing four hundred feet high in the air, is attended with so much danger, that the eighty men employed in it always receive extreme unction before they attempt it. The last sacrament is taken, and their account settled, both for this world and the

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next, so that death would not, after all, be so great a calamity. The Pope must amuse the people, and glorify his reign, though he hazard human life in doing it. But he has the magnanimity to secure the sufferer from evil in the next world. If a rope break, and the man is crushed into a shapeless mass on the pavement below, his soul immediately ascends to one of the most favored seats in Paradise. He fell from God's church—he died in the attempt to illuminate it, and in obedience to God's vicegerent on earth. How can the man help being saved? But to make assurance doubly sure, the Pope gives him a passport with his own hand, which he assures the poor creature, St. Peter, who sits by the celestial gates, will most fully recognize. This is very kind of the Pope! If he kills a man, he sends him to heaven, and secures him a recompense in the next world for all he lost in this. The ignorant creature who is willing to undertake the perilous operation for the sake of a few dollars, wherewith to feed his children, believes it all, and fearlessly swings in mid heaven, where the yielding of a single strand of the rope would precipitate him where the very form of humanity would be crushed out of him.

But one forgets all this in looking at the illumination, which it is impossible to describe. There are two illuminations. This first is called the silver one, and commences about eight o'clock in the evening. These four thousand four hundred lamps are so arranged as to reveal the entire architecture of the building. Every column, cornice, frieze, and window

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—all the details of the building, and the entire structure, are revealed in a soft, clear light, producing an effect indescribably pleasing, yet utterly bewildering. It seems an immense alabaster building, lit from within. The long lines of light, made by the column, with the shadows between—the beautiful cornice glittering over the darkness under it—the magnificent semicircular colonnades all inherent with light, and every one of the one hundred and eighty statues along its top surmounted with a lamp, and the immense dome rising over all, like a mountain of molten silver, in the deep darkness around, so completely delude the senses that one can think of nothing but a fairy fabric suddenly lighted and hung in mid heavens. This effect, however, is given only when one stands at a distance. The Pincian Hill is the spot from which to view it. All around is buried in deep darkness, except that steadily shining glory. Not a sound is heard to break the stillness; and you gaze, and gaze, expecting every moment to see the beautiful vision fade. But it still shines calmly on.

This illumination lasts from eight to nine; and just as the bell of the cathedral strikes nine, sending its loud and solemn peal over the city, a thousand four hundred and seventy-five torches are suddenly kindled, beside the lanterns. The change is instantaneous and almost terrific. The air seems to waver to and fro in the sudden light—shape and form are lost for a moment, and the vision which just charmed your senses is melting and flowing together. The next moment, old St. Peter's again draws its burning

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outline against the black sky, and stands like a mountain of torches in the deep night, with a fiery cross burning at the top. How the glorious structure burns, yet unconsumed! The flames wrap it in their fierce embrace, and yet not a single detail is lost in the conflagration. There is the noble façade in all its harmony, and yet on fire. There are the immense colonnades wavering in the light, changed only in that they are now each a *red* marble shaft. The statues stand unharmed, and all fiery figures. The dome is a vast fire-ball in the darkness, yet its distinct outline remains as clear as at the first. The whole mighty edifice is there, but built all of flame—columns, friesco, cornice, windows, towers, dome, cross—a temple of fire, perfect in every part, flashing, swaying, burning in mid heavens. The senses grow bewildered in gazing on its intense brilliancy, and the judgment pronounces it an optical illusion, unreal, fantastical. Yet the next moment it stands corrected—that *is* St. Peter's, flaming, unconsumed in the murky heavens. Hour after hour it blazes on, and the last torch is yet unextinguished when the gray twilight of morning opens in the east. This you say is a glorious spectacle; yes, but it is on *Sabbath evening*. The successor of the apostle—the spiritual head of the church—the "vicegerent of God on earth, has sanctified the Sabbath by this glorious illumination in honor of the Son of God!" What a preposterous idea, what a magnificent folly! And do you think the modern Roman is so complete a fool as to believe in the propriety and religion of all this? By

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no means. He admires and enjoys the spectacle, then sneers when it is over.

There are hundreds who go to witness it, and return to their homes with dark and bitter thoughts in their bosoms. The patriot (for there are patriots still in Rome, mindful of her ancient glory), to sigh over his degenerate country—the poor and half-starved artisan (for there are many such in the imperial city), to curse the wastefulness of his monarch and spiritual father, who in this costly amusement robbed hundreds of mouths of their daily bread. Could one look through the darkness that wraps Rome, and beneath the calm surface that is presented to the eye, he would see rebellion enough, were it once harmonized and concentrated, to shake the papal throne into fragments on its ancient foundations. The flames around St. Peter's would be seen to be typical of the moral fires around the seat of papacy. But the embrace of the latter would not be found so harmless as that of the other, and men would not gaze on it in such pleasing ecstasy, but with the dark forebodings of him who feels the first throb of a coming earthquake. The years do not move round in a tread-mill, but each pushes on its fellow, and all are tending to a certain goal. They have their mission, and God his designs; and he is stupid and blind who believes that man can always be deluded by the same follies. The age of interrogation has commenced. Men begin to ask questions in Rome as well as here, and every one tells on the fate of papacy more than a thousand cannon shot. Physical force is powerless against such

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enemies, while pageantry and pomp only increase the clamor and discontent.

How much more befitting the head of any church however corrupt, or the monarch on any throne however oppressive, to take the thousands of dollars spent in these two illuminations and buy bread for the poor! Were this done, the day of evil might be postponed; for on the Pope's head would be rained the blessings of the poor, which, under the government of God, are always so powerful to avert evil. The money squandered on these illuminations would have poured joy through hearts that seldom feel its pulsations, and been a benediction that the poor would have understood and appreciated. To spread out one's empty hands over the multitude is an easy thing, and accomplishes nothing. But with those hands to fill thousands of hungry mouths, would accomplish much, and exhibit something of the paternal care of a "FATHER."

But this does not close the ceremonies of Holy Week. The Pope furnishes one more magnificent spectacle to his subjects and his flock. The next night after the grand illumination is the "girandola," or fire-works of His Holiness; and we must say that he does far better in getting up fire-works than religious ceremonies. This "girandola" does credit to his taste and skill. It is the closing act of the magnificent farce, and all Rome turns out to see it. About half-way from the Corso—the Broadway of Rome—to St. Peter's, the famous marble bridge of Michael Angelo crosses the Tiber. The Castle of St.

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Angelo, formerly the vast and magnificent tomb of Adrian, stands at the farther end. This castle is selected for the exhibition of the fire-works. None of the spectators are permitted to cross the bridge, so that the Tiber flows between them and the exhibition. There is a large open area as you approach the bridge, capable of holding twenty or thirty thousand people. In a portion of this near the river, chairs are placed, to be let to strangers at two or four pauls apiece, according as one is able to make a good bargain. The windows of the neighboring houses that overlook the scene are let weeks beforehand. The ordinary price of a seat, or even of a good standing spot in one of these houses, is a scudi or dollar. Towards evening, the immense crowd begin to move in the direction of St. Angelo, and soon the whole area, and every window and house-top, is filled with human beings. About eight, the exhibition commences. The first scene in the drama represents a vast Gothic cathedral. How this is accomplished I cannot tell. Everything is buried in darkness, when suddenly, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, a noble Gothic cathedral of the size of the immense castle, stands in light and beauty before you. The arrangement of the silver-like lights is perfect, and as it shines on silent and still in the surrounding darkness, you can hardly believe it is not a beautiful vision. It disappears as suddenly as it came, and for a moment utter darkness settles over the gloomy castle. Yet it is but for a moment. The next instant, a sheet of flame bursts from the summit with a fury perfectly appal-

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ling; white clouds of sulphureous smoke roll up the sky, accompanied with molten fragments and detonations that shake the very earth beneath you. It is the representation of a volcano in full eruption, and a most vivid one too. Amid the spouting fire, and murky smoke, and rising fragments, the cannon of the castle are discharged, out of sight, almost every second. Report follows report with stunning rapidity, and it seems for a moment as if the solid structure would shake to pieces. At length the last throb of the volcano is heard, and suddenly from the base, and sides, and summit of the castle, start innumerable rockets, and serpents, and Roman candles, while revolving wheels are blazing on every side. The heavens are one arch of blazing meteors—the very Tiber flows in fire; while the light, falling on ten thousand upturned faces, presents a scene indescribably strange and bewildering. For a whole hour it is a constant blaze. The flashing meteors are crossing and recrossing in every direction—fiery messengers are traversing the sky overhead, and, amid the incessant whizzing, and crackling, and bursting, that is perfectly deafening, comes at intervals the booming of cannon. At length the pageant is over, and the gaping crowd surge back into the city. Lent is over —the last honors are done to God by his revealed representative on earth, and the Church stands acquitted of all neglect of proper observances! Is it asked if the people are deceived by this magnificence? By no means. A stranger, an Italian, stood by me as I was gazing on the spectacle, and we soon fell

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into conversation. He was an intelligent man, and our topic was Italy. He spoke low but earnestly of the state of his country, and declared there was as much genius and mind in Italy now as ever, but they were not fostered. An imbecile, yet oppressive government monopolized all the wealth of the State, and expended it in just such follies as these, while genius starved and the poor died in want. I have never heard the poor Pope so berated in my own country. At the close of the representation of a volcano, I remarked that it resembled perdition. "Yes," said he, with a most bitter sneer, "*hell is in Rome nowadays.*" Had the Pope or one of his gensd'armes heard it, he would have seen the inside of a prison before morning. I was exceedingly interested in him, for he was an intelligent and earnest man; and when I turned to go away, I took him by the hand and bade him good-by; saying, another day is finished. "Yes," he replied, with the same withering sneer, "another day of our Master, another *day of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*" I was perfectly thunderstruck at the man's boldness. Such a satire on His Holiness, and his mode of celebrating a holyday, in the midst of a crowd, startled me, and I trembled lest his imprudence should bring down on him the vengeance of papal power. But the man's heart was evidently full of bitterness at the mockery and folly before him, while his country lay prostrate in the dust. "Addio," said he, as he shook my hand, and the next moment was lost in the crowd. Many a time have I thought of him since, and would give

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much to know his after history. Perhaps he has before this suffered as a conspirator, and gone with the multitude of those whose tongues His Holiness has silenced in prison or death. And yet the man was right. What a close to religious ceremonies had these last two nights been! Their moral effect on the people was like that of any fire-works, with the exception that the successor of the apostle had got up these, and graced the Sabbath with the illumination, having provided beforehand for the breaking of a few necks, by administering the last sacrament to the poor creatures who climbed up St. Peter's. The sanctity and infallibility of the Spiritual Father are not so easy to believe in, under the shadow of the papal throne, and it puzzled us prodigiously to account for the conversions to Catholicism of English and Americans in Rome. How a man of ordinary sense and penetration can become a Romanist in Rome, is passing strange. The hollowness of the whole system so plain to be seen—the almost open farce the Pope and his cardinals enact in the face of intelligent men, would be sufficient, we should think, to prevent a man of common shrewdness from adopting the belief. It seemed to us that there was no effort to conceal the mockery from clear-sighted men. The whole parade and pomp appeared to be got up for the express purpose of deluding the ignorant by dazzling their senses, and it was expected other men would coincide solely on the ground of being "*participes criminis.*" It was like a party procession, designed to influence only the more ignorant and impulsive. And

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yet there are found those who, in the face of it all, and in direct opposition to their early education and more mature prejudices, embrace the Roman Catholic religion. Yet these are such men as become Mormons, and Millerites, and Quakers at home. There is a class of those who seem fitted by nature to prefer the inconsistent and ridiculous in religion, rather than reason and common sense. They appear to have a strong desire to be made fools of; and the greater the folly, the stronger their tendency towards it, and the greater their tenacity when once it is embraced.

How changed were our feelings, as at midnight we strolled away to the Coliseum, and lingered amid its cavernous arches, and listened to the sighing of the wind among the trees that waved along its tops, while the full moon passed silent and serene along the tranquil heavens. I had been to see a Christian fête by the Tiber, and I stood where the Cæsars had once *their* fêtes, and pleased the crowd by turning wild beasts loose on Christians. Romans had gathered there by tens of thousands to see Christians die, and Romans assembled now to see the illumination of a Christian Pope. What revolutions Time effects! His chariot wheels, as they roll along, drag down thrones and empires, and leave on their ruins a Christian emperor and a Christian government. They roll on, and Christianity is stretched in the dust, and its ruins lie scattered over the ruins of its foe. They will still roll on, and another scene is to be displayed on the ruins of both, and more glorious

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than either. Ruins may be piled on ruins, till history, "with all its volumes vast," seems to have but one page; yet there is one throne and one kingdom yet to be erected, which shall stand the assaults of time and never grow old. Prophecy is true, though we cannot discern how it is to be accomplished. The "Man of Sin" is to be slain, though we cannot see the sword lifted for his destruction. All human experiments fail, but the final Divine experiment will end the chaos of human errors, and bring order and light into the moral world.

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CHAPTER III.

RELICS.

THE custom of preserving relics has its foundation in human affection. We love to retain any remnant of what we loved and lost. The portraits of our friends and relatives are preserved because they seem to be a part of them still left to us. "The old arm-chair" where a mother sat, may be fraught with associations that the heart would not part with for the wealth of the world. The old homestead—the old play-ground and school-house are dear to us from the associations attached to them. The slightest gift of a friend over whose form the grass is waving and the breeze blowing, is cherished more than the costliest present of a living person. The chair even of Leigh Richmond has been brought to this country and exhibited in public; and were it possible to obtain a piece of the cross on which our Saviour hung, or look on the spear that entered his side, who would not be filled with the profoundest emotions? Especially, were the sepulchre in which he lay placed before us, would not our hearts thrill with indescribable feelings? It is for this reason the Christian cannot look on Mount Calvary or the hill of Olivet without a sadness and an awe that find no outward expression.

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Dig up one single bone of all the prophets that lie scattered over the plains of Palestine, and who would not touch it with respect? A relic is like another power given to memory, bringing back with tenfold clearness that which has long since fled. It stands for the time being as the representative of that which is lost to us for ever, and hence necessarily receives a part of the affection we had for the original object. So that we see the love of the Catholic for relics is not a superstition, but a natural feeling. The credulity consists in believing everything said to be a *real relic*, every marvellous tale a priest may relate of any old scrap he may chance to pick up in the streets —and the *sin*, in investing them with power which belongs alone to Him who can forgive sins. If the Romanists of Europe really possessed the garments and bones of the saints who bore testimony to the faith of Christ, we should not blame them for being attached to them, but we should blame them for believing they possessed the power of working miracles. Yet even this belief has its excuses, at least such as should make us more lenient in our judgment than we usually are. We find in the New Testament, that handkerchiefs were carried from the Apostles to sick persons, and they were cured by the contact; and the very credulity of Catholics may have sprung out of a proper feeling in the first place. We are speaking now simply of the ignorant, and not of the priests who use the credulity of the illiterate to secure their own ends. In the second place, with regard to the authenticity of relics we may be too skeptical.

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We have the Coliseum, the old Forum, the Capitoline Hill, and even the coin of the Cæsars, that lived before and after Christ. Statues, and portraits, and vessels, and fragments of art have come down to us from the time of our Saviour. The sepulchres of the Etruscans still stand, that were built years before the Christian era. The temples of Pæstum rise on the plain just as they did when Tiberius himself visited them as interesting ruins. If we have relics of ages that were ancient when Christ lived, why not have them of him? For our part, we are inclined to believe vastly more of the stories told at the present day around Jerusalem than many others. We think the localities are more apt to be known than otherwise. The very interest gathered around the spot, and the constant watch the Christian world has kept upon it, were calculated to preserve everything associated with it, and we are not sure the Roman Catholics have not some interesting relics of the first saints. But the difficulty is, we have so many that are both apocryphal and ridiculous, that we do not know what to believe. Finding how strong the love of relics was in the Christian heart, blind and corrupt priests multiplied them till their name became legion; and not satisfied with increasing the number, they increased also their virtue, till the whole subject is merged in a mass of superstition.

In traveling through Italy, we were constantly met with these apocryphal relics—starting out from every crevice of every church, and bearing the most ridiculous labels that human folly could invent.

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Thus you are shown the ashes of nearly all the Apostles, in the single country of Italy. And what is a little curious, they are distributed around in different sections with most admirable justice. Thus, at Genoa, we saw the ashes of John the Baptist carried in solemn procession to the sea-shore, in order to allay the tempest that was sending the waves in such terrific shocks against the city that they threatened to batter down its walls. Remembering that the bold Baptist lost his head by a woman, they now avenge him by not allowing any female to see his remains. At Rome, they have the ashes of Peter and Paul, with a magnificent church built over each, bearing their names. At Lucca, in the cathedral, we were shown an exact likeness of our Saviour, which could not but be correct, since it was an exact copy of the face executed by an angel. Secreted in a part of the church, and guarded with great care, is a wooden statue of our Saviour, which we were solemnly told by a priest, was made under the following remarkable circumstances: After the crucifixion, the disciples suddenly remembered they had no portrait of their Lord to look upon. Nicodemus, after pondering over it awhile, determined to make, from memory, a wooden statue. So going out into the forest, he selected a piece of cedar and went to work. The body was not difficult to execute, and he soon finished it; but the face he found a more serious and intricate work. So leaving it alone awhile, he retired into the woods to muse upon the features he loved to look upon in life, and thus recall their expression; when he accidentally fell

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asleep. When he awoke, he naturally hastened to his statue to see what next could be done, when lo! there it lay, finished in every part, and the very image of his departed Lord. An angel had taken pity on Nicodemus, and, while he slept, kindly turned artist and finished the statue. This has been handed down from generation to generation, without decay, and is now known as the "Volto Santo," a sacred countenance. Now if this were a remarkable head, and the whole thing an exquisite piece of workmanship, there might be some sense in giving it this miraculous origin. But when it is really a very common affair, and the face inferior in every respect to a fourth-rate portrait, we *do* wonder the people can believe it to have been the work of an angel. It is, at least, paying a very poor compliment both to his genius and his mechanical skill. An ordinary *mortal* could have done better.

Every one has heard of our Lady of Loretto, and the temple that was brought from Jerusalem through the air. Palestine is the grand fountain head of all valuable relics; and the choicest ones are brought from there either through the air, or by more ordinary modes of transportation. Thus, in Rome, near the church of St. John, in Laterano, the oldest church in the city, is a small building containing the veritable marble steps up which Christ went into Pilate's hall, when he was about to be judged for his life. For aught we know, this flight of some sixteen marble steps may have belonged to Pilate's hall. It is certain that they were brought from Jerusalem, in the

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time of the Crusades, and formerly constituted the entrance to some magnificent edifice of the city, and they may have been the very steps up which the Saviour trod, weary and exhausted, from his long struggle in the Garden, when he prayed that if possible the cup might be removed from him. All this may be true, but why they should therefore be called "La Scala Santa," or sacred stairs, we cannot comprehend. One might as well make sacred every highway about Jerusalem and Nazareth, and every house and field the Son of Man entered or crossed. But this La Scala Santa is indeed a sacred thing, and no human foot is allowed to touch it—the priest even dares not put the sole of his foot upon it. Every one who climbs them does it on his knees, praying as he goes. How frequently we have stood at the foot of these stairs, and watched the crowd ascending one after another on their knees, muttering their prayers as they went. Decrepit men, and young and lovely women, and even children, toil laboriously up, believing that they, by that act, receive a virtue which will sustain them in the hour of greatest need. Two different prayers are furnished for those who make the ascent, either of which will do. One is shorter than the other, and can be repeated in a single breath, in case of emergency. To those who mutter these prayers as they ascend on their knees, indulgence of three hundred years is granted, while, at the same time, the prayer attains such virtue by being said in such circumstances, that ever after, when repeated, it has power to save the soul. In the hour of extremest

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peril—in the turbulence and commotion of an unexpected, unannounced death, this prayer, if remembered and uttered, will save the soul beyond the reach of harm. Who would not ascend sixteen steps on their knees to obtain such a precious boon? Who would not carry about with him a prayer possessing such tremendous power? It is a talisman against the spirits of the unseen world, and will wipe out a whole life of sin. To the poor wretch, struggling under a sense of guilt, who knows not the moment nor the circumstances under which he may be summoned away to the retributions of another world, how cheering and consoling such a promise as this from the vicegerent of God on earth! Whether on the rock or in the sea—in the desert or smoke of battle—anywhere and everywhere, he carries with him the power to save himself—*that single prayer.* Ah, if it did all that it promised to do, then one might well mount those sacred steps on his knees, and thank heaven he was able to gaze on them before he died! But as the multitude *do* believe the promise true, what wonder is it they come in crowds to obtain its blessings? So constant is the abrasion on those marble steps from the pressure of human knees, that the Pope has been compelled to cover them with boards to prevent them from being worn away. Every few years these boards have to be replaced by others—the old having become thin from the crowd of pilgrims that daily pass over them.

At the bottom of this flight of stairs is a marble tablet, forbidding any one to touch his feet to the

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steps. Being written in Italian, however, a foreigner may be in utter ignorance of the prohibition. It was so with an acquaintance of ours—an ardent, fearless, southern man. Visiting this Scala Santa, he supposed of course, if they were worth seeing they were worth mounting; so he went, with a hop, skip, and jump, up the steps. The scream that succeeded from the pilgrims, and those gazing on, was terrific, and arrested our thoughtless countryman as though a battery had opened on him. He stopped about midway to the top, and turned toward the multitude that was shouting and screaming below. All sorts of gestures, and exclamations, and maledictions were made, and uttered with the most passionate vehemence, but they were alike lost on our poor Yankee, who could not understand a word of all that was said. He stood like a monument, gazing on the distracted Catholics that were in a perfect uproar to see his sacrilegious feet on the sacred steps. But at length a soldier came and levelled his musket at him—a sign which he understood, and so made his escape in the most rapid manner possible.

It is curious to see what extra pains the Catholics frequently take to make a miracle inconsistent with itself. Thus, in going through the Mamertine prisons at Rome, where Paul is said to have been confined, we were shown the very cell in which he lay. It is a solid rock, with a fountain bubbling up from the bottom, hollowed out by miraculous power to slake the thirst of the famishing Apostle. All this is natural enough; but there is another miracle related,

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which does not seem to have been performed on so economical a plan. Going down a flight of steps (so the tradition runs) from one cell to another, the keeper, in a moment of passion, smote the Apostle on the side of the head. The blow sent it against the rock forming the side of the cavern. But, to prevent the injury a contact with the solid wall would inflict, miraculous power again interposed and made the rock suddenly retreat where the head would have struck it, forming a large cavity which still remains, and was shown me with the greatest sobriety. Now I have three objections to this miracle. In the first place, it would have been much easier to have checked the blow than pressed back the rock. In the second place, only half the injury was prevented; for the buffet had to be endured, while a less miracle would have prevented both the stroke of the hand and the collision with the wall. In the third place, the cavity is unfortunately so high above the steps on which the Apostle is said to have stood at the time of the blow, that he must have been at least seven feet in height to have had his head reach the spot. I mentioned this to the pious friar who was explaining the miracle to me with the utmost particularity, but the only reply I obtained for it was a sullen look and obstinate silence afterwards. He smelt the unbelieving heretic at once.

But perhaps the most remarkable relic I stumbled upon, was a representation, in outline, of the dimensions of the foot of the Virgin Mary. I never saw but this in all Italy, and if it is common, it is kept

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close and private. It inclosed a prayer, of which the following is a translation:—

"All hail, Mary, Most Sacred Virgin Mother of God.

"Correct measure of the foot of the most blessed Virgin Mother of God, cut from her own shoe, which is preserved with the greatest devotion in the Monastery of Spain. Pope John XXII. granted *three hundred* years of indulgence to whomsoever should kiss three times this measure, and recite three "*Ave Maria's*"—which was also confirmed by Pope Clement VIII., in the year of our Redemption, 1603. This indulgence not being limited, one can obtain as often as he wishes the aid of the most Sacred Virgin. It can also be applied to spirits in purgatory; and, for the greater glory of the Queen of Heaven, it is permitted to take from this measure *other similar measures*, all of which shall bestow the same indulgence.

"Mary, Mother of God, pray for us."

What a ridiculous farce this is, and what a vile and wicked delusion practiced on the human soul! This is no device of wicked heretics to throw contempt on Romanism. It is their own act. The device is theirs, and the ridicule and contempt of their own seeking. And yet we are called bigots for condemning the frauds and lies of Romanism, and holding up their follies to the laugh of mankind. But who is the bigot—the man who defends such deception, or he who condemns and exposes it? Besides, he incurs no slight responsibility who misleads the

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human spirit in this way, and cheats it into a belief of pardon and safety by a lie and fraud. In this light, it becomes a most solemn matter, and stamps the priest who defends it more than a fool—a *betrayer* of human souls. Not to weary one with the countless relics that meet one at every turn, and in every church, we will give a part of the catalogue of those found in the single church of St. Ranida. From this one example, one can learn to what an extent the passion for relics is carried in Italy. In connection with this catalogue, it is stated that *two thousand three hundred* martyrs lie interred within the church. A rather large number, but we will not stop to dispute it. St. Peter and Ananias are here, according to the inscription, while the church of St. Peter's is also said to be over the bones of the former. There is here a girdle of the Saviour, an arm of Philip, and an arm of Barnabas, &c. There are also the veil of Agatha, reed and sponge which were offered to our Lord on the cross in his agony, the vessel in which Christ washed the disciples' feet, the swaddling clothes in which, when an infant, he was wrapped, the heads of St. Luke and Pauline, and arms innumerable. There is also an image of Christ, taken in his lifetime, notwithstanding the story they tell in Genoa about the Volto Santo; and, to cap the climax, we were gravely shown a piece of the *chemise* of the Virgin Mary! It was a narrow piece of coarse linen, about half a finger in length. It had stood the wear and tear of time admirably, and I must be excused when I say that the exhibition of a piece of the

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chemise of Mary two thousand years old, as a relic of such incomparable value, perfectly upset my gravity, and the good friar was horrified at the incredulous smile that passed over my features.

It must be remembered that some of these relics are gravely defended by the Pope; and we saw a book in Rome, written by an *American bishop* of the Catholic church, in which he went into a long argument to prove that the three relics exhibited in St. Peter's at the close of Holy Week were genuine ones. These three *bonâ fide* relics, according to an American priest, are a piece of the spear that pierced our Saviour's side, a piece of the cross on which he hung, and the bloody image of his face left on a handkerchief which one of the female disciples (we cannot this moment recall her name) offered to him, as he was toiling up Calvary. Being weary and faint, and his face covered with bloody sweat, this female gave him her handkerchief, which he merely pressed against his face and returned to her. The stain of blood which was left gave the outlines of the features; and this valuable relic has been preserved for nearly two thousand years. On a certain night of Holy Week they are exhibited. We ourselves went to this novel display. Deep twilight had settled over the magnificent temple, while the uncertain light of the feeble lamps that were scattered around, served only to make the gloom visible. The multitudes were gathered in groups over the tesselated marble pavement in solemn silence, when a priest appeared in a lofty balcony with an attendant beside him, bear-

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ing a light, and swayed the fragment of the spear before them. As if smitten by a single blow, they prostrated themselves on the floor in reverence. The same ceremony accompanied the presentation of the piece of the cross and the bloody face, and the whole was finished.

This the Pope and his cardinals sanction, and make a part of the ceremonies of Holy Week, and *this* an *American priest defends.* Let us not be so deluded as to believe that the superstition or falsehood that makes men, when in one country, utter such nonsense, will leave them when on our shores. Roman Catholicism is the death of freedom, as well as religion—of knowledge, as well as of virtue; and our statesmen, in their boasted liberality towards its principles, will yet find that they have not only betrayed their country, but been most egregiously fooled. He who defends this religion on our shores, is the greatest bigot and the narrowest-minded man that can be found. His boasted liberality is sheer ignorance or downright wickedness. We had better be liberal towards monarchies and monarchical sentiments; for it would not be half so dangerous as the present indulgence manifested by our statesmen and legislators towards that religion which has wrapped the world in deeper darkness than paganism, and checked civilization more than a thousand years.

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CHAPTER IV.

ROMAN CHILDREN.

Amid all the charms of Italy, and they are many and potent, few more powerfully excite the admiration of the artist than the groups of youth and children he meets with in that land where the sun shines all day, and retires at night with a promise of shining again on the morrow. But it is not in the cities where we see the real laughing phenomena of Italy—not in Rome, where they, meagre and haggard, question you about *quattrini* in the name of some holy martyr; nor at Florence, where, with sickly complexions, they boldly ask for a paolo for the poor blind; for assuredly there is no city in the world where there are so many whose eyesight has been destroyed by excess of light; as if the sacrifice exacted by the glorious sun of that luxuriant land was—that the victim should not again look upon him. In the cities, the picturesque lies in portions of the cities themselves; but in the country, the picturesque of the landscape is far outdone by that of the inhabitants, and of those the children are most moving to the painter's heart. They live in the air and grow brown and ripen in the sun; and all laugh with the hearty truth of genuine nature, whether they prattle in

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thick Neapolitan or poetical Tuscan. In short, it seems that as in art generally no picture is really charming without the climax of female beauty, so no picture descriptive of Italy is perfect without children. It cannot be surprising that the costumes of Italy are so captivating to the eye of the painter. Without perambulating the country, as artists necessarily do, the best opportunity of seeing an assemblage of the country people occurs in Rome, upon the occasion of the celebration of particular religious ceremonies; and then it is that the pilgrims, assembled from various districts, present the most striking characteristics of feature and costume. Those considered the *eminenti* among them, wear short velvet smallclothes, waistcoat, and round jacket of the same material, ornamented with silver buttons, a parti-colored girdle, and large silver buckles. Their ample steeple hats are usually ornamented with medals and peacocks' feathers; some of the men carry their coquetry so far as to wear a small bouquet in their hair. White stockings are indispensable, and in the pocket of their smallclothes, despite the police regulations, they carry a large knife, to be employed as occasion may require—for defence or revenge. The dress of their wives is yet more remarkable: their hair is dressed with a silver comb of moderate size, and often very large, and shaped like a diadem. Their short gown is highly ornamented, and their petticoat, which is always of a brilliant color, is tastefully ornamented with velvet or lace; their apron is of muslin, elaborately embroidered, and large shoes of red

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or blue velvet, surcharged with silver buckles of extraordinary size, complete the female costume. Upon certain occasions they wear men's hats, ornamented with flowers, plumes, or ribbons, and more frequently a network of green silk depending from behind, like a purse.

On the other hand, by no means less striking is the costume of the neatherd. We find him but little changed since even the days of Hesiod. He is enveloped in a sheep-skin, and his feet are covered in the manner of those of the sculptures of the Lower Empire. His legs are naked; he carries a sickle under his girdle, and his head is covered with a large straw hat of domestic manufacture; place but a kid under his arm, and we are at once reminded of Homer, and tempted to look for Ulysses' dog.

The education of the youth of the Papal States is carefully watched, so far as this is practicable. In order to direct them, in their amusements, to a moral, or at least an innocent end, there are establishments to which young people voluntarily repair, where everything is provided for their recreation. There are gardens and play-grounds, in which there are arenas for gymnastic exercises, and where they are rewarded with distributions of fruit or cakes. Those who have been most constant in their attendance at these reunions, receive, at certain periods, clothes, books, or other premiums suitable to their age and condition. It is especially about the period of the carnival, in the month of October, that these rewards are distributed, in order to induce their attendance at

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times when they might be tempted by other games less rational. Thus, in Rome, parents contemplate the approach of these festivals with less inquietude than they are accustomed to be regarded in other countries of the continent.

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CHAPTER V.

POPE PIUS IX. AND ITALY.

THE most engrossing affair of Europe at present, is the attitude the Roman Pontiff has assumed, and the probable result both to himself and Italy. Those acquainted with history, are aware of the iniquitous partition made of Italy after the downfall of Napoleon. The allied sovereigns, assembled in Vienna, regarded it as so much common plunder. Venice and Milan were given to Austria; Modena sliced off for an Austrian prince who had usurped the name of Este; while the wife of Napoleon, as the daughter of Austria, had Parma. A Bourbon had a life interest in Modena, and Genoa was treacherously given over by England into the hands of Piedmont. The Pope was allowed to retain possession over about 18,117 Roman square miles, containing a population of 2,500,000. Over this he rules as absolute king. So heavy have been his oppressions, that his kingdom has been reduced to bankruptcy. The revenue has amounted to only $10,000,000, one quarter of which was *expended* in mere collection. The public debt increased so fast, that constant loans were necessary, until at length the government securities have all been used up, and the Pontiff has been compelled to mort-

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gage his palaces at Rome. The legates and delegates ruling the several provinces have been notoriously dishonest and corrupt; even magistrates could be bought, while men could be imprisoned *ad infinitum* on mere suspicion. Six thousand are computed to be incarcerated every year, or one out of every four hundred of the population.

Now, when we add to all these the rigorous censorship of the press, the espionage of the police, and the relentless persecution of men for their political opinions, to say nothing of the oppressive taxes and discouragement of all industry, we cannot be surprised at the bitter feelings manifested by the people towards the Pope. The stream of all their troubles is traced directly to the pontifical throne. At the feet of the Holy Father have hitherto sunk all their hopes and happiness. I was surprised to find the common people nourishing strong hostility to the Pope. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Pope has been worse than the other sovereigns of Italy; he has simply been just like them—one of them—and a mere creature of Austria. In Genoa, spies of government dog your footsteps day and night; and every family is required to report to the head of police, in the morning, the name of any person, not a member of it, who chances to sleep there over night, on pain of imprisonment.

All over Italy, as a man said to me in Rome, in answer to some inquiries respecting the Pope, "a person, who lives here, must wear a bandage over his eyes and a seal on his lips." A corrupt sovereign, corrupt

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priesthood, corrupt courts, corrupt officials—half of them pardoned banditti—everywhere make a mockery of justice, religion, and human suffering. The strong hand of power has been crushing the life out of Italy, and hence have arisen the endless conspiracies which have resulted only in filling Austrian prisons with victims and ships with exiles.

Now it is evident, from this meagre outline, that such a state of things could not long exist. There is a limit to all oppression, a point where desperation begins and revolutions follow. Pope Gregory was a tool of Austria; and too stupid to perceive, or too timid to prevent, the bankruptcy and fast approaching ruin of his kingdom, let oppression take its course. But the present Pontiff, on coming into power, has had the sense to discover his true position, and taken the only course by which to allay the smothered fires of rebellion, that were burning portentously under his throne. He knew the state of the public feeling—that everything was rife for an outbreak; and had Cardinal Lambruschini, the old Pope's chief minister, been elected in his place, there doubtless would have been a convulsion that would have overturned the Papal throne, or ended in a general massacre of the people. But Pope Pius took his seat, and a calm—the calm of expectation and of anxiety—followed. He was surrounded with difficulties—a bankrupt and impoverished kingdom, a suffering and maddened people on the one side, and the power of Austria on the other. To act for the people would bring down on him the armies of Austria—to act for Austria,

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the wrath of the people. A few days after his election, he abolished the secret tribunal for political offenders; he next composed a Council of Cardinals, to hear on a certain day the grievances of any one who chose to come; and finally ordered a private letter-box to be affixed to the Vatican, in which all could drop their complaints and petitions. Still the people scarcely knew what to believe: these might all be simply strokes of policy to allay popular indignation. He next dismissed Cardinal Lambruschini, but this thing only awakened deeper anxiety; until at length his course seemed to be clearly pronounced, when he granted a general amnesty to all political offenders. Rome stood thunder-struck at this bold movement. The prisons, with their six thousand annually incarcerated victims, threw open their doors. Exiles in every part of the world were permitted to return. Almost every family in Rome had some connection, or friend, or acquaintance, either a prisoner or exile; and hence the sudden joy which followed. The city was moved to its centre; and lo! the crowd went rushing with shouts to the Capitoline Hill, and streamed dark masses into the arena of the Coliseum, with torches and songs;—and the shouts from the Capitol, and the shouts from the Coliseum, met over the old Roman Forum, startling the night-bird from his retreat amid the ruins of Cæsar's golden palace, while the ivy on the ruins around them rustled to the breath of joy. At three o'clock in the morning, this vast throng stood under the balcony of the Pope's palace, and made its massive walls ring with "Long live Pius

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IX.!" The Pope rose and looked on the sea of heads beneath him, and away on Rome, blazing with illuminations; and as the deafening shouts died away, he stretched forth his hands, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, blessed the people, who received it with tears and blessings in return. The next day, as he was returning home in his carriage, the people blocked the passage, and detaching the horses, themselves drew him home amid acclamations of joy. Various reforms followed this: he lessened the taxes; reformed many abuses; opened the library of the Vatican; disbanded the police of the last Pope; declared that no man should be persecuted for his political opinions; abolished many of the secret tribunals; modified the criminal code; set on foot measures to instruct the lower classes in the different provinces; allowed philanthropic societies to be established; and gave individual enterprise more scope. He removed also the rigorous censorship of the press, and immediately a host of papers were started in Rome, some scientific and some political. It is not to be supposed that Austria would behold all this with indifference, or that her emissaries or bigoted and despotic cardinals and priests would submit in silence to such great changes. Remonstrance after remonstrance was made—threats mingled with petitions flooded the papal palace; but still the resolute Pontiff held his way. Once only he faltered, and that was in restoring the severe censorship of the press, which he the next day, at the remonstrance of four

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hundred printers assembled before his palace, again removed.

On one holyday, the Austrian ambassador, wishing to disturb the harmony existing between the Pontiff and his subjects, sent word to the former that it would not be safe for him to appear in public, as the people were exasperated against him. The Pope immediately sent messengers to ascertain whether it were so, and finding it to be false, boldly sallied forth on foot, and mingled in the crowd. The people appreciated his confidence in them, and made the heavens ring with their acclamations, and shouts of "Courage! courage! Pius IX. Fear not Austria—trust to your people."

Soon after, conspiracies were set on foot to assassinate the Pope, which proved abortive. In July, on the day set apart to celebrate the amnesty, a general massacre of the friends of reform was to take place, and the person of the Pope to be seized and conveyed to Naples. In the midst of the general joy, the armed conspirators were, at a given signal, to draw their daggers and rush on the liberals. This infernal scheme, which embraced cardinals and priests, was fortunately discovered in time; and a national guard was established, in which all were eager to enroll themselves. Formerly, the papal army numbered but 14,000 men, while the navy consisted of two frigates, two war-steamers, and a few gun-boats: now the Pontiff has a large force at his disposal; at his bidding an army of 60,000 men have sprung into existence. In the mean time, the Austrian army

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entered Ferrara, one of the papal provinces, and looked threateningly towards Rome. The Pope remonstrates against this, and the people are fierce for open hostilities. Thus matters stand, while plans for the improvement of the people are daily progressing. Railroads are in contemplation, and the avenues of trade and commerce thrown open.

Now in all this, it would be unfair to say that the Pope has been actuated alone by motives of policy. He is, doubtless, a more liberal and a better man than his predecessor. He himself had a brother an exile; and as a missionary, formerly to Chili, and afterwards to Buenos Ayres, he has learned, like Louis Philippe, to regard the rights of the people, and respect their feelings and their wants.

Still, policy has had much to do with the course he has taken. His travels in the new world opened his eyes to truths that it became him to recognize; and he saw plainly, that the Pontiff of 1847 could not be the despot that a former age tolerated. But amid the general excitement with which the unexpected liberality of Pius IX. is hailed, we must not lose sight of the actual state of things. The Pope has done much; but, with all his reforms, his government is still a despotic one. A criminal code is there in force, and municipal and provincial laws, and a censorship of the press, and an exercise of arbitrary power, which, if applied even to the monarchy of England, would cause a revolution that all the standing armies of the world could not arrest. To read some of the papers of this country, and listen to some

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of the public speeches, one would imagine that Pius IX. wished of all things to establish a republican form of government, and lacked only the ability; while in truth, I suppose there is not a government on the earth for which he has such a supreme and hearty contempt as for this same republic of the United States. He, as well as every other monarch of Europe, except Louis Philippe, is in absolute ignorance of this country and its resources. As a Catholic said in New York the other day, he regards this country simply as missionary ground. South America ranks far higher in his estimation than the United States; and I can affirm, from personal experience, that this is almost the universal opinion of Italy. When America is mentioned, the Italians always think South America is intended. So true is this, that nine-tenths of all the emigration from Italy—and it is extensive—is to South America; and all her commerce is also with that country. There are but few papers in Italy, and those never speak of us but to disparage us; while our literature is entirely shut out, on account of its republican tendency. Independent of all this, the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe, to a man, regard a *republican* form of government as the most uncertain, unstable, that could be devised. They look upon our experiment as already proved a failure, and consider it settled that we shall soon break to pieces. Nor is this strange, when we remember that the majority of our own ablest statesmen believe that this Union will not remain entire forty years to come. Much less should they, educa-

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ted to believe in a monarchical form of government, and judging of the mass of men everywhere by the ignorant, depraved, and lawless multitudes that compose their own population, have any confidence in the permanence and stability of our institutions. The sovereignty of the people is to them the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution. I make this statement simply to say, that we should guard against enacting follies, that will only bring down on us contempt and ridicule.

A short time since, a public meeting was called in New York, to express sympathy for the Italians. This was right and proper; but not content with manly resolutions, an address was read to the Pope, and voted to be sent to His Holiness; and it has gone, printed on elegant parchment. This address, written by the Editor of the Tribune, was well-meant but most ill-advised. Ignorant of European governments —of the policy of European statesmen—of Italy—he was not the man to draw up such a letter. That ridiculous epistle addresses the Pope in a tone of patronizing sympathy, taking the ground that he wishes to establish a constitutional government; and calls on him to look upon us for a bright example to cheer him on. It bids him not fear the despots around him, for *we* sympathize with him. In the first place, the Pope will regard this movement in New York as we should a mass-meeting in the Sandwich Islands, voting us a complimentary letter. He will answer it kindly, patronizingly, and cautiously. Such an address is wrong, whichever way you take

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it. If the Pope really meditated the establishment of a constitutional government, nothing would embarrass him more than such an epistle, and nothing tend more to defeat his purpose; for the very statesmen who now uphold him in his reforms would desert him, and not a government could be found in Europe but would be arrayed against him. If he has no such scheme or wish, but regards all such notions as "Utopian" and senseless, we shall appear simply ridiculous in his eyes. It will be mortifying to the American traveler hereafter, to have that address flung in his face on the continent. The distinguished gentlemen who composed this meeting were not to blame, for they could not reject it without occasioning discord. Delicacy and fear of trouble prompted them to let it pass; but ignorance and vanity should never be allowed to hold us up to ridicule. The manner in which that letter will be received, may be gathered from the following extracts of the Pope's recent speech to his new Council of State, compared with parts of it. That address says: "We know that you must have already resolved to encounter the untiring hostility and dread of all the unjust or tyrannical rulers, who assume to lord it over any portion of the fair Italian Peninsula." This will be news to the Pope, who has already struck hands with the King of Sardinia, one of the most unmitigated despots of Europe. And again: "Short as our national life has been, it has already demonstrated to every thoughtful man, the immense superiority of liberty to despotism," &c.

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The Pope regards it as having demonstrated right the reverse. In his address to his new Council, referring to just such sentiments as these, he says he means to act for the good of his subjects, but "*without retrenching in any degree the sovereignty of the pontificate;*" and he says further, that he has called that Council of State solely to aid him in "his sovereign resolutions, in which he shall *consult his conscience.*" That is, I want you to understand that I am absolute sovereign here, and intend to reign as such. My will is to be *law;* and all I wish of you is to aid me in carrying out that will. That sovereignty, he expressly states, they are not to meddle with; as he intends (to use his own language) to transmit it "full and entire" as he received it. And still further on he says, they "*err materially* who should see anything else in the creation of the Council of State;" or dream, as he emphatically remarks, that it was designed to be "the realization *of their own Utopias.*" He takes fire at the mere insinuation that he means to give the people power, or weaken in any way the absolute sovereignty he wields. He does not object to despotisms, but he does not wish to have his own interfered with. The Pontiff of Rome is to be as supreme as the Emperor of Austria; and he wishes all to understand that he has no intention of weakening that supremacy, but, as a conscientious despot, not to abuse it. *He* designs to rule *well*, but yet to rule *alone*. This is his decision, expressed before all the world; and now, how will our congratulations, that he is endeavoring to give Italy a liberal and

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constitutional government, be received? I venture to say that, when that address is received by the Pope and his Council, it will be regarded as the maddest, craziest thing that ever met their eyes. I have thus spoken of this address, because it gives one a better idea of the movements and plans of the Pope than anything else. A comparison of our opinions with his is sure to set us right, and give us a clearer insight into the principles and spirit of the pontifical government than a dry and detailed account of all the departments and their branches, with their separate relations and powers.

The Pope regards such schemes as we have been entertaining as Utopian, and promises only to *use* the power with which he is invested conscientiously, not to surrender a fraction of it. Do not consider me as speaking this to his discredit. How can he be otherwise than an absolute monarchist? His education has all been to make him one; and so has been his experience in the ever shifting, distracted republics of South America. As well might you expect an American, educated a republican, and acquainted only with despotism in its worst forms, to be a despot, as him to be a republican. And more than this, with my knowledge of Italian society, and the policy of European governments, I am free to say, that an attempt at once to establish a republic in Rome, would be the height of madness. The people are not fit for it, any more than the people of Mexico or South America. Who does not believe that a monarchy would have been better for these chaotic

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States, than the endless civil wars and military rule under which they have suffered.

But suppose the people intelligent and virtuous, would a republic be tolerated? Not for an hour. No great republic will ever rise in the heart of Europe without rising out of a sea of blood, and being cemented by the blood of its haughty sovereigns. Look at France: the moment the head of Louis XVI. rolled on the scaffold, all Europe rose like one man, and moved down on the bewildered republic to crush it. What! kings be decapitated, and republics rise on their shattered thrones? No; self-defence compelled them to direct their united strength upon it, and to arrest the experiment in its commencement. Even France, one of the most powerful of the European States, could not stand, though she had one of the greatest leaders that ever entered a battle-field, to head her armies: she fell at last, overpowered by numbers; and the allied powers put a king of their own choosing on the throne. Poland fell, though for a while victorious. Under the shadow of their capital, within sight of its towers and walls, crowded with their mothers, wives, and children, her sons strove with almost superhuman might, to maintain their freedom, and rolled back the Russian thousands over the borders. Yet, under European diplomacy and European villainy she sunk at last; and her patriotic sons crowd the mines of Siberia.

Switzerland has just made an effort to be free; and already the plenipotentiaries of Central Europe are hastening to the victorious army, to bid it pause in

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its career, or the tread of French, and Prussian, and Austrian legions will be heard on her soil. The whole policy of Europe is to keep out the leaven of republicanism,—it is their great danger. The French Revolution came well-nigh upsetting every throne: another such a whirlwind would scatter their crowns so that they could not be gathered up again. In view of the case, what prospect would there be of succeeding, should the Pope attempt to establish a republican form of government? None. But take another view of it. Independent of the rest of Europe, what is there in Italy to give hope of success? Great and enthusiastic hopes are expressed that the day of Italy's regeneration is at hand. This I deem a great mistake, resulting from ignorance of the condition of the country. Suppose the Pope wished it, and the European powers would permit it, and a republic should be established in Rome, how would that affect the rest of Italy? It must be remembered that the Papal States compose only a portion of the Peninsula; and over the remaining portion the Pope has no more power than the President of the United States. Take first the southern portion, including the Kingdom of Naples and the Two Sicilies. There have been recent outbreaks, and symptoms of a revolution: so there always have been, and we have seen the attempt for a while successful; but the kingdom fell back again into its former state. Should that now succeed, the Pope would not dare assume the control. He has no more right to it or authority over it than he has over Ireland. And whatever he might be allowed to do with

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his own kingdom, he would not be permitted to touch it. France, Austria, and England would each like to possess that portion of Italy; but those who maintain the balance of power on the continent would immediately interfere. Russia looks with a covetous eye on Turkey; but the moment she reaches out her hand, the growl of the English lion compels her to withdraw it, and, strong as she is, she dare not carry out her wishes. And let the Pope undertake to control any portion of Italy, and his crown would not be worth the picking up. There are demonstrations of the people in various parts of Italy, and the name of the Pope is the watchword; but not because they expect to unite under him—it is the rallying cry in their own behalf. The duchies of Servia and Modena are mere counties, and not worth taking into the account. Tuscany, the most liberal of the Italian States, maintains, as much as she can, a neutrality; for the Austrian columns are too near her borders. The northwestern portion, including Milan and Venice, are directly under Austrian rule; and that rule will be maintained at whatever cost. She would allow the Pope to invade her capital as soon as exercise the least power over that part of her dominions. There is only one kingdom left, that of Sardinia, including Piedmont and Genoa. This is the most powerful State of Italy. The king has a standing army of eighty thousand men; and he, doubtless, on the shortest notice, could bring one hundred and fifty thousand troops into the field; a powerful force, if thrown on the side of the Pope. Great hopes are

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entertained of him; for he has declared his sympathy with the Pontiff, and offered his aid. He has also introduced some reforms into his own kingdom; and when Sardinia shall reach her hand across the Peninsula, and clasp that of the Pontiff in sacred union, the resistance offered to Austria will be formidable.

But who is this Carlo Alberto—King Charles Albert—who has threatened to meet Austria in the field, if she attempts to occupy Ferrara, and has offered his services to Pope Pius IX.? The veriest despot, traitor, and hypocrite that ever escaped the punishment due his crimes. He himself was once at the head of one of the most formidable conspiracies ever set on foot for the redemption of Italy. Chief of the Carbonari, he promised constitutional freedom to Italy. That conspiracy counted some of the noblest spirits of the age. But just on the eve of its development, death removed the obstructions between Charles Albert and the throne of Piedmont; and vaulting into it, he immediately seized the conspirators he himself had seduced into his ambitious plans, and, by imprisonment, banishment, and death, rid himself of his old friends, and became the most hated tyrant in Europe. Added to all this, he is a Jesuit of the Jesuits, and as weak as he is villainous. When I was in Genoa he visited the city; but, as he passed through the streets, none but the lower classes appeared to do him honor; and, as he walked from his palace past the university, the students in the porch never took off their hats, but turned their backs upon him. He has proved himself one of the darkest

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traitors, both to friendship and liberty, that ever disgraced humanity; and who would trust him again? He upholds the Pope, offers his aid, and talks loudly of the independence and nationality of Italy. Ah! "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" I fear such a man *when* he brings, and *though* he brings gifts in his hands. But it may be asked, what motive has he for the course he adopts? *Three* very powerful ones. In the first place, he is hated intensely by his own subjects; and he knows it, and fears their anger. This dislike he can remove in no way so effectually as by upholding the Pope; and already has he found his reward; for, on his last visit to Genoa, the inhabitants flocked by thousands along the road, to cheer him. In the second place, Austria is the only power he has to fear; she trenches on his borders, and holds him in perpetual alarm; and he will willingly seize any event that would injure his enemy, and compel him to evacuate Italy. In the third place, in case of any successful hostilities, he could not but enlarge his territory. If, through his instrumentality, Austria should be spoiled of her possessions in Italy, he knows he could dictate his own terms to the Pope; and rest assured he would be content with nothing less than half of the Peninsula. He is the most powerful sovereign in it, and he looks with a covetous eye on those fair portions which the Austrians hold.

But as for wishing the liberty of Italy, or caring anything about its independence and nationality, except so far as that nationality consists in being under one despotic sovereign, and he that sovereign, he

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is innocent. Will a man that has been guilty of the darkest crimes that stain our nature, in order to get a throne, advance measures to overturn it? No, no! He is a hypocrite and traitor still, and the people of Italy will yet find it so, to their cost. But there is one other course left—the universal rising of the people, through the length and breadth of the land, and the establishment of a popular government. But can the people withstand their own sovereigns, backed by the powers of Europe? Every attempt has thus far been a failure. Even if they could, the jealousies prevailing between the different provinces and kingdoms are too strong to permit such a union. There are no elements of union in Italy—the whole theory is preposterous. But is there no hope for the regeneration of Italy, in the present movement? None, that I can see. I discern in the conduct of the Pope only a desire to rule his people well, and not tolerate any innovation on his power—indeed, no wish to abridge it. It is sad to say so; it is sad to see the Italian people, who have suffered so long and heavily, expressing the warmest gratitude and love towards their rulers, when they exhibit the least care for them, and yet say that that gratitude is thrown away, that joy premature, and those hopes groundless. How despots can withstand such confidence and offered love, seems strange to us, but so it is. They know from the past, that power, once passed over into the hands of the people, can never be recalled. I have said of Italy what I believe to be true. If any one supposes that my incredulity has grown out

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of a want of sympathy, he is much mistaken. My heart bleeds for that country, and no one would delight to find me wrong more than myself. But could I convey to others those views which it is impossible to obtain without a residence in Europe, with this very question constantly before their minds, and made a serious study, they would find the reasons I have given have not begun to express the difficulties that lie in the way of the extravagant hopes that are entertained by so many. There are noble spirits in Italy, that would cheerfully die for their country. Many a proud noble in Genoa would send up the shout of freedom, even though it brought the walls of his palace about his ears, could he rouse successful resistance by it.

Still it may be asked, if I suppose oppression is always to exist. No; it will yet come to an end in Italy, but only as it comes to an end in Europe. Then it will be the *result*, rather than a *cause*—the *product* of convulsions and revolutions in more powerful States. If there be one thing fixed in destiny, it is the steady, resistless progress of the republican principle. Struggle as despots may — surround themselves as they will with all the checks and restraints on popular feeling—bind and torture, and exile and slay, the terrible day of reckoning is slowly advancing. Before this single principle, Europe is incessantly pushed forward to the brink of a frightful gulf. On that brink despotism will make its last stand, and final struggle. The statesmen of Europe see it and know it, and hope only to defer the day

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of evil. Come they know it will: as Guizot lately said in the Chamber of Deputies, *All Germany is on fire.* I might, if I had time, prove this, to the full conviction of every mind; but I will only point to Europe *now* and Europe sixty years ago, as fearful corroboration of what I say. Europe is yet to be set afloat on the turbulent sea of democracy. The French Revolution is but one act in the great tragedy yet to be enacted. That, with Bonaparte at its head, whelmed the continent in blood, and made the knees of every monarch smite together, like Belshazzar's of old. The next shall open under their very thrones, as the French Revolution did under the throne of the Bourbons. The *people* are yet to have the power, and woe then to those who have maddened them. It needs not the ear of prophecy, it requires only the ear of reason, to hear the sound of falling thrones in the future. Fugitive kings are to flit through the realms they have ruined. Now, barrier after barrier is erected, check after check applied, promise after promise made and broken, to arrest the waves of popular feeling; yet they keep swelling higher and higher. Soon the last barrier shall be raised, the last check exhausted, and then the increasing flood will burst over. What is to come of it, I cannot tell. Through the blackness of that approaching storm no eye but God's can pierce. Whether anarchy or constitutional liberty is to spring out of it, He only knows; but the *experiment* of self-government the people of Europe are yet to try. No power can prevent it. Around the ruins of Italy,

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and the feudal castles of England and Germany, amid the forests of Russia, the struggle of the people with their rulers is to take place. Every man who will sit down to the study of modern history, with this single fact before him, will turn pale at the conclusion he cannot escape. We may not live to see that struggle, but it is the ghost that haunts at this moment the slumbers of every continental monarch. The scaffold of Charles I., and the guillotine of Louis XVI., are ever present to their imaginations, and make cowards of them all.

In this great movement, Italy will doubtless participate, and the conduct of the present Pope is only another impulse to it. He is doing more than he dreams of—taking steps that can never be retraced; and do now what he will, he cannot, as he says, transmit the pontifical sovereignty full and complete as he received it. His successor must go *onward* or *downward*.

There is one thought, however, worthy of consideration. Italy, old as she is, has wild land. *One-third* of her surface, through the slight encouragement given to industry, is uncultivated and waste. All along the coast of the Mediterranean, in Asia Minor and Egypt, where once a mighty population was supported, land now lies neglected and idle. Could a free government be established there, with all the privileges enjoyed in this country, the tide of emigration would set *eastward* instead of *westward*. There is the centre of commerce and trade; and it requires only permission to line the Mediterranean

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with wharves, and cover its sunny shore with thrifty farms, and the stirring sound of commerce. It needs no well-devised plans, and great outlays of nations—it needs only *liberty*, to fill the Mediterranean with emigrants who will reclaim the desert, and rebuild the cities of that once glorious land.

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CHAPTER VI.

RAMBLES THROUGH PARIS.

ONE prominent idea filled my mind in entering Paris—"the Revolution." As the smoke of the mighty city rose on my vision, and its deafening hum rolled towards me as we came thundering along in our lumbering diligence from Brussels, an involuntary shudder crept through my frame, for I remembered the terrific tragedies of which it had been the scene. I seemed to hear the tocsin pealing on over the devoted city, sending faintness and despair to the terrified inhabitants, and the firing of the alarm guns calling out the populace to the place and work of massacre.

The French Revolution is just beginning to be understood. Deriving our notions very much from English historians, who hate republicanism in whatever form it appears, they have taken pains to throw all the horrors of the Reign of Terror on the excited populace, and we have adopted their sentiments. Added to this, the overthrow of religion, and the worse than heathen orgies instituted in place of its ceremonies, have destroyed our sympathy for the people, and made us ready to uphold anything and any system rather than the anarchy that worked out such

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terrible results in France. But we must remember that the French Revolution was the first dawn of human liberty amid the despotisms of Europe, and that convulsions like those which rocked France and sunk her in a sea of blood, were necessary to disrupt and upheave the iron-like feudal system that had been cemented, and strengthened, and rusted together for centuries. This system had gone on increasing in cruelty and oppression, till the people of France were crushed into the earth, despoiled, robbed, and insulted; while, to crown all, famine, with its horrors, appeared, sending the moan of distress and the cry of the starving over the land.

Oppression had reached the limit where despair begins, and THAT is the spot where the earthquake is gendered. In this state of things, and to relieve the bankruptcy of the kingdom which a corrupt court and profligate nobility had brought about, the *tiers état*, or representation of the people, was ordered to meet the clergy and the nobility in a sort of Congress or National Convention, to take into consideration the dangers that every day became more imminent and alarming. The representatives of the people flocked to Paris, and there received insults and contumely, till at length, after months of inaction, in which famine and suffering increased, they determined to take redress into their own hands. But while legislating calmly and wisely for France, the court and aristocracy formed a conspiracy to murder them and dissipate the Assembly.

The people sympathized with their representatives,

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and conspired in return. Thus commenced the violence which deluged France in blood, and almost decimated her population. At the first, the people were all right, and the court and nobility all wrong; and the violence that visited Paris is to be attributed not so much to the people, as to those who opposed and exasperated them. Just so the hostility to religion is chargeable on the Catholic clergy rather than on the populace. Religion never entered as an element into the strife, one way or the other, until the priests conspired with the oppressor. Catholicism has always sided with power, against the rights of the people; and it was not till after its priests showed themselves opposed to justice, and mercy, and truth, that the people rose against them. Knowing no other religion but the Catholic, which had lived by robbery and wrong, and now stood between them and their rights, looking with a cold eye on their starving children and perishing friends, what wonder is it they swept it from the face of the earth? Overwhelmed with the horrors of the Revolution, we forget to put the first and chief blame where it belongs. A haughty aristocracy, trampling out the lives of the poor, and endeavoring to still their complaints by the bayonet, shed the first blood of Paris. A corrupt priesthood, living in luxury and sin, on the plundered wealth of those who were now starving for bread, and asking in most piteous accents for help, caused the first opposition to religion, which finally ended in its public abrogation and the destruction of the Sabbath. It is time tyranny and the

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Catholic religion, refusing month after month, and year after year, the humble and earnest prayer of a perishing people, were called to account for the horrors of the French Revolution, and not the excited, maddened populace. So also we might speak of the despotisms of Europe that attempted to crush the infant republic in its first struggle for life; and show how their conspiracies, and open war, and secret emissaries awoke all the fears and suspicions of those who, with a halter round their neck, stood at the head of government, till, in self-defence, they commenced those dreadful massacres which shocked the world.

We might also speak of the absolute necessity of this wild upheaving to break the power of feudalism in Europe. It was inevitable; if it had not come in France it would have come in England. We do not mean to excuse in any way the perpetrators of those acts of violence, but we wish the chief guilt to rest where it belongs—*on those who finally fell* before the wrath of an indignant and maddened mob.

But not to weary you with a political disquisition on the French Revolution, stand here with me in the beautiful Garden of the Tuileries, and let the past come back on the excited memory. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Camille Des Moulins, Couthon, the bold Mirabeau, Vergniaud, the patriot Lafayette, the unfortunate Louis and his queen, and, last of all, that fearful man Napoleon Bonaparte, come in solemn procession through these green

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walks. Every step here reminds one of the Revolution, and the actors in it. There, in front, stands the noble Palace of the Tuileries, around which the mob so often streamed with shouts and curses, and from whence Louis and his wife went to the scaffold; and just above the main entrance is the same clock whose bell tolled the hour of death to the hundreds that perished by the guillotine. Behind, at the farther end, just out of the Garden of the Tuileries, in the Champs Elysées, stands an old Egyptian obelisk, occupying the site of the guillotine on which Louis and Marie Antoinette suffered, and from which flowed the noblest blood of France. Two beautiful fountains are throwing up their foam beside it, where the mob were wont to sit and sing "*Ca ira*," as head after head rolled on the scaffold. Around it walk the gay promenaders, never thinking what a place of terror they tread upon.

It was on the 20th of June that the mob of 30,000, composed of men, women, and children, in squalid attire, and with hideous cries, entered by force, and marched in wild procession through the Assembly of France, where her representatives sat in council upon the dangers that environed them. Banners, on which were written the "Rights of Man," and "The Constitution or Death," and "Long live the *Sans-culottes*," were borne aloft; while one carried on high, on the point of his pike, a bleeding heart, labeled "The Heart of Aristocracy." With dances, and yells, and singing the wild "*Ca ira*," this motley crowd streamed through the Legislative Hall, and

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for three hours made it the scene of their infernal orgies. They then crowded through this beautiful garden, and pressed in to the palace, and surrounded the king. Seated in a chair upon a table, surrounded by a few of his National Guard, he bore himself for once right kingly, and awed the infuriated mob by his calm presence. A drunken woman handed him the red cap of liberty, which he immediately, without changing his countenance, placed on his head. Another offered him a cup of water, and though he suspected it contained poison, he drank it off at a draught. An involuntary cheer burst from the throng at this act of confidence. But while this disgraceful scene was passing without and within the palace, a slight, dark-looking young man emerged from a café, and seeing the mob filling the garden, said to his friend, "Let us see what is going on yonder." Standing in one of the walks of this garden, he beheld all that transpired within the palace with irrepressible disgust; and at length, when he saw the king put on the red cap, he could restrain his indignation no longer, and exclaimed, "What folly! How could he disgrace himself so? The wretches—he should have blown four or five hundred of them into the air at once, and the rest would have taken to their heels." *That* was *young Napoleon*, and the friend beside him, Bourrienne. Three years after, he stood in this same garden in very different relations. The mob, and the National Guard together, amounting in all to 40,000 men, had resolved to overthrow the Convention and govern-

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ment of France. An army of 5000 soldiers was all the government could muster to resist this appalling force. It matters not; a young artillery officer, a bronze-looking man, is at their head, showing in every feature and movement that he is no Louis XVI. No womanish weakness or fear agitates his heart. He looks on the approaching thousands as calmly as the marble statues that fill the garden about him, and orders his trusty band to stand in dense array around his few cannon, that are charged to the muzzle with grape-shot. He is about to try the experiment he, three years before, had said the king should have tried. It is young Bonaparte. With his stern, quick voice he inspires his men with confidence, as he hurries from post to post. A short street, called the Rue St. Honoré, comes directly up in a right angle to the garden, from the church St. Roche, which stands at the farther end. Up this short street pressed a body of the insurgents, while the church was filled with armed men who kept up a deadly fire on the regular troops. Bonaparte saw them approach with the same indifference he had so often watched the charge of the Austrian columns on his artillery, and pointed his deadly battery full on the crowding ranks of his countrymen. "Fire!" broke from his lips, and that narrow street was strewed with the dead. Discharge after discharge of grape-shot swept with awful destruction through the multitude, till at length they broke and fled in wild confusion through the city. The walls of the church still bear the bullet-marks of that dreadful

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carried like a common criminal to his execution! Scarcely has his head rolled on the scaffold before the pale yet calm and dignified queen passes by, hurrying to the same fate! Here, too, came the base Malesherbes, and all his family. The axe falls, and is scarcely raised again before Madame Elizabeth, sister to the king, places her fair neck under it, and is no more! Custine, for having said he loved his father, who had been executed; Alexander Beauharnais, for committing a mistake in the army; the brave old Marshal Luckner, for nothing at all; General Biron and others; the infamous Madame du Barri; the beautiful young Princess of Monaco; the noble Madame Lavergne; young women in almost countless numbers, many going at their own request to die with their parents! The son of Buffon; the daughter of Vernet; Florian, the novelist; Roucher, the poet, and literary men without end, pass by in such rapid succession, that the eye grows dim, and one after another lies down on the block, and their bodies are trundled away in brutal haste to the still more brutal burial! The ascent to that fatal guillotine was like the ascent to a public edifice, constantly thronged with doomed victims. Even the infamous Fouquier Tinville at length grew frightened as the committee of public safety ordered him to increase his executions to a hundred and fifty a day; as he said afterwards, "The Seine, as I returned home, seemed to run blood." And there, where the gay Parisians are strolling, sat the inhuman multitude, and sang "*Ca ira,*" as head after head rolled at

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their feet. Gutters were made to let the blood run off that otherwise would have collected in large puddles around the place of execution. How one becomes accustomed to places with which the most tragic scenes are associated. The Parisians were gay and thoughtless as our own promenaders in Broadway, while I, a stranger, and standing for the first time in that bloody spot, could have but one object in my mind—the *bloody guillotine!* So with the Tuileries. I could think of nothing as I threaded its sweetly shaded walks, but the awful scenes that had been enacted in it. As my thoughts dwelt thus upon this strange and bloody page in human history, I could not but feel how Heaven allows men to punish themselves. A year before these bloody executions to which I referred, a procession passed by here on their way to Notre Dame, carrying to an ancient church a lewd woman as the goddess of reason. An apostate bishop with several of the clergy, appeared at the bar of the Convention, and publicly abjured the Christian religion. Paché, Hebert, and Chaumette, the municipal leaders, declared they would "dethrone the King of heaven as well as the monarchs of the earth." Drunkards and prostitutes crowded around, trampling on the religious vessels that had been consecrated in the churches, and the images of Christ. It was publicly declared in the Convention, that "God did not exist, and that the worship of Reason was to take his place;" and Chaumette, taking his veiled female by the hand, said, "Mortals, cease to tremble before the powerless

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thunders of God, whom your fears have created. Henceforth acknowledge no divinity but Reason." Mounted on a magnificent car, this beautiful but abandoned woman was drawn to Notre Dame, followed by courtesans, and there elevated on the high altar in the place of God, and the church was *re*dedicated as the temple of Reason. Then followed a scene of licentiousness within the walls of that church the pen of the historian dares not describe. Well, God is no more to the French people, and on all the public burial-places is placed, by order of the government, "DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP!" Awful condition of human society, that the most careless observer must see, will end in an earthquake that shall startle the world. Yet I see the hand of a just God in it all. First fell, before the wronged and starved people, a haughty and oppressive nobility, by the very violence they themselves had set on foot. Next came the overthrow of the priests and the confiscation of their property, and their public massacre, all of which they had merited by their oppressions, and corruption, and profligacy, and robbery. Thus far, each received the reward of his deeds. But now the people, drunk with success and power, refuse to recognize the hand of a Deity in enabling them to obtain their rights—nay, publicly scoffed him. Well, they too then must perish in turn. God will sweep them all away in succession, till they begin to obey the laws of justice and truth, and bow to his overruling hand. The year that followed this dethronement of the Deity has no parallel in human history.

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France bled at every pore, and her population reeled in crowds into the grave. One wild cry of suffering rent the air, and devils rather than men stood at the head of government. A year thus rolled by, when Robespierre saw that he could not control a people that recognized no God; and, trembling on his bloody throne, as he saw the unrestrained tide of human passions rushing past him, bearing on its maddened bosom the wreck of a mighty people, resolved to reinstate the Deity on his throne. And lo! in this garden, a magnificent amphitheatre is reared under the guiding genius of the painter, David, and filled with the expectant crowd. Clad in blue apparel, and bearing fruits and flowers in his hands, Robespierre appears at the head of the procession, and to the sound of stirring music, and ascends the platform built for his reception. Statues representing Atheism, Discord, and Selfishness are set on fire by his own hand, and consumed. But when the smoke disappeared, there appeared in the place where Atheism, Discord, and Selfishness had stood, a statue of Wisdom. But, alas! it was blackened with smoke and covered with ashes, and fit emblem of the sort of wisdom that occasion had exhibited. They then adjourned to the Champ de Mars, and closed the day with patriotic songs and oaths offered to the Supreme Being. Men, of their own accord, had declared that they could not live without a God, and stamped themselves as fools in the eyes of the world. But this did not prevent the punishment. The oppressive aristocracy and the profligate court had fallen as

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they deserved. Next disappeared the corrupt and plundering clergy and the infamous Catholic religion. God had dealt justly with them, and now the Atheistic and insulting anarchists must take their punishment. And it is a little singular, that this very occasion on which Robespierre so haughtily re-enthroned the Deity should be the chief cause of his sudden overthrow; and, what is still stranger, that he should be apprehended and executed in the same blue coat he wore on that day. Thus God often puts a mark on his acts, by which men can know their meaning and intent.

We have not room here to speak of the last fearful act in this long and bloody tragedy which closed up the Reign of Terror and introduced a new era to France. But it seemed impossible, as I stood in this beautiful garden on a bright summer evening, and watched the gay throng passing by, that it had been the scene of such strange events. How slight an impression the earth takes from the deeds done upon it!

But the wave swept on, and the wild storm passed by, and the chaos again assumed shape and order. What experiments had been made in morals, and religion, and government! What truths elicited and errors exploded! The race of man had tried to their everlasting remembrance some experiments in society. But after it all had subsided, and the smoke and dust had cleared away, there stood the heavens as God had made them, and there his truth as he had revealed it, and there his government, more commanding

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and awe-inspiring than ever. Men are thrown into commotion and become wiser than their Maker, but their wisdom always turns out in the end to be folly; and after they have wrecked their own happiness, and destroyed their own prospects, they confess it all, and obey for a while the commands they thought they had for ever shaken off.

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CHAPTER VII.

RAMBLES ABOUT PARIS.

In Paris, I had nothing to do but stroll over the city and call on memory to bring back the terrible past. Bonaparte and the French Revolution are everywhere present to the wanderer over Paris. If he looks on the Tuileries or Louvre, it is to think of the unfortunate Louis, or perhaps to be shown the scars of cannon-shot on their solid sides, hurled there by a maddened mob. If he sees an obelisk or fountain, it was placed there by Bonaparte, or to honor Bonaparte. Look on that beautiful palace standing close beside the Champs Elysée: Robespierre used to sit there, to watch the executions decreed by the bloody Revolutionary Tribunal. Cast your eye down to the Place Vendome; there rises a beautiful shaft, far into the heavens, but Bonaparte is on the top, in his everlasting surtout and plumeless chapeau, standing on the cannon taken by him in battle. This beautiful and lofty shaft is composed entirely of cannon which he captured during his military career, melted down to compose this column—while, running around it in a spiral direction, from the base to the top, are beautiful bas-reliefs, representing the different battles in which he was victor. From the Palace

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of the Tuileries to the beautiful arch at the farther end of the Champs Elysée, it is all Bonaparte and the Revolution. Enter the Madeline Church, one of the most elegant structures in Paris, and you are reminded it was built by Napoleon for a temple of glory, and it resembles anything but a temple for worship. From one end of the Grecian colonnade that goes entirely around it, look across the Champs Elysée to the Chamber of Deputies and the Hotel des Invalides, the other side of the Seine, one of the most beautiful views of the kind we have ever seen, and the Revolution and Bonaparte are still before you. The obelisk, behind which the two fountains are gayly sending their spray into the air, stands on the very spot the guillotine occupied during the Reign of Terror; and in the Hotel des Invalides, that terminates the prospect beyond the Seine, sleeps the mighty Conqueror himself, while around him tread the few surviving veterans that once followed him to battle. The reminiscences of popular power and fury that meet one at every turn, make him feel as if he were treading on the side of a volcano, that might at any moment begin to heave again, and swallow all in its bosom of fire.

But one morning as I strolled from the Hotel de Meurice (the Astor House of Paris), in search of rooms, I stumbled on an object which for a moment held me by a deeper spell than anything I had seen in France. In the Rue Victoire, close beside the principal baths of the city, stands a small house several rods from the street, and approached by a nar-

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row lane. It is situated in the midst of a garden, and was the residence of Josephine when the young Napoleon first yielded his heart to her charms. The young soldier had then never dreamed of the wondrous destiny that awaited him, nor had surrendered his soul to that wasting ambition which consumed every generous quality of his nature, and every pure feeling of his heart. Filled with other thoughts than those of unlimited dominion, and dreaming of other things than fierce battle-fields, he would turn his footsteps hither, to pour the tale of his affections in Josephine's ear. His heart throbbed more violently before a single look and a single voice, than it ever did amid the roar of artillery and the sound of falling armies. The eye, before which the world quailed at last, and the pride of kings went down, fell at the gaze of a single woman; and her flute-like voice stirred his youthful blood wilder than the shout of "Vive l'Empéreur!" from the enthusiastic legions that cheered him as he advanced. Those were the purest days of his existence, and we believe the only happy ones he ever passed. When the crown of an emperor pressed his thoughtful forehead, he must have felt that it was better to be loved by one devoted heart, than be feared by a score of kings. As I stood before the humble dwelling, and thought of the monuments of Bonaparte's fame that covered France and the world, I could not but feel how poor a choice he made after all. Surrendering the pure joy that springs from affection, and the heaven of a quiet home for the tumult of armies and the crown of

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thorns which unholy ambition wears, he wrecked his own happiness and soul together. He made life one great battle-field, and drove his chariot of war over heaps of slain, and up to the axletrees in human blood, to gain at last—*a grave.* He could have had *that* without such labor; and one, too, over which does not hang such darkness and gloom as rest on his. How often, in the midst of his power, must that voice of singular melody, whose tones, it is said, would arrest him in the midst of the gayest assembly, have fallen on his ear like a rebuking spirit, telling him of his baseness, and bringing back faint echoes of that life he never could live again.

Going one day to "Père la Chaise," which is without the city, on a hill that overlooks the endless field of houses, I stumbled on a square column standing at the end of the Boulevard beside the Seine, which at first puzzled me amazingly. I had no guide-book with me—designing to visit "Père la Chaise" alone—but as I read the inscriptions upon it, I found I was standing on the foundations of the old Bastile. I shuddered involuntarily as memory brought back that terrible dungeon and its still more terrible overthrow. Suddenly, I seemed to hear the shout of thousands, as "To the Bastile!" rose on the air. The wave of insurrection that had been dashing from side to side in the city, now took a steady course, and surged up around the Bastile. The dungeon of tyranny for ages, it had become peculiarly obnoxious to the people, and its doom was sealed. Cannon are brought to play on its massive sides, and

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a bold mechanic climbs up the wall, and amid the shower of shot hews away on the chain that holds the drawbridge. Coming with a crash to the ground, the multitude rush over it and the Bastile is taken. The daughter of the governor is sentenced to be burned, but escapes the painful death by the interposition of those who have humanity in them still. The governor himself, and many with him, are slain; and their heads, placed on pikes, are carried through the streets in triumph. The Bastile is no more, and alarm spreads through the court of France. I gazed long and thoughtfully on this relic of the Revolution, covered over with names, not of those who defended it, but of those who levelled it to the earth. The king does not live who would dare put any other names upon it. That was the beginning of the exertion of physical force in the Revolution. As I trod afterwards the silent walks of the cemetery, and looked away three miles to the mighty city, I could but think how quickly time erases battle-fields, revolutions, and emperors from the earth, leaving only here and there a monument in their stead, which, in its turn, gives way to some other structure, or finally falls back to its original elements. I was anxious to see the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, and after much effort found it. On the marble tablet which covers them are wrought two bas-reliefs, lying side by side, representing the two lovers. Heloise was a lovely and true-hearted woman, but Abelard was a selfish, heartless villain, notwithstanding his genius, and the

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sentimentality of the French, and the romance the world has made out of him.

From this quiet cemetery I visited the Hotel de Ville, and lo! I was again in the midst of the Revolution. I followed the street leading from it to the Church of the Carmelites, calling to mind the Sabbath morning of the 2d of September, 1792. Two days before, the domiciliary visits had been made. For forty-eight hours the barriers of the city had been closed, and every door shut in the streets. The sound of the busy population had suddenly died away—the promenades were empty, the rattling of carriages was hushed, and the silence and solitude of the sepulchre reigned throughout the vast city, save when the fearful echoes were heard of the rapid tread of the bloodhounds of the anarchists, and the tap of their hammer on every door, as they moved along on their mission of death. The paleness of despair sits on every countenance, and the throbbing heart stops beating, as that hammer-stroke is heard on the door of their dwelling. The *suspected* are to be arrested for the safety of the state, and *fifteen thousand* are seized and committed. But what is to be done with this army of prisoners? They cannot be tried separately. No, their execution is to be as sudden and summary as their arrest, and the Sabbath of the 2d of September is selected as the day of their slaughter. The bright sun rose over the city, and nature smiled, as she always will, despite the actions of men; but instead of the church-bells, calling the worshipers to the house of God, there goes

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pealing over the city the terrible tocsin, and the wild beat of the *généralé*, and the rapid alarm-guns—making that Sabbath morning as awful as the day of judgment. Through every street come pouring the excited multitude. Twenty-four priests, moving along the street, on their way to the Church of the Abbaye, are seized and butchered. Varennes is at the head of the mob, and trampling over the corpses and spattering the blood over his shoes, kindles into tenfold fury the ferocity he has awakened in the maddened populace. Maillard, who led the mob of women that stormed Versailles, is heard shouting over the tumult, "To the Carmelites!" and "To the Carmelites!" is echoed in terrific responses from the crowd around him. "To the Carmelites" they go, and surge up like the maddened sea around the devoted church. Two hundred priests are within its walls. Finding their hour has come, they rush into each other's embrace, and, kneeling, prayed together to that God, who seems to have withdrawn his restraining power from man. They are butchered around the very altar, and their blood flows in streams over the pavement of the church. In the intervals of the infuriated shouts the voice of prayer steals on the ear, but the next moment it is hushed in death. The Archbishop of Arles stands amid this wild scene, calm as the Madonna that looks down from the altar above him. Thrice the sword smites his face, inflicting three horrible gashes before he falls, and then he dies at the very foot of the cross of Christ. The massacre being completed, "To Abbaye!" is the next

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shout, and the turbulent mass rolls towards the Abbaye. The brave Swiss Guards are first brought out and pierced by a thousand pikes. The inhuman yells penetrate to the innermost chambers of the prisoners, and each one prepares himself to die. The aged Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides, is brought out, and, just as the bayonet is lifted to pierce him, his lovely daughter falls on his neck, and pleads in such piteous accents and tears for her father's life, that even these monsters are moved with compassion, and promise that his life shall be spared on condition she will drink the blood of aristocrats. A goblet filled with the warm blood is presented to her lips, and she drains it at a draught. The half-naked murderers around, bespattered with brains and blood, shout his pardon. The Princess of Lamballe, the friend of the unfortunate queen, and the beauty of the court, is next led forth, and faints again and again at the horrible spectacle that meets her gaze. Arising from her swoon, a sword-cut opens her head behind, and she faints again. Recovering, she is forced to walk between two blood-covered monsters over a pavement of dead bodies, and then speared on a heap of corpses. The raging fiend within them still unsatisfied, they strip the body; and, after exposing it to every indecency and insult that human depravity can invent, one leg is rent away and thrust into a cannon, and fired off in honor of this jubilee of hell. The beautiful head, borne aloft on a gory pike, with the auburn tresses clotted with blood and streaming down the staff, is waved over the crowd, and made to

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nod in grim salutation to the fiends that dance in horrid mirth around it. "*Ca ira;*" yes, that will do, but God is not yet dead, nor his laws destroyed. A thousand are butchered, but, Robespierre, thou shalt yet acknowledge, in other ways than by a magnificent fete and pompous declamation, there is a God in heaven that rules over the affairs of men! Thou hast awakened elements thou canst not control, and raised a storm thou canst not lay again! And I was standing on the very spot where these scenes had been enacted. The tread of hasty feet were around me, and all the hurry and bustle of city life. I looked on the pavements, but they were not bloody; and on the passing throng, and they were not armed. Nay, no one but myself seemed conscious they were treading over such fearful ground. They had been born, and lived here, and hence could see only common walks and pavement around them; while I, a stranger, could think of nothing but that terrible earthquake that shook France and the world.

Oh! how impotent does man and his strifes appear after the tumult is over, and the Divine laws are seen moving on in their accustomed way. Like the Alpine storm and cloud that wrap the steadfast peak, do the passions and conflicts of men hide the truth of heaven till it seems to have been carried away for ever; but like that Alpine peak when the storm is over, is its clear summit seen to repose as calmly against the blue sky as if perpetual sunshine had rested on its head.

As I passed over to the "Place du Carrousel,"

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where the artillery was placed that Robespierre endeavored in vain to make fire on the Convention that voted his overthrow by acclamation, I could plainly see how naturally everything proceeded, from the abrogation of the Sabbath, and the renunciation of the Deity, to that awful Reign of Terror. Cut a nation loose from the restraints of Divine law, and there is nothing short of anarchy. Release man from the tremendous sway of obligation, and he is a fiend at once. Take conscience from him, and put passion in its place, and you hurl him as far as Satan fell when cast out of heaven. The course of Robespierre was necessary after he had commenced his Jacobinical career. He had destroyed all the means by which rulers secure their safety except fear. But fear could not be kept up without constant deaths. Besides, he thought to relieve himself from his enemies by destroying them, forgetting that cruelty makes foes faster than power can slay them. But the hour which *must* sooner or later come, finally arrived, and Paris awoke to her condition. The guillotine, which had heretofore chopped off only the heads of the upper classes, began now to descend on the citizens and common people. There seemed no end to this indiscriminate slaughter, and the wave that had been sent so far, now began to balance for its backward march. Robespierre had slain aristocrats, and finally his own companions in blood; and now saw the storm gathering over his own head. Marat had gone to his account long before—Danton and Camille Des Moulins had followed their murdered

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victims to the scaffold, and now, when Robespierre should fall, the scene would change. It is sometimes singular to see the coincidence of events as if on purpose to make the truth they would teach more emphatic. After "Down with the tyrant!" which thundered on the ears of the doomed man from the whole Convention, till he had to flee for his life, he went to this very Hotel de Ville, where the awful massacre of the 2d of September commenced. After defending himself with his friends in vain, against the soldiery, the building was surrendered and the room of the tyrants entered. There sat Robespierre, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands. A pistol-shot fired broke his under jaw, and he fell under the table. Couthon made feeble efforts to commit suicide, while Le Bas blew out his own brains. Robespierre and Couthon, supposed to be dead, were dragged by the heels to the Seine, and were about to be thrown in, when they were discovered to be alive, and carried to the Committee of General Safety. There, for *nine* hours, he lay stretched on the very table on which he used to sign the death-warrants of his victims. What a place and what time to ponder. Insults and curses were heaped on him, as he lay there bleeding and suffering—the only act of humanity extended to him being to wipe the foam from his mouth. As if on purpose to give more impressiveness to this terrific scene, he had on the very blue coat he had worn in pomp and pride at the festival of the Supreme Being. It was now stained with his own blood, which he tried in

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vain to stanch. Poor man! writhing in torture on the table where he signed his death-warrants, in the very blue coat that made him conspicuous when he attempted to re-enthrone the Deity, what a lesson he furnishes to infidel man to remotest generations. But this was not all; the guillotine, which had been removed, was rolled back to the Place de Revolution, so that he and his companions might perish on the very spot where they themselves had witnessed so many executions of their own commanding. Led by my own feelings, I slowly wandered back to the Place de Revolution, to witness in imagination the closing up of the great tragedy. As Robespierre ascended the scaffold, the blood burst through the bandages that covered his jaw, and his forehead became ghastly pale. Curses and imprecations smote his ear; and one woman, breaking through the crowd, exclaimed, "Murderer of all my kindred, your agony fills me with joy; descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" As the executioner tore the bandage from his face, the under jaw fell on his breast, and he uttered a yell of terror that froze every heart that heard it with horror. The last sounds that fell on his dying ear, were shouts of joy that the tyrant was fallen. The people wept in joy, when they saw that the monsters that had sunk France in blood were no more, and crowded round the scaffold embracing each other in transport. One poor man came up to the lifeless body of Robespierre, and after gazing in silence on it for some time, said, in solemn accents, "Yes, Robespierre, there is a

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God!" THERE IS A GOD! was the shriek France sent up from round that scaffold, and its echo has not since died away on the nations of Europe, and shall not till remotest time—for ever uttering in the ears of the infidel ruler, "Beware!"

I have gone over these scenes of the Revolution just as they were suggested to me as I looked on the places where they occurred. I never before was so impressed with the truth, that an irreligious nation cannot long survive as such. Especially in a republican government—where physical force is almost powerless, and moral means, or none, can restrain the passions of men—will the removal of religious restraints end in utter anarchy. Men, governing themselves, are apt to suppose they can make Divine laws as well as human, and adopt the blasphemous sentiment "*Vox populi, vox Dei;*" a sentiment which, long acted upon, will bury the brightest republic that ever rose to cheer the heart of man. Rulers may try the experiment of ruling without a God, if they like; but the nation will eventually whisper above their forms, "There is a God!"

It was a relief, after I had gone over the localities of the Revolution, to throw the subject entirely from my mind, and dwell on the more pleasing scenes of Paris, at least those that did not call up such deeds of horror. No one visits Paris without going to the Hotel des Invalides. This, it is well known, is the home of the old soldiers of Bonaparte. The poor and disabled fragments of his mighty legions rest here, at last, in peace. It was a bright summer evening,

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just at sunset, that I strolled over the Seine to this magnificent edifice. As I entered the outward gate into the yard, I saw the bowed and crippled veterans, in their old uniforms, limping around among the cannon that lay stretching their lazy length along the ground—the spoils of Napoleon's victories. I saw one beautiful gun, covered with bas-reliefs and sculptured in almost every part with the greatest skill. As I stood looking on it, a soldier came up on crutches, appearing as if he were willing to satisfy my curiosity. I asked him where that cannon was taken. He replied from Venice, and, if I remember right, added, that it was a royal piece. I asked him if he ever saw Bonaparte. "O yes," he replied, "I have seen him in battle." He spoke with the greatest affection of his old emperor, and I saw that, even in death, Napoleon held the same sway over the affections of his soldiers he was accustomed to wield in the day of his power. Sacrificing his men with reckless prodigality, they nevertheless clung to him with the greatest devotion. As I strolled into the inner court, and looked on the place where the ashes of the conqueror slept, I could not but be impressed with the scene. The sun had gone down over the plains of France, and the dimness of twilight was already gathering over this sombre building. I was alone, near the tomb of the mighty dead. Condemn as we may the character of Napoleon—and who does not?—read the record an outraged world has written against him, till he stands a criminal before heaven and earth—still, one cannot find himself beside the

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form that once shook Europe with its tread, without the profoundest emotions. But the arm that ruled the world lies still; and the thoughtful forehead on which nations gazed to read their destiny, is now only a withered skull; and the bosom that was the home of such wild ambition, is full of ashes.

"Napoleon! years ago, and that great word—
Compact of human breath, in hate, and dread,
And exultation—skied us overhead:
An atmosphere whose lightning was the sword,
Scathing the cedars of the world, drawn down
In burnings, by the metal of a crown.

"Napoleon! foemen, while they cursed that name,
Shook at their own curse; and while others bore
Its sound as of a trumpet, on before,
Brow-fronted legions followed, sure of fame;
And dying men, from trampled battle-rods,
Near their last silence, uttered it for God's.

"Napoleon! sages, with high foreheads drooped,
Did use it for a problem; children small
Leaped up as hearing in't their manhood's call:
Priests blessed it, from their altars over-stooped
By meek-eyed Christs; and widows, with a moan,
Breathed it, when questioned why they sat alone.

"Napoleon! 'twas a name lifted high!
It met at last God's thunder, sent to clear
Our compassing and covering atmosphere,
And opens a clear sight, beyond the sky,
Of Supreme empire! This of earth's was done—
And kings crept out again to feel the sun."

The grave is a reckless leveler; and he who "met at last God's thunder," is only one of the thousands

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he left on his battle-fields. His fierce onsets, and terrible passages, and wasting carnage, and Waterloo defeats are all over. Crumbling back to dust amid a few old soldiers, left as a mockery of the magnificent legions he was wont to lead to battle, he reads a silent, most impressive lesson on ambition to the world. I turned away in the deepening twilight, feeling that I would not sleep in Bonaparte's grave for Bonaparte's fame. Yet he still exerts a wonderful influence over the French people, and keeps alive, by his very tomb, the remembrance of Waterloo and the hatred of the English.

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CHAPTER VIII.

RAMBLES ABOUT PARIS.

MARSHAL SOULT.—GUIZOT.—THE CATACOMBS.

THE Chamber of Deputies had just closed its sitting as I arrived in Paris, and hence I was denied the pleasure of seeing the Commons of France in session, and comparing them with the Lower Houses of other constitutional governments. The Chamber of Peers, however, was in session, and I frequently passed an hour or two in witnessing its deliberations. Through the politeness of our minister, I was furnished with his own card of *entrée* while in the city, and hence obtained a seat in the apartment devoted to foreign ambassadors, which gave me an excellent point of observation.

At my first visit to the Chamber of Peers, I was amused with a rencontre I had with an Englishman and his wife. They were of the lower orders, and evidently perfectly bewildered in the mazes of the Palace of Luxembourg. I was ascending the stairs to the Chamber, when I met them coming down. The woman had learned a few French phrases, and was therefore spokesman for her husband. "Parlez vous Française?" said she, in a broad accent, and

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with a prolongation of the last syllable, which was not necessary to tell me she was an Englishwoman, for she bore evidences of *that* on every feature and movement.

"I speak *English* tolerably well," I replied.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "do you speak English?"

"Yes."

"Well," said she, in the most dolorous tone, "we came here to see the paintings in the palace, and a man below took away my parasol, and gave me this little piece of wood, and told me to go up stairs, and they wont let me in."

It is customary all over Europe to take from a person his cane, umbrella, or whatever he may have in the shape of a stick, when he enters a gallery of paintings or any public chamber, so that he may not deface the walls or pictures; and give him a ticket, so that he can reclaim it when he returns. The man guarding the entrance to the Chamber of Peers had thus taken from the good Englishwoman her parasol, and she being repulsed by the janitor of the gallery, and unable to speak French, was in a perfect puzzle. I told her she had been endeavoring to gain an entrance to the Chamber of Peers, which she could not do without a permit from the ambassador of England. She seemed quite shocked at her audacity, and asked what she should do. I pointed out to her the direction to the gallery of paintings, and left her thanking me in good broad English.

The Chamber of Peers is arranged like our two houses of Congress. The seats are semicircular,

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bending around a common centre, where the president sits. The members are all dressed in diplomatic coats, and present to an American the appearance of an assembly of military officers. The *Séance* had not commenced as I took my place, and the peers were slowly dropping in one after another, and taking their respective seats. There was the Duke de Broglie, Guizot, and others, and last of all, in came limping old Marshal Soult. He looks like an old warrior, with his dark features, clear eye, and stern expression. He is about the middle size, though stout, with a bald spot on the top of his head. His pantaloons were very full, made so evidently to conceal his bow legs. It was a useless expedient, however, for the Marshal's lower extremities form a perfect parenthesis which nothing but petticoats can ever conceal. As he stood a moment, and cast his eye over the Chamber, I thought I could detect in his cool, quiet glance, and self-possessed bearing, the stern old warrior, that had stood the rock of so many battle-fields. As he limped along to his seat, my mind involuntarily ran over some of the most important events of his history. Born of humble parents, entering the army as a private soldier, with musket in hand, he rose to be Marshal of the Empire, Duke of Dalmatia, and Peer of France. He early exhibited his wonderful coolness in the hour of danger. At the battle of Fleurus, General Marceau commanding the right wing of the army under Lefebvre, was routed and forced to fall back. In his agony, he sent to Soult for four battalions that he might renew

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his lost position. Soult refused. "Give them to me!" exclaimed the indignant and mortified Marceau, "or I will blow my brains out." Soult coolly replied that, to do it, would endanger the entire division. Being then a mere aid-de-camp, and unknown, his refusal astonished Marceau, and he asked, in a rage, "Who are you?" "Whoever I am," replied the imperturbable young soldier, "I am calm, which you are not; do not kill yourself, but lead on your men to the charge, and you shall have the four battalions as soon as we can spare them." His advice had scarcely been given before the enemy was upon them, and side by side these two men raged through the battle like lions. After it was over, Marceau held out his hand to Soult, saying, "Colonel, forgive the past; you have this day given me a lesson which I shall never forget. You have in fact gained the battle."

This is a fair illustration of Soult's character. Cool, collected, and self-reliant, the tumult of battle and the chaos of defeat never disturbed his perceptions or confused his judgment. At Austerlitz, he did the same thing to Napoleon. As Bonaparte gave him the command of the centre that day, he simply said, "As for you, Soult, I have only to say, act as you always do." In the heat and terror of battle, an aid-de-camp burst in a headlong gallop into the presence of Soult, bearing orders from the Emperor that he should immediately carry the height of Pratzen. "I will obey the Emperor's commands as soon as I can," replied the chieftain, "but this is not the

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proper time." Bonaparte was in a perfect fury at his answer, and sent another aid-de-camp with a peremptory order, but before he could deliver it "the proper time" had arrived, and the awful column of Soult was in motion, and in the next moment its head was enveloped in the smoke of cannon, and in a few minutes after, torn and mangled, appeared on the crest of the hill, where it struggled two hours for victory, and won it. Soult had delayed his charge because the enemy were extending their lines and thus weakening the centre. Bonaparte saw at once the reason of his delay, and struck with admiration at his behavior, soon after rode up to him; and, in the presence of his whole staff, exclaimed, "Marshal, I account you the ablest tactician in my empire." It was Soult's cannon that thundered over the grave of Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, and the noble-hearted Marshal inscribed a memorial to his brave opponent on the spot. He was in the carnage at Waterloo, and there, on that wild field, saw the star of Bonaparte set for ever.

As he slowly limped to his seat, I could not but gaze on him with feelings of the deepest interest. On what wild scenes that dark eye had looked, and in what fierce fights that now aged form had moved. The memories of such a man must be terrible; and what fearful scenes lie between him and his youth! A word, an allusion to the victories of Bonaparte—the standards taken from the enemy, and now drooping over the president's head—the pictures on the walls—must frequently recall to him the fierce-fought

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fields; and, forgetful of the business that is passing, and the beings around him,—on his aged ear will come the roar of battle, and on his flashing eye the shock of armies—the fierce onset—the wild retreat—the route, and the victory. Among the last remaining props of Napoleon's empire, he too is fast crumbling away. He has escaped the sword of battle, but he cannot escape the hand of Time.

I might have thus mused for an hour over Soult and his wonderful career, had not my attention been aroused by the call of the Chamber to order. There was no business of importance to be transacted, and I amused myself in studying the faces of the peers below me. Marquis de Boissy has put himself at the head of the opposition, and seems intent on making a fool of himself. An able man in his position could accomplish much good; but he, by his foolish objection to *everything*, and ridiculous, nonsensical remarks, awakens only derision. On his feet at every opportunity, he seems to think that the sure road to fame is to *talk*. He is a conceited, vain man, carrying in his very physiognomy his weak character. Sometimes he would run ashore in his speech, and, utterly at a loss what next to say, would hesitate, and drawl out "maintenant," which would frequently draw a titter from the house. These exhibitions of contempt did not affect him at all, and he would flounder on to another "maintenant." At length he became abusive, and uttered sentiments that brought down murmurs of scorn and the rebuke of the president. Making some disgraceful charge against the

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peers, I forget now what, I heard the heavy voice of Soult, muttering in scornful tones, "Comme un pair de France!" At length the foreign affairs came on the *tapis*, and in the course of discussion, Guizot, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was severely assailed for some measures he had adopted. The remarks were of a nature calculated to arouse the minister, and I saw, notwithstanding his apparent nonchalance, that he sat uneasy in his place. The member was not yet in his seat, when Guizot arose, and in a few sentences said, he would reply to these charges on the morrow. I need not say I was at the opening of the session the next day. The Paris papers had announced that Guizot was to speak, and the Chamber was crowded with spectators. He ascended the tribune or desk in front of the president's chair, and launched at once into the very heart of his subject. Guizot is about the middle size, partially bald, and of pale complexion. His eye, which is piercing, indicates either an unamiable disposition, or a temper soured by the difficulties and opposition he has been compelled to encounter in his progress. He must be of a very nervous temperament, for all his movements are rapid, and his speech vehement. As he stood in front of the audience and commenced his speech, he held a white pocket-handkerchief in his right hand, and began to gesture with his left. As he proceeded, he snatched his handkerchief out of his right hand with his left, and gestured with the former. He kept up this process of snatching his handkerchief, first from one hand and then the other, and gesturing with

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the vacant one till he finished his speech. He appeared wholly unconscious that he was doing it, and it seemed the result of mere nervous excitement. There was not a particle of grace in one single gesture he made, and I do not remember that he once raised his arm to a right angle with his body. His whole body worked, and all his gestures seemed mere muscular twitches. He does not talk like a Frenchman. There is no circumlocution, no rhetorical flourishes in his sentences, no effort at mere effect, but he goes straight to his object. He uses different French, also, from the other speakers. He has none of a Frenchman's volubility. His sentences are all compact, and his words sound more like Saxon words. Indeed, I think there is more of the Englishman than Frenchman in his composition. There is an apparent contradiction between the man and the language he uses. With a Saxon soul, he is forced to bend it to the wordy language of his native country. I have always thought it would appear strange to hear such men as Ney, Soult, Macdonald, and Bonaparte, talk French.

Guizot has risen from obscurity to his present proud eminence by the force of his talents alone. With rank and power to combat, he has steadily won his way through all opposition, and is, beyond doubt, the ablest minister of the Court of Louis Philippe.

The Garden of the Luxembourg, with its terraces, orange-trees, magnificent avenues, almost endless walks, statuary, and lofty trees, is a beautiful spot. Marks of revolutionary fury are everywhere visible

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in it, but that which interested me most was a vacant spot just outside the garden railing, where Marshal Ney was shot after the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. The vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victims; and the intrepid Ney, who had well-nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to this spot on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers, drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said, "I declare, before God and man, that I never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy. Vive la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. "He who had fought *five hundred battles* for France, not *one* against her, was shot as a traitor!" As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegiance —so did others, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon, and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris. Still, he was no traitor.

Near this spot stands the Observatory, and, a few steps from it, the "Hospice des Enfans trouvés et

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des Orphelins," or foundling and orphan hospital. This was founded more than two hundred years ago, and at the present time is under admirable arrangement. Formerly, there was a box called "*tour*," fixed in the wall, and turning on a pivot, into which an infant was dropped by any one that wished,—no questions being asked, and the face of the person bringing the child not seen. This was found to work badly, for it increased the number of illegitimate children, and also brought in from the country many infants whom their parents did not wish to support. There was another evil connected with this arrangement. A poor parent would bring her infant and deposit it in this clandestine manner, and then, after a few days, return and introduce herself as a nurse from the country; and by a little connivance could get her child back again, and receive pay also as a nurse. Restrictions are now in force checking this imposition. There is one evil attending this new arrangement, however—infanticide is more common, indeed the crime has increased almost twofold. There are yearly received into this hospital nearly five thousand children, of which over four thousand are illegitimate: a sad comment on the morals of the French capital. These are immediately put out to nurse in various parts of the country, so that there are generally less than two hundred in the hospital at any one time. Early in the morning, this multitude of infants is placed in one grand reception-room, called *La Crèche*, where the different physicians visit them, and assign them to the different infirmaries, accord-

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ing as their case demands. The medical department is divided into four separate branches—one for cases of ordinary sickness; one for surgical cases; one for measles, and one for ophthalmic cases. Cradles are arranged in rows around the outer edge of the room, against the walls, in which the little creatures are placed, while nurses are bending over them in every direction. In front of the fire a bed is placed, at an inclined plane, where the more sickly are laid; while little chairs are arranged in a snug, warm corner for those which are strong enough to sit up a portion of the time. Cleanliness and order prevail everywhere, and no child is allowed to suffer from neglect. Nothing can be more sad yet more interesting than the spectacle presented by this large number of infants. Bereft of parental care—cast off from their mothers' bosoms before they are old enough to know them, and left to the tender mercies of strangers, they are still unconscious of their condition, and ignorant of the evil world that awaits their entrance into it. Neither their smiles nor their tears have anything to do with their position in life. Abandoned, deserted, forlorn, they claim twofold sympathy—from their innocence and their unconsciousness of evil.

There are several hospitals and infirmaries in this neighborhood, and near by also are the famous Catacombs of Paris. The catacombs were ancient quarries, from which stone was taken for building, and chalk, and clay, and sand, and limestone. In 1784, the Council of State, wishing to clear several ceme-

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teries of their dead, ordered the bones to be tumbled into these old quarries. At first, they were thrown in pell-mell, like unloading a cart of stone, but those having the management of the business, found they would gain space by *packing* them in layers. Shafts were sunk from the upper surface to the quarries, and props and pillars placed under the churches and edifices that stood over this subterranean world. These quarries were consecrated into catacombs with great solemnity, and then, on the 17th of April, 1786, the work of clearing the cemeteries began. It was all done in the night-time; and as soon as darkness drew its curtains over the city, might be seen a constant procession of black cars, covered with palls, going from the cemeteries to the quarries. Priests followed from behind, chanting the service of the dead. As they approached these shafts or openings, the cars emptied their contents into the cavity and wheeled back. Bones of priests, robbers, the gay and the wretched, men, women, and children, were piled in inextricable confusion together, to await the summons of the last trumpet, and the collecting power of the breath of God. What a startling truth is that of the resurrection of the dead, and what faith it requires to believe it, as one stands over such heaps of commingled and decaying bones! Among the monuments of the dead carted here, was the leaden coffin of the famous or *in*famous Madame Pompadour. Since they began to pile up the bones, the workmen engaged in it have made some curious arrangements.

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Some of the apartments are built around with bones so as to form chapels, with altars, and vases, made of bones also, and stuck over with skulls of different sizes as ornaments. In the main gallery, the bones are piled up like a wall, with the arm, leg, and thigh bones in front, to give it the appearance of uniformity and consistency, while at regular intervals three rows of skulls are inserted, stretching along the face of the ghostly structure, to give greater beauty and variety to the appearance. Behind this wall the smaller bones are pitched pell-mell, like so much rubbish. Not only the ancient cemeteries have been emptied here, but the massacres of the Revolution hurried their slain into this great receptacle of the dead. It is computed that the bones of at least *three millions* of people repose in these ancient quarries. They are situated in the southern part of the city, and do not approach the *gay* Paris of the present day. The palaces of the Tuileries and Louvre, the Champs Elysées, and the Garden of the Tuileries, the Boulevard, &c., are all on one side of the Seine. Luxembourg is on the other side of the river, and is almost as much by itself as Brooklyn. These great excavations are under this part of the city, running under the Pantheon, the Luxembourg palace and garden, the Odeon, the Val de Grace, and several streets. *Two hundred acres* or more are supposed to be thus undermined. *One sixth* of the whole surface of Paris is hollow beneath, and may yet answer all the purposes of an earthquake to ingulf the dissolute city.

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This Paris is a strange city. What with its mementos of popular fury, its temples of fame, and arches of victory, and catacombs, and gardens, and gayety, and wickedness, it furnishes more objects of interest, and more phases of life, than any city I ever visited.

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CHAPTER IX.

RAMBLES ABOUT PARIS.

THE ABATTOIRS.—ISLE ST. LOUIS.—THE BASTILE.

NOTHING illustrates the effect of a constant city life on the physical condition of men more than the statistics of Paris respecting its population. It has always seemed to me that it was impossible to elevate our race so long as they would crowd into vast cities, where the whole system of life was to make the rich richer, the poor poorer, and the degraded still more so. God has spread out the earth to be inhabited; and has not rolled the mountains into ridges along its bosom, and channeled it with magnificent rivers, and covered it with verdure, and fanned it with healthful breezes, to have man shut himself up in city walls, and bury himself in dirty cellars and stagnant alleys. It is worth our consideration, the fact that every large city on the face of the earth has sunk in ruins; and gone down, too, from the degeneracy, corruption, and crime of its inhabitants. I am not speaking against cities as such, but point to history to ask whether such enormous *overgrown* structures are desirable; or, *if* necessary, to inquire whether it is not indispensable to have them broken up by large squares and open

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commons in every part. Large, close-packed cities are always corrupt, and I do not see how it is to be prevented. But, independent of all this, health, nay, the continuance of the race, forbids this self-immuring within city walls. The free open air of the country, the beautiful face of nature, the strong and manly exercise it requires, are all so many props of our systems, and indispensable to the growth and manhood of population. These remarks have been drawn forth from a singular fact respecting Paris. From statistics, carefully collected and made out, it is found that all families residing constantly in the city, become, after a few generations, utterly extinct—slowly but surely disappearing. So undeviating is this law of life, that not more than one thousand persons in all Paris can reckon back their ancestors in the male line, to the time of Louis XIII. I mention the "male line," because city life is found to have a worse effect on men than on women. Those who retire to the country in summer exhibit this decay less; but still, they too show the injurious effect of city dissipation, luxury, and extravagance on the physical frame. The families of nobles, who reside on their manors in the country during the summer, and come to Paris in the winter, have degenerated from their ancient strength and stature. It is said that a young man in Paris, of the third and fourth generation, has the appearance, both in form and manners, of a woman. He is weak, effeminate, puerile in mind as well as body, and scarcely ever has children that live. So universal is this effect of constant city life seen to be, that it

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is laid down as a certain rule, that those who make their permanent residence in Paris are doomed to extinction as certainly as if a decree had gone out against them. What a lesson this is on city life, and what a defence of the arrangements of Heaven against those of man! He may seek pleasure and profit in the city, and rail against the solitude and dullness of the country; but his body, by its slow decay, and its urgent demand for air, relaxation, and exercise, confounds his arguments, and clears Nature from the dishonor he would cast upon her.

But to return to our rambles. Paris is divided into twelve arrondissements, or sections; and let us wander to the northern suburbs of the city, in the eighth arrondissement, to see one of the *Abattoirs*, or slaughter-houses of Paris. Previous to Napoleon's reign, cattle were driven through the streets, as in New York; and there were numberless private slaughter-houses in every part of the city. The filth which such a custom accumulated in the streets, and the unhealthy effluvia it sent through some of the most thickly populated parts of the town, caused Bonaparte to abolish it altogether, and establish in the place of private slaughter-houses five great public ones, called Abattoirs, at an expense of more than three millions of dollars. These are immense affairs —those of Popincourt and Montmartre are each composed of sixty-four slaughter-houses. As a specimen of the largest of these, take the Abattoir of Popincourt. It was erected twenty-six years ago, and is composed of *twenty-three* piles of buildings, erected

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on a sloping ground, to allow everything to be carried away without difficulty. It is surrounded by a wall half a mile in circumference, which gives to it the appearance of a fortress, where men, rather than dumb beasts, are slaughtered. In the centre of this little village of butchers, is a court four hundred and thirty-eight feet long, and two hundred and ninety-one broad, lined on each side by four immense buildings, separated from each other by roads that go straight through to the walls. Each of these structures is a hundred and forty-one feet long, and ninety-six broad, divided in their turn by a broad court, flagged with stones, on each side of which stand eight slaughter-houses, for the separate butchers. Above are attics for drying the skin, storing the tallow, &c. Thus we have, first, the large inclosure, then the twenty-three buildings, among which are the four great slaughter-houses. Within these four huge structures are sixteen smaller butcheries, eight on a side of the flagged and covered court, running through their centres; making in all sixty-four. Thus they stand, building within building, constituting a very imposing affair for a butchery. Besides these, there are sheep-folds, and stables, and hay-lofts, and places for melting tallow, and watering-places for the cattle, and depots for the hides, and immense reservoirs of water. The slaughtering is all done in the afternoon, and the meat taken to the market-places at night. As I remarked, there are five of these abattoirs in Paris, and some idea may be got of the immense quantity of meat the French capital daily consumes from the

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average quantity furnished by the single one I have described above. Upwards of four hundred oxen, three hundred cows, and two thousand sheep are slain in it every week. *Eighteen families* reside in this single abattoir, exclusive of the butchers and their assistants.

But let us re-enter the city; and, as we slowly loiter back towards the Champs Elysées, let us turn into the "Allée des Veuves," or Widows' Alley. It was once the custom, in Paris, for widows in deep mourning to shun all the public promenades. But there was a solitary and sombre avenue, leading away from the farther extremity of the Champs Elysées to the Seine, where the rich and elegant widows of the capital could drive in their splendid carriages, without violating the code of fashionable life. This street soon became the general resort of wealthy widows, which drew such a quantity of admirers, not to say speculators after them, that it soon became one of the most thronged promenades of the city. It took the name of the Widows' Alley, which it has retained ever since.

Following the Seine upward through the city, along the Quai, we pass the Garden and Palace of the Tuileries, the Palace of the Louvre, the Place de Hotel de Ville, and come to the bridge of Louis Philippe, which crosses to the Isle of St. Louis. The Rue St. Louis cuts this island in two lengthwise, and as we stroll along, stop a moment at No. 2d—that is the Hotel Lambert, in which Voltaire planned his Henriade, and where Bonaparte had a long and fear-

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ful conversation with his minister, Montalivet, after the star of his glory had set amid the smoke and carnage of Waterloo, and the night—long, dark night—of his reward had come. Fleeing from the disastrous plain, on which his trampled crown lay, followed by the roar of cannon that thundered after his fugitive army, he had hurried with headlong speed to Paris, the bearer of his own overthrow. The Chamber of Deputies was thrown into the utmost agitation. The allied army was marching on the city, while there were no troops with which to defend it. "Bonaparte must abdicate," was the general feeling, strengthened by the firm support given it by Lafayette. Prince Lucien accused him of ingratitude to the distressed emperor. "You accuse me of wanting gratitude to Napoleon," replied Lafayette; "have you forgotten what we have done for him? have you forgotten that the bones of our children, of our brothers, everywhere attest our fidelity: in the sands of Africa, on the shores of the Guadalquiver, and the Tagus, on the banks of the Vistula, and in the frozen deserts of Muscovy? During more than ten years, three millions of Frenchmen have perished for a man who wishes still to struggle against all Europe. We have done enough for him. Now our duty is to save the country." "Let him abdicate,—let him abdicate," was the response that met the ear of the dismayed Lucien, and he hastened to his imperial brother with the disastrous news. He went into a storm of passion, and refused to listen a moment to the request. Lafayette then declared if he did not, he should move

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his dethronement. Bonaparte saw that his hour had come, and he promised to resign his crown and his throne. He was lost, and there was no redemption. It was in this state of anguish, and mortification, and fear, that he came to this Hotel, and in the large gallery had a long and earnest interview with Montalivet. He talked of the past—of Waterloo—of the Deputies of France—of Europe—of the world. He had lost none of his *fierté* of manner by his misfortunes, none of his stern and independent feelings. He railed on each in turn, and then spoke of America as his final asylum. Europe could not hold him in peace; besides, he hated his enemies too deeply to surrender his person into their power. But even this escape was denied him, and he was compelled to fling himself into the arms of England.

But one cannot look upon this gallery, lined with pictures, where the terror of the world strode backwards and forwards in agony, without the profoundest emotion. From a charity boy, at the military school of Brienne, he had risen by the force of his genius to the throne of France. His nod had been law to an empire, and crowns the gifts he bestowed on his family. Mighty armies had followed him as he walked the trembling soil of Europe, but now there were none to do him reverence. He paced to and fro, the tread of his heavy heel echoing through the silent apartment, filled, not as heretofore, with vast designs of conquest, and absorbed with the mighty future that beckoned him on, but engrossed with anxiety about his personal safety. His throne,

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empire, and armies had all crumbled away before him, and he knew not which way to turn for escape. The Emperor had become the fugitive—the conqueror of a hundred battle-fields left alone,

> "The arbiter of others' fate,
> A suppliant for his own."

Backwards and forwards the mighty-souled warrior strode, addressing, in his earnest, energetic manner, his desponding minister—now proposing this and now that measure, yet turning from each as a forlorn hope. Untamed, and unsubdued as ever, he chafed like a lion in the toils, but the net that inclosed him could not be rent.

There is another event connected with this street which is more known. It was here, in the time of Charles V., that the famous battle took place between Chevalier de Macaire and the dog of Montargis, so often cited as an illustration of the sagacity and faithfulness of dogs. Aubry de Montdidrér had been murdered in a forest near Paris, and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog immediately lay down on the grave and remained there for days, until driven away by hunger. He then went to the house of one of Aubry's friends, and began to howl most piteously. The poor famished creature would cease his howling only long enough to swallow the food that was thrown him, and then re-commence. At length, he seized his master's friend by the cloak, and endeavored to pull him along in the direction from whence he had come. The friend's suspicion became

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excited by the actions of the dog, as he remembered Aubry had been missing for several days, and so he followed him. On coming to the tree where the body was buried, the dog began to howl most furiously, and paw the ground. Digging down, they found the body of the master, with marks of violence upon him. Not long after this, the dog, meeting the Chevalier de Macaire in the streets, flew at his throat, and could hardly be forced from his grasp. Every time afterwards that he met him, he rushed on him with the same ferocity. This happened once in the presence of the king, and suspicions at length became excited that he was the murderer of the dog's master. In accordance with the spirit of those times, the king ordered that there should be a trial by battle between the Chevalier and the dog, or, as it was called, "*Jugement de Dieu*,"—judgment of God. Lists were accordingly prepared on this spot, then uninhabited, and Macaire, armed with a bludgeon, was to defend himself against the dog, which had a kennel in which to retreat. As soon as the faithful creature was at liberty, he made at the murderer of his master, and, avoiding his blows, ran round and round him till an opportunity offered, and then made a sudden spring at his throat. Fetching him to the ground, he held him there till he confessed his guilt before the king. He was afterwards executed, and the dog nourished with the greatest care and affection.

Taking a turn by the Hotel de Ville, and passing on towards Père la Chaise, we come to the Place de

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la Bastile. I have referred to this before in passing, and speak of it now to describe the monument erected on the site of the old prison, and the grand design, framed by Napoleon, respecting it. The old moat is converted into a basin for boats passing through the canal that skirts its ancient foundations. But I never looked on the site of this old prison, the first object of popular vengeance, in Paris, when the earthquake throes of the Revolution began to be felt in the shuddering city, without recalling to mind Carlyle's description of the storming of it. In the midst of the uproar of the multitude that surged like the sea round the rock-fast structure—the rattle of musketry, interrupted by the heavy booming of cannon, and groans of the dying—one Louis Tournay, a mechanic, was seen to mount the walls with his huge axe. Amid the bullets that rattled like hailstones about him, he smote away on the ponderous chain of the drawbridge, 'till it parted, and the bridge fell, making a causeway over which the maddened populace streamed. In describing this scene, Carlyle says: "On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal—ye sons of liberty! stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in your soul and body, or spirit; for it is the hour. Smite thou, Louis Tournay, cartwright of Marais, old soldier of the regiment Dauphiné—smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistle around thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man, to Orcus! let the

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whole accursed edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever. Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall, Louis Tournay smites,—brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him; the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering." This memorable event in the Revolution, Bonaparte designed to immortalize by building a splendid monument on the site of the overthrown prison. An arch over the canal was to bear a huge bronze elephant, with a tower on his back, in all seventy-two feet high. The legs of this colossal elephant were to be *six feet* in diameter, in one of which was to be a staircase leading to the tower on his back—the whole to be a fountain, with the water pouring from the enormous trunk. The plaster model for the work stands there now, a wonder in itself. If it had been finished according to the design, it would have been a beautiful, though strange monument. After Bonaparte's fall, the plan was abandoned, though the model elephant still stands there, slowly wearing away under the storms that are constantly beating upon it. At the Restoration, it was designed to build a colossal representation of the city of Paris in its place. But after the three days' revolution of 1830, and the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, the present structure was commenced and finished. The arch thrown over the canal by Napoleon was retained, and an immense bronze column rises from it a hundred and thirty feet into the air. A spiral staircase leads to the top, on

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which is placed a figure representing the Genius of France standing in the position of the flying Mercury. On one half of this pillar are written in vertical lines, and in gilt letters, the names of those who fell in the storming of the Bastile, and on the other half, the names of those who fell in the famous three days of July, 1830. At the base, by each corner, is placed a Gallic cock, supporting laurel wreaths, and between them bas-reliefs, inscriptions, &c. The cost of the whole is about two hundred thousand dollars.

Thus do the kings of France honor the Revolution, and are compelled to, which shows how supreme the popular will still is in France.

From the Place de la Bastile, let us wander, as it is a bright, balmy day of summer, to the beautiful eminence of Père la Chaise. I have spoken of this cemetery before, but one wants to behold it again and again, and sees new beauties and new objects of interest with each repeated visit. This cemetery covers a hundred acres, and contains the tombs of fourteen thousand persons. It has been open over forty years, and it is estimated that, during that time, twenty millions of dollars have been expended on monuments alone. There are three kinds of graves in the cemetery—perpetual graves, temporary graves, and *fosses communes*, literally translated common ditches. The sleepers in the first are never disturbed; their wealth or their fame has secured them a permanent resting-place till the final trumpet shall invade their repose, and mingle perpetual, tem-

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porary, and common graves together. Perpetual graves! What an appellation! Time recognizes no such perpetuity, and the interval of a few centuries will make but little difference with the sleepers there.

The *fosses communes* are trenches four and a-half feet deep, into which the poor are gratuitously buried —packed, with only a thin layer of earth between them, one upon another. The poor of this world outnumber the rich, and even in their graves exhibit the distinctions wealth makes among the living. But they are not allowed to rest undisturbed, even in their crowded sepulchres. In the clayey soil of which the cemetery is composed, five years are deemed sufficient to secure the decomposition of the bodies, and so, at the end of that time, the spade crushes through their coffins and mouldering bones, and other poor are packed amid their fragments. Thus, every five years, are the temporary graves, and the *fosses communes* invaded, and generations mingled with generations in inextricable confusion.

The magnificent monuments here seem endless. Among them are those of Bonaparte's celebrated marshals. Here is one to the fierce Kellerman, to Lefebvre, Marshal Ney, the headlong Davoust, and the intrepid Massena.

After wandering through this city of tombs, and becoming wearied with the endless inscriptions that meet the eye at every step, and then refreshed with the surpassingly beautiful view that stretches away towards the Seine, winding its silver chain round the

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mighty French capital, let us stroll to the Rue de Picpus, for here, at No. 15, in a small cemetery, sleeps Lafayette, beside his noble-hearted wife, and his relations. A simple, unostentatious monument marks the spot where the hero, and patriot, and philanthropist sleeps. He needs no towering monument and eulogistic epitaph. His deeds are his monument, and his life of self-sacrifice and virtue his glorious epitaph.

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CHAPTER X.

RAMBLES ABOUT PARIS.

PALACES AND PRISONS OF PARIS.

THERE can scarcely be two things more dissimilar in their outward appearance and inward arrangement than a prison and a palace, yet in Paris one associates them together more frequently than anything else. In this gay capital, the palace has not only frequently been the prison of its inmates, but the portico to a gloomier dungeon. In the Revolution, a palace was the most dangerous residence one could occupy; and there was not a poverty-stricken wretch in Paris who did not feel more secure than those who occupied it. From a palace to prison was then a short step, and from the prison to the scaffold a shorter still.

First in the list comes the Palace of the Tuileries, the residence of the king and court. I do not design to describe this in detail; for it would be indefinite in the first place, and hence dry and uninteresting in the second place. This magnificent palace fronts the Garden of the Tuileries on one side, and the Place du Carrousel on the other. In 1416, the spot on which it stands was a tile field, where all the

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tiles with which Paris is supplied were made, and had been made for centuries. Those portions of the field not occupied with the tile-makers, and their clay and kilns, were used as a place of deposit for carrion, and rubbish of every sort. Francis I. built the first house upon it in 1518, and Catherine de Medici, in 1564, began the present edifice. After she had proceeded awhile, she became alarmed at the prediction of an astrologer, and stopped. Henry IV. took it up again, and finally, under Louis XIII., it was completed. It is a noble building, though of no particular order, or rather of all orders combined. Each story shows the taste of the age in which it was erected. The columns of the lower one are Ionic, of the second Corinthian, and of the third Composite, all and each corresponding to the epoch in which they were built. Its front towards the garden is very imposing, and over its solid walls may yet be traced the fierce handwriting of the Revolution. The frenzied mob that thundered against it might not have been able to write, but they have left their *mark*, which no one can mistake. The entire length of the front is a thousand feet, while the building is a little over a hundred feet deep. Its interior is divided into private and public royal apartments—saloons, etc. etc. The Louis Philippe gallery is lighted on one side only, and by immense windows, while on the other side of the room, opposite them, and equally large, are arranged looking-glasses in the panels, eighteen feet high, and seven feet wide—single, solid plates. Here, too, is the silver statue

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of peace voted to Napoleon, by the city, after the peace of Amiens.

The garden in front of it, with its statues, shaded walks, long avenues and fountains, I have described before. The other side of the palace fronts the Place du Carrousel, beyond which is the Palace of the Louvre. This "Place" derived its name from a grand tournament which Louis XIV. held there nearly two hundred years ago. On the eastern side, the infernal machine exploded, destined to kill Napoleon, and in its place now rises the triumphal arch, erected by the emperor in the days of his power. Eight Corinthian columns of red marble support the entablature of this arch, and above them are bas-reliefs representing great events in Napoleon's life. There is the battle of Austerlitz, the capitulation of Ulm, the entrance into Vienna and Munich, and the interview of the emperors, forming in all rather a curious comment on the infernal machine.

On the farther side stands the Palace of the Louvre. It was begun by Francis I.; but when Napoleon came into power, the roof was not yet on. One of the things that arrested my attention most, was the bullet marks on the walls, left there in the last French revolution, of 1830. The maddened populace swarmed up to it, as they had formerly done in the first revolution, and hailed bullets on its massive walls. The Swiss Guards defended it, and, mindful of the fate of their comrades half a century before, and determined not to be massacred in detail, as *they* had been, hurled death on the assailants. Those who fell

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were buried here, and every year, at the anniversary of their death, a solemn service is performed on the spot where they died. This palace is not so large as that of the Tuileries, its front being a little over half as long as the latter. It is a fine building, but interesting chiefly for the museums it contains. Here you may wander, day after day, through the halls of paintings and statuary, and ever find something new and beautiful. A little removed from these two palaces, on the other side of the Rue Rivoli and Rue St. Honoré, blocked in with houses, stands the Palais Royal. The orgies this old palace witnessed under the Regent, and afterwards under the Duke of Orleans, otherwise called Egalité, are perhaps without a parallel, if we except those of the Medici in the Ducal palace of Florence. Scenes of debauchery and of shame, of revelry and of drunkenness, such as would disgrace the inmates of a brothel, were enacted here in gilded, tapestried rooms, hung in costly curtains, and decorated with all that art could lavish upon them.

But come, stroll around these royal gardens, seven hundred feet long and three hundred feet broad, lined with lime-trees, and fencing in flower-gardens and fountains. It is a July evening, and the cool summer air is breathing freshness over the crowds of loungers that throng the open area. There are four little pavilions in which a man sits to let out papers to read at a cent each. Around them your small politicians are assembled, reading and talking, all hours of the day. Were papers as cheap as in New York,

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this would not be very profitable business, for each would *buy* instead of *hire* his paper for a penny, but here it is a money-making affair. Such a throng is always found here in the evening, that the mere privilege of allowing men to let out chairs and furnish refreshment yields the crown more than five thousand dollars a year. This garden is entirely surrounded by houses, with the first story an open gallery, in which one can promenade at his leisure, looking in the gay shops that line it. Here, too, are restaurants and cafés in any quantity, furnishing your dinners at any price. You may step into this elegant one—and a little soup, a beef-steak, with a slight dessert, will cost you a dollar. But a few steps farther on is a sign which says, a dinner with five courses for two francs and a half, or about forty-six cents; and there is another, furnishing an equal number of dishes, with wine, for two francs, or thirty-seven and a half cents. If you have a mind to try this cheap dinner, step in and call for a two-franc dinner. There is no deception—the five dishes and wine come on in solemn order, but if you eat it, shut your eyes, "and ask no questions," not "for conscience," but for stomach's sake. Your mutton *may* have been cut from the ham of a dog, and the various dishes so disguised in cooking, and with sauce, are just as likely to be hash of *cats* as anything else. If you get the refuse of some rich man's table, be thankful and say nothing. The wine you need not be a temperance man to refuse, though you must be an out and out toper if you can muster courage to swallow it. Still it is well to make

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the experiment of one such dinner to know what it is. You need not eat it—it is worth two francs to look at it once.

The gallery on the south, called the Gallery of Orleans, *Galérie d'Orleans*, three hundred feet long and forty wide, is the most beautiful of all, and almost bewilders you as you walk through it. Many a time have I wandered backwards and forwards here, thinking the while I must be in a glass gallery. The back part of it is composed of elegant shops, with the windows fairly flashing with the gay and costly things that adorn them—all fancy articles, designed for ornament and show, while between the windows is neither wood nor stone, but splendid mirrors filling the place of panels. When the brilliant lights are burning, and the gay crowd are strolling about it, it is one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable. The Palais Royal has been called the capitol of Paris, and rightly enough, too, for it is the concentrated gayety of the city.

Going out in the Rue St. Honoré, where it nearly joins Rue Rivoli opposite the Place du Carrousel, let us go down the side of the Palace of the Tuileries, and, entering the gardens, stroll towards the Champs Elysées. The Rue St. Honoré goes direct to the Palace of the Elysées Bourbon, but the route through these magnificent grounds is just as near, and far more pleasant. Strolling through one of the shaded avenues of the garden, we emerge at the farther end on to the Place de Concorde, the commencement of the Champs Elysées. Pause here a moment, I always

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do, though it be the hundredth time, and look back on the dial of the clock that is placed in the façade of the Tuileries. Here the guillotine stood, drenched in blood, and on that very dial did the executioner look when the head of the king was to fall. If that old dial could speak, it could tell tales that would freeze one's blood. You need not shudder as you cross this place of terrible remembrances, for care has been taken to have nothing left to call them to mind. Two beautiful and highly ornamented fountains are throwing their bright waters around, making a murmur-like music; but though they flow a thousand years, they cannot wash the blood out of these stones.

Wandering down on the Champs Elysées, we come, on the right hand margin, to the "Palais d'Elysées Bourbon." The building is fine, but it is the associations that make it interesting. During the Revolution, it became the governmental printing-house. Afterwards, Murat bought it and lived in it, after he married the sister of Napoleon. Many of his improvements remain, and one room is furnished to resemble a silken tent. It was done by the wife of Murat, with which to welcome her kingly husband as he returned from one of his victorious campaigns. After he was made King of Naples, it reverted to the government, and became the favorite residence of Napoleon. Here is the "Salon des Aides-de Camp," where he used to dine with his family on Sundays, and there the "Salon de Reception," his council chamber, and near by the "Salon des Tra-

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vails." Here, too, is the bedroom and the very bed on which the fugitive emperor slept for the last time, as he fled from the fatal battle of Waterloo. The room is in blue and gold, and the recess where the bed stands is magnificent, but the last night the form of the emperor reclined there, sleep was far from its silken folds. His throne and crown lay crushed and trampled on the hard-fought field, and the sun of his power had set for ever. The Emperor of Russia lodged in this palace when the allied troops occupied Paris the first time, and here Napoleon lived during the hundred days after he returned from Elba. He left it after his final overthrow, to give place to Wellington, who sat here and mused over the crisis he had passed, and the world-wide renown he had gained. Old palace! I should think it would hardly know its own politics by this time. To entertain loyally so many different kinds of kings and heroes, and treat them all with equal grace, argues a flexibility of opinion equal to Talleyrand.

Opposite the Champs Elysées, the other side of the Seine, is the Palais Bourbon, distinguished now chiefly as the seat of the Chamber of Deputies. The famous Council of Five Hundred used to sit here, and now the five hundred and twenty-nine representatives of France meet in Congress within its walls. It is hardly worth going over, but its beautiful white front, adorned with columns, has a fine effect when viewed from this side of the river.

Opposite the Tuileries, on the farther side of the Seine, though out of sight, and a long way from the

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banks of the river, stands the noble Palace of the Luxembourg. I have spoken of this before, when describing the debates in the Chamber of Peers, and only refer to it now in the list of palaces. In the days of the French Republic, the Directory occupied it as the place of their sitting, and now the imbecile and almost helpless peers legislate in its halls.

With a trip to Versailles I will close up (*figuratively* speaking) the palaces of Paris. This is about twelve miles from Paris, with a railroad leading to it each side of the river, so that you can go one side of the Seine, and return on the other. I took the railroad as far as St. Cloud, or about half-way, and stopped to see this other royal though, rather *petit* palace. The magnificent grounds interested me more than anything else. It was a scorching day, and I strolled under the shades of the green trees in perfect delight. Just as I was approaching one of the cascades, I heard music, sounding like human voices singing, though the echo took a singular tone. I wandered about hither and thither, but could not, for the life of me, tell whence the sound came. At length, I came upon a deep recess in a high bank, looking like a dry cascade, and lo! there sat a sister of charity, with several girls and young women about her, knitting, and sewing, and singing together. They made the woods ring again, while the deep cavern-like recess they were in, by confining the sound, and sending it upward instead of outward, produced a singular effect on the ear.

I walked through the grand park a mile, to Sevres,

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to see the famous porcelain manufactory. I do not design to describe this manufactory, but the great show-room is magnificent. Such costly and richly ornamented vessels and *bijouterie* I never saw before. The best painters are employed, and some of the designs are most exquisitely finished. A man could spend a fortune here without half gratifying his taste. This is the best porcelain manufactory in Europe. Here are kept also all the specimens of porcelain in the world, as well as of the first variety ever glazed in France. No one visiting Paris should fail of seeing them.

From this place I took the cars to Versailles, and in a few minutes went rattling into the miserable, forsaken-looking little village that bears that name. Soon after, I was looking on the Palace of palaces in France. I do not design either to describe this immense pile of buildings. Henry IV., the "glorious Harry of Navarre," used to gallop over its site in the chase. It has passed through many changes, but now presents a richness and wealth of exterior surpassed by few palaces in the world. You approach it through the ample Place d'Armes, and enter the spacious court through groups of statues, looking down on you as you pass. The main front is five hundred feet long, flanked by wings, each two hundred and sixty feet in length. I cannot even go over the names of the almost endless rooms in this pile of buildings. It is estimated that one travels *seven miles* to pass through them all. I can travel that far in the woods without fatigue, but to go that distance

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through galleries of paintings, and statues, and elegantly furnished apartments, filled with works of art, is quite another thing. Seven miles of sight-seeing on a single stretch was too much for my nerves, so I selected those rooms most worthy of attention, and avoided the rest.

The historical gallery interested me most. Here are the pictures of all Napoleon's great battles. Indeed, it might be called the Napoleon gallery. All the pomp and magnificence of a great battle-field meet you at every step. But I was most interested in a group of paintings, representing Napoleon and his most distinguished marshals, both in their youth and in the full maturity of years. There stands the young Lieutenant Bonaparte—thin, sallow, with his long hair carelessly thrown about his grave and thoughtful face—and by its side the Emperor, in the plenitude of his power and splendor of his royal robes. There, too, is the sub-Lieutenant Lannes, the fiery-hearted youth, and that same Lieutenant as the Duke of Montibello, and Marshal of the Empire. In the same group is the under-Lieutenant, Murat, tall and handsome, and fiery; and, by his side, Murat, as King of Naples, gorgeously appareled, furnishing strong and striking contrasts—histories in themselves. There also were Bernadotte and Soult, in the same double aspect, and, last of all, Louis Philippe, as Lieutenant and as King of France. The grand "Galerie des Glaces" is one of the finest rooms in the world. It is 242 feet long, 35 wide, and 43 feet high. Seventeen immense windows light it on one

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side, while opposite them are seventeen equally large mirrors. Sixty columns of red marble, with bases and capitals of gilt bronze, fill up the spaces between the windows and mirrors, while similar columns adorn the entrance. You wander confused through this wilderness of apartments, filled with works of art, and it is a relief when you emerge on to one of the balconies, and look off on the apparently limitless gardens and parks that spread away from the palace. Immense basins of water, little canals, fountains, jets, arches, and a whole forest of statuary, rise on the view, baffling all description, and astonishing you with the prodigality of wealth they exhibit. There is a beautiful *orangerie*, garden of orange-trees, sunk deep down amid walls, to which you descend by flights of a hundred and three steps. Here is one orange-tree more than four hundred years old, that still shakes its green crown among its children. On one side of these extensive grounds are two royal buildings, called the great and little *Trianons*. In the garden of the little (*petit*) Trianon is a weeping willow, planted by the hand of Marie Antoinette. Here, in her days of darkness and sorrow, she used to come and sit, and weep over her misfortunes. Poor willow, it almost seems to speak of its mistress, as it stands drooping alone.

But I have tarried so long around the palaces of Paris, that I must dismiss its prisons without a description. There are eight prisons in the city, whose walls have seen more of suffering, more cries and groans—witnessed more unhallowed revelries and

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scenes of shame, than the like number in any other part of the world. During the Revolution, they were crowded with inmates who, in the frenzy of desperation, enacted scenes that day would blush to look upon; while the monsters who trod France, like a wine-press, beneath their feet, made the foundations float with the blood of the slain. There is La Force, which forms so conspicuous a figure in one of Eugene Sue's works. Here, too, is the Conciergerie into which Marie Antoinette was hurried from her palace and lay for two months and a half, and left it only to mount the scaffold. Here, too, pined the Princess Elizabeth a weary captive, and, last of all, it received the inhuman Robespierre, from whence he was taken to the scaffold. This prison has been the scene of many a terrible massacre. In the one of 1792, *two hundred and thirty-nine* were murdered at once, and rivulets of blood poured on every side, from its gloomy walls. Here, too, is the never-to-be-forgotten Abbaye, with its gloomy underground dungeons, which performed so tragical a part in the Revolution. I have previously described some of the terrific scenes this prison has witnessed. One cannot look on it without shuddering, and turns away, wondering if the men hurrying past him are of the same species with those who have made this prison such a blot on humanity.

Ah! this Paris is full of extremes. Its population rush into pleasure or into massacres with equal readiness—turn dandies or tigers in a moment—are carried away by romantic sentiments, one day, and by the most ferocious feelings that ever filled the bosom of

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a fiend, the next—gay, dancing popinjays, in the morning, and heroes at night—votaries of pleasure, and profound mathematicians, mingling the strangest qualities, and exhibiting the strangest history, of any people on the face of the earth.

Dining with our Minister to the Court of France, the conversation naturally turned upon Louis Philippe and his family. He told me that the social life of the king was more like the quiet home of a citizen than that of a great monarch. His early misfortunes and wide wanderings had taught him lessons he never would have learned in the dazzling circle of a court; while the bitter experience the Bourbons had passed through, and his own experience in a foreign land, among a free people, strong because they were free, had showed him how to steer clear of the rocks on which his predecessors had wrecked.

No American can have sat beside the hospitable table of Mr. Ledyard, in company with his beautiful and intelligent wife and family, without carrying away with him the most pleasant remembrances.

A thousand ludicrous mistakes occur in Paris among Americans and English, from their ignorance of the French language. Things are called for and brought, which, according to the understanding of the Frenchman, are as different from what is really wished as they well could be. A man frequently asks for a table-cloth when he thinks he is ordering a napkin, or a *hat store* when he is after a *hat-box*. The French, however, never tire of teaching you their language. Where an American or Englishman

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would be mum, if not sullen, a Frenchman will insist on making you speak phrases and words till you can get so as to talk with him. With the utmost gravity, he will stumble on through a cloud of blunders, and if he but gets the mere fag end of the idea you are after, he will shrug his shoulders with delight, and, taking a pinch of snuff, say "*eh bien*," commence again.

One ludicrous instance was related to me here of a couple of Englishmen who had just come over from the "sea-girt Isle." Not having fortified themselves with a very extensive knowledge of the French language, it was the most natural thing in the world that their *debut* into French phrases should be somewhat laughable. Sitting together at their dinner, one of them finally spoke to the waiter in French, bidding him remove the dishes. He spoke it very plainly, but the waiter had never heard such a phrase before, and ignorant what to do, politely asked him what he had said. The Englishman, suspecting he had made a mistake, and too proud to expose his ignorance, merely replied, or *wished* to reply, "never mind," thinking that would be the shortest mode of getting out of the difficulty; but he only involved himself deeper. Instead of saying *n'importe*, he answered, with the greatest nonchalance, *jamais esprit*, which comes just about as near to "never mind" in French, as *nunquam animus* in Latin.

One should never fail, in Paris, to walk through the Champs Elysées on a holiday. Every Sabbath day is a holiday, and to walk through it on some fête

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one gets a good idea of the way the French spend Sunday. This Champs Elysées, I forgot to mention before, is a mile and a quarter long, and averages about a third of a mile in width. It is traversed by a wide avenue in the centre, flanked with ample sidewalks and lined with trees. Numberless alleys, circles, and squares appear in every direction. Look up and down it as the summer sun is sinking in the distant sky; an endless crowd is streaming along, and the sound of mirth and music makes the air ring again. Imagine the effect of an open space a mile and a quarter long and a third of a mile in width, in the very centre of New York, waving with trees, and filled every pleasant evening with carriages and pedestrians without number, and echoing with strains of music. Yet what sights it has witnessed! The excited mob has streamed through it, and its alleys have rung with the cry of "To the Bastile!" and "Down with the King!" The guillotine has thrown its gloomy shadow over it, and the death-cry of Robespierre startled its quiet shades. Here the allied army was reviewed after Paris surrendered and Napoleon abdicated; and a splendid sight it was; those fifty thousand choice troops marching with streaming banners and triumphant music along those shaded walks. Here the wild Cossacks pitched their tents during the occupation of the city. These wild warriors from the wilderness of Russia had followed their emperor over the plains of Europe, till, ascending the last heights that overlooked the city, their barbarian hearts had feasted on the gorgeous specta-

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cle. They had seen Moscow in flames, and following the retreating, bleeding army of Napoleon across the Borysthenes, had seen it slowly disappear in the snow-drifts of a northern winter; and now, with their wild steeds and long lances, they galloped through these avenues, and stretched themselves under the shade of its trees, as much at home as in their native deserts. Here, too, the English army, under Wellington, the year after, encamped, as it returned from the victorious field of Waterloo.

I could not but think of these things, as I stood and looked on the thoughtless multitude that seemed occupied with nothing but the present. These great contrasts show the fluctuations of Time, and how easily the populous city may become the prey of the spoiler and turn to ashes.

The right side as you walk up is devoted more especially to promenading, and the left to sports, where boys and men are playing at bowls, skittles, and ball. But on the right-hand side, also, beyond the promenade, are objects of amusement. Here is an upright timber, to which are attached long arms, sustaining boats, in which, for a few sous, the young can sit and go round, rising and falling in long undulations, as if moving over the billows. Near by is a huge horizontal wheel, with wooden horses attached to the outer edge, on which boys are mounted, moving round in the circle. Returning to the main promenade, you encounter a miniature carriage, elegantly furnished, drawn by four beautiful goats, carrying along a gayly dressed boy, who is already proud of

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a splendid equipage. At the far termination, on a gentle eminence, rises the magnificent triumphal arch, designed by Napoleon—"L'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile." Bending at the end of this mile-long avenue, its white arch, ninety feet high, shows beautifully in the light of the setting sun. Covered with bas-reliefs wrought with highest art, the splendid structure cost nearly two millions of dollars. There, in enduring stone, are sculptured the taking of Alexandria, the passage of the bridge of Arcola, the battles of Austerlitz and Jemappes, and warriors and war scenes without number.

Turning back down the Champs Elysées, and taking the side deserted by the gay and fashionable, a different scene presents itself. Besides the games in full motion on every side, here are collected all the jugglers, lazzaroni, musicians, and men with wise dogs and wise pigs, and dancing monkeys and self-moving dolls, &c. &c. There is a group standing in that oval shape which indicates something of interest in the centre. Let us enter it. Lo, there is a man with five dogs of various colors, which he has trained to act like rational beings. First, he gives them the order to march; when, placing themselves in line, each lifts his fore paw upon the back of the one before him, and thus, walking on their hind legs, they move gravely around the circle, amid the shouts of the spectators. After various exhibitions of this sort, one dog is selected to play dominoes with any of the company, and, what is stranger still, he beats everybody that plays against him.

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A little farther on is a smaller group gathered around an old woman, who is haranguing a large doll baby she carries in her arm. Some terrible story is illustrated in the contortions and gestures she exhibits, as now she embraces and now casts from her the baby image. Farther still, the ground is covered with nimble players, and the air rings with shouts and laughter. This is a holiday of a summer evening in Paris, and of every pleasant Sabbath evening. What would we think of such an exhibition in New York on any day, especially on the Sabbath? In every part of Europe this day of rest is turned into a holiday; but nowhere do the people seem to be so utterly forgetful that there is *any* sacredness attached to it as in Paris. Here it does not seem the wickedness of depraved hearts, of scorners and despisers, but of those who never dreamed they were doing anything improper to the day—as if there existed no law but that of pleasure. And yet who can blame Europeans for preferring the field and the promenade to the church? Ignorant of all religion except the Catholic, and knowing it to be two-thirds a fable and three-fourths of its priests knaves, what can we expect from them but utter indifference and unbelief?

The fountains of these grounds, and indeed of all Paris, are supplied by water from the Seine. There are no aqueducts leading into the city, bringing water from elevations, as in New York, so that it makes fountains anywhere and everywhere a vent is given it; but it is all pumped up from the middle of the

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river by a tremendous steam engine, which raises 150,000 cubic feet in twenty-four hours.

Strolling over the grounds, my friend at length stopped in a secluded place, and said, "Here, when the allied armies first occupied Paris, was a bloody fight between several Cossacks. It was outside of their camp, and the quarrel had some circumstances connected with it which caused many remarks to be made about it. Do you know," he continued, "that I have often thought it had something to do with the wife of the French officer who was carried off by the Cossack at the battle of Fere-Champenoise?"

The following is the story he referred to: When the allied armies, in 1814, were in full march for Paris, Marshals Marmont and Mortier, with twenty thousand men, threw themselves before them to arrest their progress. A mere handful compared to the mighty host that opposed them, they were compelled to retreat towards the capital. As they approached Fere-Champenoise, they were assailed by twenty thousand cavalry and a hundred and thirty cannon. The artillery would rend asunder the solid squares by its tremendous storms of grape-shot and balls, and then the cavalry dash in at the openings, trampling down the steady ranks, and sweeping away whole battalions, as if they had been chaff, before them. Broken, mangled, and bleeding, the weary army finally rallied behind Fere-Champenoise. The next day, General Pacthod approached the village with six thousand men, fighting as he came, in order to effect a junction with the French army. But as he was

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crossing the fields, he found himself suddenly enveloped in the Russian and Prussian cavalry. The Emperor Alexander was there also with his guards, and wishing to save an attack, summoned the French general to surrender. He refused; and, although he knew that escape was hopeless, addressed his men, exhorting them to die bravely. They answered with shouts, and immediately forming themselves into squares, commenced retreating. Thirteen thousand horsemen, shaking their sabres above their heads, making the earth tremble as they came, and filling the air with dust, burst with loud hurrahs on those six thousand infantry. A rolling fire swept round those firm squares, strewing the plain with dead, as they still showed a bold front to the overpowering enemy. Again and again, on a headlong gallop, did those terrible masses of cavalry come thundering on the little band, and as often were they hurled back by the bayonet. At length, the enemy brought seventy cannon to bear upon these compact bodies. The destruction then became horrible. At the first discharge whole ranks went down, and when the smoke cleared away, you could see wide lanes through those squares, made by the tempest of cannon balls. Into these openings the cavalry dashed with headlong fury. Everything now was confusion and chaos. It was no longer a wall of men against which cavalry were dashing in vain valor, but a broken host through which the furious squadrons galloped, making frightful havoc as they passed. Still the French refused to surrender. Some with the tears streaming down

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their faces, and some frantic with anger, kept firing on the enemy till the last cartridge was exhausted, and then rushed on them with the bayonet. But half of the six thousand had already fallen, and the other half was so rent and scattered that they resembled a crowd of fugitives more than a disciplined troop, and the general was compelled to surrender. In the midst of this dreadful struggle, Lord Londonderry saw the young and beautiful wife of a French colonel, who was bravely heading his troops, in a light carriage, attempting to flee over the field. Seeing that their case was hopeless, the officer had sent away his wife from the dreadful scene of slaughter. But as she was hurrying over the field, three Cossacks surrounded the carriage and dragged her from it. Lord Londonderry, though in the midst of the fight, galloped to her rescue, and delivering her to his orderly, commanded him to take her to his own quarters, and then hastened back to the conflict. The orderly placed the lady on the horse behind him, and hurried away. He had not gone far, however, before he was assailed by a band of fierce Cossacks, who pierced him through with a lance, leaving him, as they supposed, dead on the field, and bore off the lady. *She was never heard of more.* Her case excited a great deal of sympathy, and the Emperor Alexander himself took a deep interest in it, and made every effort to discover what had become of her; but in vain. Her melancholy fate remains a mystery to this day.

These are the facts to which my friend referred,

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when he said he believed that the quarrel between the Cossacks, which occurred only a few days after this tragical event, had something to do with it. Very possible. It is not improbable that these wild warriors brought her to Paris with them, and kept her concealed from their officers; and this fight, the cause of which could not be discovered, had something to do with her.

But there is no limit to the imagination in these things. She might have been slain on the field of battle, and buried from sight; and she may have lived for years a weary captive, doomed to suffering worse than death.

How often does a single case of suffering affect us more than the destruction of thousands; and it is only by taking one individual wounded in the field of battle, and finally dying in a loathsome hospital, and gathering up all the agonies of his single heart, and the sighs and tears of his wife and children far away —computing the mental and physical suffering together, and then multiplying it by tens and hundreds of thousands, that we get any idea of the horrors of war! I have often thought of a remark that Bonaparte made respecting an incident that occurred in the battle-field of Bassano. His generals had fought there till nightfall, and conquered, and Bonaparte arrived upon it after dark, when all was hushed and still. The moon was sailing up the quiet heavens, shedding her mellow radiance over the scene, revealing here and there unburied corpses, as he rode along, when suddenly a dog leaped out from beneath a cloak,

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and barked furiously at him. His master lay dead on the plain, covered by his cloak, underneath which the faithful creature had crept to caress him. As he heard footsteps approaching, he darted forth to arrest the intruder. He would now rush up to Napoleon and bark at him, and then return and lick his master's face and hands, as he lay cold and dead. The alternate barkings and caresses of that faithful dog, the only living thing on that battle-field, clinging still, when all other friends had left—the scene itself—the moon—the night—the silent corpses, all combined to produce an impression he never forgot. Years after, at St. Helena, he said it affected him more than any incident in his whole military career.

But here is a farewell to Paris. Without one word of complaint against Maurice's excellent hotel, I packed my baggage and prepared to depart. Changing my French money into notes on the Bank of England, I inquired at what time the cars started for Rouen, turned to my chamber, and slept my last night in Paris.

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CHAPTER XI.

OUT OF PARIS—OVER THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND.

THE morning was dark and overcast, and a chill wind was blowing, as I stowed myself in the railroad cars and started for Rouen. I had not made up my mind whether I would go on to Havre, or cross from Rouen to Dieppe, and so across the Channel to Brighton. Past dirty villages, through a monotonous and interminably flat country, we thundered along, while a drizzling rain, that darkened and chilled all the landscape, made the scene still more dreary and repulsive. Around me were chattering Frenchmen of every grade, keeping up an incessant clatter, that was worse even than the rattling of the cars. At noon, however, the storm began to break away, and by the time we reached Rouen, the fragmentary clouds were trooping over as blue a sky as ever gladdened the earth.

Having arrived at Rouen, I concluded to cross over to Dieppe; and so, having engaged my passage in a diligence, and dined, I strolled round the town. This old city has not changed, apparently, since Joan of Arc blessed it with her presence. Everything is old about it—the houses are old; the streets are old; the very stones have an old look, and the in-

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habitants seem to have caught some of the rust. The streets are narrow, without sidewalks, and paved, oh how roughly! They slant down from the base of the houses to the centre, forming a sort of gutter, so that the water can pass off in a single stream. I venture to say that horses never dragged a carriage faster than a walk along the streets of Rouen. I wandered hither and thither till I came upon the cathedral, which presents a magnificent appearance, and is quite a redeeming feature in the miserable slipshod town. Near by is a stone statue of Joan of Arc. As an old memorial of this wonderful woman, it possessed, by its associations, a deep interest. Dressed in her battle armor, she recalls strange deeds and strange times. But the statue, taken by itself, is a mere block of stone, and pays no great compliment to the Maid of Orleans.

After being cheated out of my place in the diligence, which I had engaged—a common custom, by the way, on the continent, and one you must make your mind up to, if a man of peace—I was compelled to take an outside seat. I should have preferred it, were we not to ride a part of the way in the night. I remember, on a similar occasion, having a regular fracas with a diligence officer in Zurich, Switzerland. I had before always hired private carriages, so as to stop or go when I pleased. But wishing to go direct from Zurich to Basle as expeditiously as possible, I concluded to take the diligence. I had been informed that the route was very much traveled that season of the year, and I ought to engage my passage as

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long as I could conveniently before I wished to start. So the night before, I went into the office and paid my passage, took my ticket, and supposed all was right. The next morning my baggage was put aboard, and throwing my cloak into the coupe, I was strolling about the yard waiting the moment to start, when a gentleman accosted me, wishing to know what my number was in the coupe. I replied, I did not know; and did not take the trouble to look, as I concluded it was none of his business. He soon, however, accosted me again, which made me think something was wrong. I took out my ticket, and replied, No. 2. "That is my number," said he; "let us go into the office and see about it." The secret of all this was, this man was a citizen of Zurich, and wished a seat in the coupe, which will hold but four, but had come too late. The villainous diligence proprietor, or his agent, had concluded to give him my place, and make me wait till night. I asked the agent how this was. He said I had engaged my passage for the night. I told him it was false, and he knew it; for I had told him expressly when I was going, and had his ticket in my hand. It was of no use, however; he said I could not have my place. I was indignant at the cheat, and so told him I would take the body of the diligence. (You must know, a diligence is divided into three compartments; first the coupe, in front, in which you sit and look out on the scenery with a good deal of comfort. Behind this is the main apartment, which is stuffed like a stage-coach, with seats. Behind this is still another smaller apartment,

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that will hold a few. Over the coupe, on the top of the diligence, is the cabriolet, which is simply a calash-top, seat and all, set on the diligence. Behind this are several open seats, like those on the top of some of the Manhattanville stages, furnishing a sort of deck passage, not only in appearance, but price. The coupe is the highest in price; cabriolet next; body of the diligence next; stern accommodations next; deck passage cheapest of all.) Well, cheated out of the coupe, I offered to take the body of the diligence, without asking to have any of the money refunded. He said the seats were all engaged. I then told him I would take the cabriolet. That was full also. Anxious to leave that morning, as I had paid my bills and packed my trunks, I offered, at last, to take a deck passage, and pay the same price that I had for the coupe. But the deck seats were all engaged. My patience was now almost exhausted; but I swallowed my indignation, and quietly asked him to refund the money, and I would post it to Basle. No, I should neither go nor have my money back, but wait till night and take a night passage! This exhausted the last drop of good-nature that had been gradually oozing out for a long time, and I told him he was a scoundrel and a cheat, and I would fetch him before the city authorities, and spend a thousand francs in Zurich before I would submit to such injustice; and I would see if there was any justice for such men in Switzerland. This brought him to terms, and I took my seat. I mention this for the sake of other travelers, and would merely add that a little

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boldness and a few threats will sometimes save a vast deal of annoyance, expense, and injustice. I managed the same in Rouen, whose dirty old walls and streets I never care to see again.

Over an uneven and hilly road we wound our way, till at last, after dark, tired and hungry, we rolled into Dieppe, which is picturesquely situated on a small port, with a very narrow entrance. I had become acquainted on the way with a French merchant who lived at Brighton, and we stopped at the same hotel. In the morning, when we came to settle our bills, I noticed that he paid much less than I did. I said nothing at the time, but soon after asked him how it happened that I was charged so much more than he, when we had had similar accommodations. "O," said he, with the utmost *naïveté*, "you are a gentleman and I am a merchant; gentlemen always pay more." I looked at him a moment to see if he was quizzing me, but I saw he was quite serious. "Well, but," said I, "how did that woman know I was a gentleman and you was not? I am sure you are dressed more like one than myself." "O," he replied, "I told her I was a merchant, and tradesmen are always charged less." This being called a gentleman merely because you do not say you are not, and being charged for it too, was entirely new to me, traveler as I was; but before I got through with England I understood it perfectly. It is curious sometimes to see how one is made aware of his superior claims. Now I never should have dreamed, from the apartments given me, or the fare I received,

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that I was taken for a gentleman; and as for attentions, my friend the merchant received more of *them* than I did; and I might have left Dieppe, and its miserable, dirty hotel utterly unconscious of the high estimation in which I was held by the slattern mistress, if I had not been called to *pay* for that esteem. With all due deference to the good woman, I must say I do not think I got the worth of my money.

But soon all was bustle and confusion, as the passengers rushed for the steamboat that lay against the wharf. The tide was fast ebbing, and we must hurry, or the boat would be aground. One would have thought, from the uproar, that a seventy-four gun ship had swam into port, and the exact moment of high tide must be seized to get her out, instead of a paltry steamboat, which would not be tolerated on any line between New York and Albany. With this contracted thing, which would have answered to ply on the Hudson between some of the smaller towns, we pushed from the port and stood out to sea. The wind was blowing strongly off the shore, and we expected a passage of six or seven hours across the Channel. The shores of France receded, and the little cockle-shell went courteseying over the waves as self-conceited as if she were a gallant ship. Some few fresh-water travelers could not stand even the gentle motion she made going before the wind, and disappeared, one after another, below. I watched the receding shore awhile, and the white sails, here and there, that were flocking out to sea, and then sat down near some Englishmen and listened for a while

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to their conversation. I soon fell into an agreeable chit-chat with an intelligent and accomplished Irish gentleman, which wore away another hour. During the forenoon I was struck with the different manner an Englishman will assume towards an American and an English stranger. There were two proud and haughty looking men, from Nottingham, as I afterwards learned, who seemed averse to taking part in the conversation. The increased motion of the boat had continued to send the passengers below, till but a few, and those gentlemen, were left on deck. With nothing to read, and having got thoroughly tired of my own company, I very naturally sought to enlist them in conversation. But, John Bull like, they maintained a stubborn *hauteur* that nothing seemed able to overthrow. At length, to gratify a mere passing whim, I accidentally let it slip out in a remark that I was an American. You cannot conceive the change that passed over them; their frozen deportment became genial at once, and they seemed as anxious to enter into conversation as they were before to avoid it. This sudden transformation puzzled me at first, but I was soon able to unriddle it. Taking me for an Englishman, and not knowing what rank I held in English society, they were afraid of putting themselves on too familiar footing with one below them. Perhaps I was a London tallow chandler or haberdasher, or even tailor, and it was not best to make too free with their dignity; but, as an American, I stood on fair and equal ground. With a republican, one does not commit himself, for he addresses

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a man who, if in the lowest, is still in the highest rank. The King of Sweden will invite a *chargé d'affaires*, after he has resigned and become an American citizen, to sit beside the queen at his own table, which he would not allow him to do as a diplomatic officer of the second rank. One of those English gentlemen, before he left me in London, gave me a pressing invitation to visit him at Nottingham—a hospitality as unexpected as it was grateful.

But alas for this world of sudden changes! The wind which had followed in our wake, and sent us swiftly forward, began now to haul around, and finally got directly abeam. The waves were making fast, and the little boat heeled over, as she puffed and blowed along, while the sky became overcast, and dark, and ominous. The wind kept constantly moving about from point to point, till at length it got dead ahead, and blew in our very teeth. Acting as if it had now achieved some great feat and fairly outwitted us, it began to blow most furiously, as if to make up for its mildness while creeping stealthily around to head us off. If it had begun a little sooner, it would have driven us back to Dieppe; but now we were so far across, that by the time the sea was fairly awake, and its waves abroad, we hoped to be under a bold shore. But before the white cliffs of England began to rise over the sea, our little cockle-shell was making wild work in the water. The sea had made fast, and now kept one half of her constantly drenched. Every wave burst over her forward deck, and the poor deck passengers crowded back to the

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farthest limit of their territory, and there, crouching before the fierce sea-blast, took the spray of each spent wave on their shrinking forms. I never saw a boat act so like a fury in my life. She was so small, and the sea was so chopped up, that she bounced about like a mad creature. Now on one side, and now on the other; now rearing up on her stern, shaking the spray from her head, and almost snorting in the effort; and now plunging her forehead into the sea and shivering like a creature in the ague; she tumbled, and floundered, and pitched on in such complicated movements, that it completely turned my, as I thought, sea-hardened stomach upside down. I had never been very sea-sick in my life, although I had crossed the Atlantic, and sailed almost the length and breadth of the Mediterranean; but here I was thoroughly so. It was provoking to be so sea-sick on such a strip of water as this, and in a small steamboat; but it could not be helped. The frantic boat jerked, and wriggled, and stopped, and started, and plunged, and rolled so abruptly and irregularly, that it made the strongest head turn; and, months after, I could not recall that drunken gallopade in the waters of the British Channel without feeling dizzy. I walked the deck—then sat down—looked off on the distant chalk cliffs that were just visible in the distance, and tried to think it was foolish to be affected by such a small affair. It all would not do, and I at length rolled myself up in my cloak and flung myself full length on deck, and fairly groaned.

But at length Brighton hove in sight, and I stag-

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gered up to gladden my eyes once more with the fresh earth and the dwellings of men. As I saw the carriages rattling along the streets, and men promenading by the sea-shore, I wondered how one could be such a fool as to enter a ship so long as there was a foot of dry land to tread upon. To add to the pleasure of my just then not most lucid reflections, the captain told me it would be impossible to land at Brighton, the sea was so high, and we must coast along to Shoreham. "Can't you try it, captain?" I inquired, most beseechingly. He shook his head. The boat was wheeled broadside to land, and began to toil her slow way to Shoreham. Narrowly escaping being driven against the sort of half moles that formed the port, we at length were safe ashore, and the pale, forsaken-looking beings below began to crawl, one after another, upon deck, and looked wistfully towards the green earth.

The miserable custom-house esteeming it quite a windfall to have so much unexpected work to do, caused us a great deal of delay and annoyance. The officers felt the consequence "a little brief authoity" gives a man, and acted not only like simpletons but villains, taking bribes and shuffling and falsifying in a manner that would have made an American custom-house immortal in some Madam Trollope, or Marryat or Dickens' sketch. I never had my patience so tried, or my indignation so aroused, by any governmental meanness on the continent. An Italian policeman exhibits more of the gentleman than did these English custom-house officers. At length I

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lost all patience, and bluntly told them I considered the whole of them a pack of cheats, and I would be much obliged to them if they would give me a graduated scale of their system of bribes, that I might publish it for the sake of my friends who would not wish to lose the train for London through ignorance of their peculiar mode of doing business. For my plainness of speech my trunk was overhauled, without mercy; and when the officer was satisfied, he commenced tumbling back my things in the most confused manner, on purpose to annoy me. I touched his arm very politely, and told him I would pack my things myself. With a most impudent tone he bade one of the assistants put my trunk on the floor. He stepped forward to do it, when I told him he could not be allowed to touch it, and I was left alone. My English friends by this time had become perfectly furious, and several others getting wind of the trickery that had been practiced, there was a general hubbub, amid which the custom-house officers became wonderfully bland and accommodating, condescending to a world of apologies.

We, however, missed that train for London, and sat down to our dinner to wait for the next.

It was dark before we approached London, and it was with strange sensations that I looked out through the gloom upon the suburbs of that mighty city. In the deep darkness and fog, the lights past which we fled seemed to come from houses built on high causeways, stretching away for miles into the gloom. The mouths of red-hot furnaces would come and go with

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frightful rapidity; and I could not but think of Dickens' description of poor Nelly's wandering at night through the outskirts of London by the red forges of the workmen. The utter confusion and indistinctness that comes over one on entering a vast and strange city for the first time, and at night, makes it seem like a world in chaos. He stands blind and bewildered, like a lost wanderer in the midst of the pathless forest. London was the first city in Europe I had entered by night, and my inability to catch a single outline, or fix a single feature, produced a feeling of restlessness and uncertainty that was really painful. There were long lines of gas-lights before me, between which surged along the mighty multitude, while a confused hum and steady jar filled all the air. What a world of human hearts was beating around me, and what a world, too, of joy and suffering they contained! At home, one may not notice it; but in a strange city, to stand alone in the midst of a million of people, produces strong and sometimes overwhelming sensations. What a tide of human life was pouring along those streets; what scenes of suffering and crime that darkness enveloped! Could I look into every cellar and gloomy apartment of that vast city that was shaking and roaring around me, what a frightful page I could unfold! To Him who sitteth above the darkness, and whose eye reacheth not only every dwelling but every heart, what a spectacle does such a city as London exhibit.

It was with such thoughts that I rode through the

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streets towards my hotel. As I looked round my snug apartment, and saw something definite on which my eye could rest, I felt as if some mysterious calamity had been evaded, and I could breathe free again.

Wearied and excited, I turned to my couch and slept my first night in London.

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CHAPTER XII.

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

REV. MR. MELVILLE.—MARCHIONESS OF P.—DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—THE QUEEN.

THE first day in a large strange city always awakens peculiar feelings, for the mind has not yet adapted itself to its new home, new associations, and new objects. There is a sense of vagueness, indefiniteness, as if all landmarks and road-marks were mingled in inextricable confusion. As you pass along and fix, one after another, some striking localities, constituting, as it were, points of observation, gradually the chaos begins to assume form and arrangement, till at length the endless web of streets lies like a map in the mind.

I have always had one rule in visiting large cities on the continent. First, I get a map and study it carefully, fixing, at the outset, some principal street as a centre around which I am to gather all other highways and byways. This is a capital plan, for all cities have some one great thoroughfare along which the main stream of life flows. Thus you have the Toledo at Naples, the Corso at Rome, the Boulevards at Paris, Broadway in New York, &c. &c.

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After this is done, I select some day and purposely lose myself, by constant indefinite wandering in the city. Guided by no definite object, following merely the whim of the moment, I am more apt thus to fall in with new and unexpected things, and see every object with the eye of an impartial observer.

But London has three or four thoroughfares of almost equal importance. Its millions of souls must have more than one outlet, and hence a person is easier confused in it than in almost any other large city in the world. There is one thing, however, that helps a stranger amazingly in knowing his whereabouts—the three great streets, Regent street, Oxford street, and the Strand, all empty themselves near Cheapside, and thus fix a centre to the mind.

There is one peculiarity in foreign cities, especially on the continent, which always strikes a stranger, and that is tablets, etc., fixed in the houses, indicating some great event, and the time it transpired. Thus, in Florence, there are inscriptions fixing the rise of a great flood; and in the pavement near the Duomo, one which informs the stranger that Dante used to come and sit there of an evening, and look on the splendid cathedral, as the glorious sunbeams fell upon it. In another direction, you are informed that Corinna inhabited the house before you; and by the Arno, that a man there once boldly leaped into the water and saved a female. So in walking along Aldersgate street, London, I saw a tablet fixed in the walls of a house, stating that there a bloody murder was committed, and warning all good people

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against the crime. Sauntering along I came to Smithfield, famous for the martyrdom of Rogers and his family; but I never was so bothered to get up any feeling or sympathy about an interesting locality in my life; for there before me, in the open space, were countless sheep-pens, composed each of some half a dozen bars, while the incessant bleating of the poor animals within made a perfect chaos of sound. Smithfield is now a *sheep market*, in the heart of London—thus changes the world about us—and the old Roman Forum is a *cow* market.

There is nothing I have regretted so much in traveling as carelessness in providing myself with letters of introduction; the most essential of all things, if you wish to know *men;* though utterly worthless, if you are anxious only to see *things*. I do not know that I should have taken a single one to London, had not a friend put it into my head, by offering me a couple, one to Thomas Campbell, and another to William Beattie. These, however, were quite enough for one who wished only to see the literary men of London, for it is one of the excellent traits of an English gentleman that he takes pleasure in introducing you to his friends, and thus you are handed over from one to another, till the circle is complete. But I was unfortunate, for I found neither of these gentlemen in London. A day or two after my arrival, I drove down to the residence of the latter, in Park Square, Regent's Park, and was told by the servant that Mr. B. was in Dover. Leaving a little present for him, with which I had been intrusted by

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one of his friends, I returned to my lodgings somewhat disappointed. A few days after, I received a letter from Mr. Beattie, saying that he regretted exceedingly that his absence from London prevented him from seeing me, and adding the unpleasant information that Campbell had just left him for France. This dished all my prospects in that quarter, and I set about amusing myself as I best could, now wandering through Hyde Park at evening, strolling up the Strand, or visiting monuments and works of art.

On the Sabbath, I concluded to go to Camberwell, and hear the celebrated Mr. Melville preach. I had read his sermons in America, and been struck with their fervid, glowing eloquence, and hence was exceedingly anxious to hear him. Camberwell, which, though a part of London, is three miles from St. Paul's, resembles more some large and beautiful village than the fragment of a city. I had been told that it was difficult to get entrance to the church, as crowds thronged to hear him; and as I entered the humble, unpretending building, packed clear out into the portico, I could not but wonder why he should not choose some more extensive field of labor. By urging my way to the door, and consenting to stand during the whole service, I succeeded in getting both a good view and good hearing. As he rose in the pulpit, his appearance gave no indication of the rousing, thrilling orator I knew him to be, unless it was the expression about the eye. There was that peculiar lifting to the brow, a sort of openness and airiness about the upper part of the face, which be-

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longs more or less to all your ardent, enthusiastic characters. No man who has a soul with wings to it, on which it now and then mounts upward with a stroke that carries the eye of the beholder in rapture after it, is without some feature which is capable of lighting up into intense brilliancy.

Mr. Melville looks to be about forty-five. His full head of hair, which lies in tufts around his forehead, is slightly turned with gray, while his voice, without being very powerful, is full and rich. His text embraced those verses which describe the resurrection of Lazarus. The topic promised something rich and striking, and I was expecting a display of his impassioned eloquence, but was disappointed. He had divided the subject into two sermons, and the first, which I was to hear, was a train of reasoning. He commenced by taking the infidel side of the question, and argued through the first half of his sermon as I never heard a skeptic reason. He took the ground that the miracle was wholly improbable, from the fact that but one of the evangelists had mentioned it. Here was one of the most important miracles Christ ever performed—one which, if well established, would authenticate his claim and mission beyond a doubt, and yet but one single evangelist makes mention of it. All the other miracles were open to some criticism. The son of the widow of Nain might have been in a trance, or the functions of life suddenly suspended, as is often witnessed, and the presence and voice of Christ been the occasion only, not the cause, of his awaking at that particular time. As for healing the

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sick, that had been done by others, and there were many instances on record where the excited action of the mind in a new channel had produced great bodily effects. But here was a case in which none of these suppositions could be of any weight. Lazarus had lain in his grave four days, and decomposition had already commenced. All the friends knew it, for they had been present at the funeral. They had not only closed his eyes, but laid him in his grave, and placed a huge stone upon it. Shut out from the light and air of heaven, his body had begun to return to its mother earth. In this state of things Christ arrives, and going mournfully to the tomb of his friend, calls him from his sleep of death. The dead man moves in his grave-clothes, arises, and comes forth! Now, in the first place, was it likely that so wonderful an occurrence as this should have escaped the knowledge of the disciples, or if known, would have been omitted in their biographies of him? Did not the unbroken silence of all these writers argue against the occurrence of the miracle? These disciples mention with great minuteness many acts of the Saviour apparently of less importance, and yet this wondrous miracle is unaccountably left out. Mr. Melville went on in this way, bringing forward argument after argument, and applying them with such power and force, that I really began to tremble. That his views were correct, I had no doubt; but I feared he was not aware of the strong light in which he was putting the case, nor of the impression he was making on his hearers. I knew he designed to meet and overthrow

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this tremendous array of argument, which no infidel could have used with such consummate ability; but I doubted whether the audience would feel the force of his after reasoning, as they evidently had of his former. To his mind, the logic might be both clear and convincing, but not to the hearer. But I was mistaken. The giants he had reared around his subject became men of mist before him. They went down, one after another, under his stroke, with such rapidity, that the heart became relieved, as if a burden had been suddenly removed. He denied, in the first place, that there was anything so peculiar about the miracle as the whole argument of the infidel assumed. He adduced several other miracles giving more convincing proof of Christ's divinity than it—furnishing less grounds for cavil; and then went on to show that this very omission proved, if not that miracle, the truth of the statements of the evangelists, and their perfect freedom from all collusion, and thus in the end proved the miracle itself. His argument and illustration were both beautiful, and I was very sorry when he was through.

I should like to have heard the other part of the subject, when he came to speak, with the faith and love of the believer, of that thrilling scene. I have no doubt it gave occasion to one of his finest efforts, and around that grave he poured light so intense and dazzling, that the *hearer* became a *spectator*, and emotion took the place of reason. Mr. Melville is the younger son of a nobleman, and exhibits in his manner and bearing something of the *hauteur* so pe-

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culiar to the English aristocracy. He, however, does not seem to be an ambitious man, or he would not stay in this village-like church in the suburbs of the city. His health may have something to do with it; but I imagine the half rural aspect and quiet air of Camberwell suit him better than the turmoil, and tumult, and feverish existence of a more metropolitan life.

It is quite a long step from this to Hyde Park, and the scene that presents itself is quite different from that of a house of worship. It is a week day, and through this immense park are driving in all directions the gay and luxurious nobility of England. About five o'clock in the evening the throng is the thickest, and along every winding road that intersects these magnificent grounds are passing splendid carriages, or elegant delicate structures of the wealthy and noble, making the whole scene a moving panorama. Here English ladies show their skill with the whip, and drive their high-spirited horses with the rapidity and safety of a New York omnibus driver. Look, there goes a beautiful, light, graceful thing, drawn by two cream-colored ponies, or rather *very small* horses, with silver manes and tails. Of faultless form, they tread daintily along, while behind, on two other ponies of the same size and color precisely, are mounted two outriders, who dog that light vehicle as if it were death to lose sight of it. The only occupant of that carriage is a lady, fat and handsome, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and a full, open face, who, with the reins in one hand, and the whip

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in the other, is thus taking her airing. As she passes me, a long stretch of road is before her, and with a slight touch the graceful team spring away, while the fair driver, leaning gently forward, with a tight rein guides them in their rapid course. Those two outriders have hard work to keep up with the carriage of their mistress as it flies onward. That lady is the Marchioness of P., a noted beauty.

I give this simply as a specimen of the manner in which the ladies of the English nobility amuse themselves. It is no small accomplishment to be a good whip, and the lady who can manage a spirited team is prouder of her achievement than if she performed a thousand domestic duties. What a singular thing custom is! I have seen women in our frontier settlements going to the mill, and driving both horses and oxen with admirable skill, nay, pitching and loading grain. The Dutch girls in Pennsylvania will rake and bind equal to any man, and many of our western females perform masculine duties with the greatest success; but we have not generally regarded these things as accomplishments. It makes a great difference, however, whether it is done from necessity or from choice. It is singular to see how our refinement and luxury always tend to the rougher state of society, and not unfrequently to that bordering, in many respects, on savage life. Gladiatorial shows, bull-fights, &c., spring out from the weariness and ennui of a refined, lazy, voluptuous life. The want of excitement produces these spectacles; for when men become insensible to the more refined pleasures,

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from their long gratification, they seek the stimulation of grosser ones. Exhausted luxury must terminate in brutal debasement or brutal ferocity, and just in proportion as the senses are gratified does man seek for the stronger stimulants, which are found in that state of society bordering nearest on animal life. This luxury produces the opposite of true refinement, say what those will who rule in the high places of fashion.

But I will speak of Hyde Park again, and will just step across to St. James's Park, which is laid out with an eye as much to taste as to convenience. A little lake slumbers in the centre, on which ducks are quietly sailing, and green and beautiful trees are shaking their freshness down on the dreamy groups that are strolling about, while palaces on every side shut in with their gorgeous fronts the large and delightful area. I was sauntering along, musing as I went, when a single horseman came on a plunging trot towards me. It needed no second look to tell me it was the "iron duke." That face, seen in every print-shop in London, with its hooked nose, thin, spare features, and peculiar expression, is never mistaken by the most indifferent observer. He had on a gray tweed overcoat, which cost him probably five or six dollars, and his appearance, manner and all, was that of a common gentleman. He is an ungraceful rider, notwithstanding so much of his life has been passed on horseback, and in the field; but I must confess that the kind of exercise he has been subjected to in that department was not the most favor-

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able to elegance of attitude in the saddle. His long and wearisome campaigns and fierce battles have demanded endurance and toil, and though his seat is not that of a riding-master, he has nevertheless ridden to some purpose in his life. As I turned and watched his receding form, I could not but think of the stormy scenes he had passed through, and the wild tumult amid which he had urged his steed. There are Albuera, Badajos, Salamanca, St. Sebastian, and last of all, Waterloo, about as savage scenes as one would care to recall. Where death reaped down the brave fastest, and the most horrid carnage covered the field; amid the smoke and thunder of a thousand cannon, and the fearful shocks of cavalry, he has ridden as calmly as I see him now moving away into yonder avenue of trees.

The Duke has a house near by, in a most dilapidated state, which he, with his accustomed obstinacy, steadily refuses to repair. The mob in their fury thus defaced it, and he is determined it shall stand as a monument of lawless violence. His great influence in the administration of the government, has made him the object of marked hatred to that whole class of men who are starving for want of work, and yet have sense enough to know who are their oppressors. Once he came near being trodden under foot by them. They pressed fiercely upon his steps as he rode along the street, and were just about to drag him from his horse, when a cartman drove his cart right behind him, and kept it steadily there, notwithstanding every effort to push the bold fellow aside. His devotion

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saved the Duke, and the latter was so grateful for it, that he made every effort afterwards to discover his name, for the purpose of rewarding him, but never did.

Soon after, I came to Buckingham Palace, the royal residence, and seeing a crowd at the main entrance, I asked a sentinel on guard what it meant. He replied that the Queen was every moment expected. This was a sight worth stopping to see, so I fell into the ranks that were arranged on each side of the gate. I had not waited long before several outriders came up on a full gallop, and the ponderous gate swung back on its hinges as if touched by an enchanter's wand, while those horsemen reined up on either side, and stood as if suddenly turned into statues. Soon an open carriage, drawn by six horses, came up with a rapid sweep, followed by several men in gold lace on horseback. There was quite a movement at the sight of this cortége, yet there was nothing particularly imposing in it. The top of the carriage had been thrown back, giving it the appearance of a barouche, and within sat two ladies and two gentlemen, looking for all the world like any other well-dressed people; yet one of those ladies was the Queen of England, and one of those gentlemen was Prince Albert. The Queen had on a straw hat and a light shawl, and with her very plain face, full and unpleasant eye, retreating chin, and somewhat cross expression in her look, seemed anything but an interesting woman. The portraits of her have as little of her features in them as they well could; for Victoria, as

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Queen of England, is a very plain woman, while Victoria, a milliner, would be called somewhat ugly.

The royal cortége swept into the court, the gates swung back on their hinges, and the blessed vision had departed. The Queen, however, had deigned to bow to me—that is, to us, some fifty or a hundred—and I turned away to my hotel wondering when the farce of queens would end. Here is one of the most powerful empires in the world, sustained by the most powerful intellects it possesses, with a mere stick, a puppet moved by wires, placed over it. A young woman who probably could not manage an ordinary school well, is presented with the reins of government, because the registry says that her great-grandfather's uncle, or some similar relative, once wore a crown legitimately. So hoary-headed statesmen, the proud, the great, and the wealthy, come and bow the knee, and hail her sovereign who they know really exercises no more sway than a wooden image placed in her stead, with a little royal blood dropped into its mouth by way of consecrating it. This putting up the mere symbol of royalty, and then bowing with such solemn mockery before it, will yet appear as ludicrous as the worship of the Grand Lama, when an infant six months old, by the people of Thibet.

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CHAPTER XIII.

RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.

THE THAMES.—HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORD LYNDHURST, AND LORD BROUGHAM.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I FREQUENTLY strolled through the streets of London to the Thames; for I loved to stand on one of the many noble bridges that span it, and gaze on the graceful arches of the others, and watch the throng of little steamboats that flew about on every side in the most funny manner imaginable, as if worried to death in the effort to keep the multitudinous craft around and the busy wharves in order. They shot and darted hither and thither—now bowing their long pipes to pass under an arch, and now emerging into view, flying along the stream as if possessed with the power of will. And then their names were so pretty—"Daylight," "Starlight," "Moonlight," "Sunbeam," etc. etc., just fitted for such wee bits of things. This world-renowned Thames is a small affair, and bears about the same proportion to our noble Hudson as our Croton aqueduct does to it. No wonder that an Englishman, born and bred in London, and taught to consider the Thames as a very fine

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river, should regard the accounts of our majestic streams with incredulity. An American standing beside the Thames one day with an Englishman, took occasion to speak of the Missouri, a mere *tributary* of the Mississippi, and in order to convey some definite idea of its size, told how many of the Thames it would hold. When he had finished, the Englishman simply gave a long whistle and turned on his heel, as much as to say, "You don't suppose I'm such a fool as to believe that!" This, by the way, is a fair illustration of the manner we this side of the water get wrong impressions of foreign nations from Englishmen. It must be remembered that an Englishman never looks on any country in the abstract, or by itself, but always in comparison with his own. England is the standard by which to judge of the size, and state, and degree of civilization of all other countries on the globe. Thus we have heard a thousand changes rung on the clear sky of Italy, till every traveler looks up, the moment he touches the Italian coast, to see the aspect of the heavens. He finds them blue and beautiful enough, and immediately goes into ecstasies; when the fact is, the sky that has bent over him from his infancy is as clear and bright an arch as spans any land the sun shines upon. There is a softness in the Italian sky not found in the United States, but no clearness equal to ours. The English, accustomed to everlasting mists, are struck with astonishment at the pure air of Italy, and utter endless exclamations upon it. This is natural, for a Londoner considers a perfectly bright

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and clear day at home as a sort of phenomenon, not expected to occur except at long intervals. The atmosphere of London is a perpetual fog; the pleasant days are when this fog is thin and light, and the cloudy days when it soaks you to the skin. As you get up morning after morning and see this moveless mist about you, you wish for one of those brisk northwesters that come sweeping down the Hudson, chasing all vapors fiercely out to sea.

But let me take a peep at the two houses of Parliament. Our minister, Mr. Everett, has sent me his card with his ambassadorial seal upon it, which gives me the entrée to the House of Lords; while Mr. Macaulay has kindly given me access to the House of Commons. I visited the latter more frequently than the former, for there is always more life in the representation of the people than in that of a mere shadow, *nobility*. A very fine building for the sessions of Parliament is going up, but the rooms in which the two houses now meet are very ordinary affairs. The chamber of the House of Commons looks more like one of our mongrel churches—met with in some country places—half church, half school-house, than anything I can think of. Some of the members are compelled to sit in the gallery, while the seats are of the most common kind. One is struck on approaching the House of Commons in seeing so many saddle-horses held by servants, as if a squadron of troopers had just dismounted; but on entering, the mystery is dispelled; for there sit the owners, some with hats on, others with their feet on the backs of benches before

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them, with their riding-whips in their hands. The younger members of Parliament regard the sittings of the House a bore, and come in only now and then, and stay a short time, for the sake of propriety; then mount their horses and away. I heard Robert Peel speak here one evening, in reply to young O'Connell, nephew of Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell, a short, thick-set man, was full of fire and ardor, like his race, and dealt his blows on the right hand and on the left with downright good-will, if not always with the greatest skill. Peel's whole manner and reply were characteristic of the well-bred Englishman. He was carefully dressed, and his entire speech was marked by that urbanity and good sense which usually distinguish him. He had on light-colored pantaloons, a light vest, and brown coat; and, with his full fresh face, looked the perfect picture of health and good living. Probably there is not a man in England that does more thinking and downright hard work than he, and yet his appearance indicates one who lives a life of ease and comfort, sets a fine table, and enjoys a good glass of wine. How, amid the harassing cares of his station, and the incessant toil to which he is subject, he manages to retain that florid complexion, full habit, and bland expression, I cannot divine. I believe it is a mere physical habit, that is, the expression of his face; but still that does not explain how he is able to keep in such good bodily condition. There is much complaint of the rude manners of our representatives in Congress; and they are an unruly, rough set of men

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as one would wish to see in any legislative hall; but the members of England's House of Commons are quite as uncouth and ill-bred in their behavior.

The House of Lords, like the Senate, has more dignity, but the room in which it sits is inferior even to that of the Lower House. It would make a respectable session-room for some church, and nothing more. Lord Lyndhurst was on the woolsack when I went in, and, with his immense powdered wig and gown, looked comical enough to my republican eyes. I could hardly divest myself of the impression that I was looking on some old picture, till he opened his mouth to speak. This same Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England, was once a poor boy in the streets of Boston. His father was a painter in the city, but managed to give his son a good education; and industry and genius did the rest. A lawyer in England, he went up, step after step, till he finally found himself on the "*woolsack*," which, by the way, is simply a huge red cushion somewhere near the centre of the House of Lords. I had also a fair look at Lord Brougham, whose face indicates anything but greatness. But with all his genius, he bids fair to make a wreck of himself. His misfortunes or own evil nature have made him a dissipated man; and there are stories told of him in London which would disgrace a member of the Empire Club of New York.

It is stupid, sitting in the House of Lords when no exciting topic is on the tapis, for it is simply a dull routine of business.

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Westminster Abbey is close by, and let us step up into it a moment, and walk amid the tombs of the mighty dead. This old structure has stood the wear and tear of centuries, witnessed the rise and fall of kingdoms, and seen changes that have altered the face of the world. Yet still it stands in its ancient strength, the sepulchre of England's kings, and poets, and historians, and warriors. Its exterior would arrest the eye as a fine specimen of architecture. It is built in the form of a cross, four hundred and sixteen feet in length, and nearly two hundred feet in breadth. Two noble towers rise from the west end, and are two hundred and twenty feet high. But the interest is all within. The choir occupies the centre of the building, and hence destroys the effect of the nave, and indeed lessens to the eye the magnitude of the building. All around the sides are small chapels, in which lie kings and queens in great abundance, each surmounted by monuments characteristic of the age in which he or she lived. Here lies an old Saxon king, and near by sleeps Henry V. The chapel of Henry VII. is the greatest curiosity in the Abbey, being built itself in the form of a cathedral, with nave and side aisles, and is adorned with Gothic towers, while the ceiling is wrought into a variety of designs, and all from the solid stone. Two heavy brass gates open into it, and one feels, as he stands amid its strange architecture, as if he were in the presence of the ancient centuries.

But let us stroll around this old Abbey, whose atmosphere is so different from that of the busy world

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without. It is all tombs, tombs, tombs—standing silent and mournful in the "dim religious light;" and one treads at every step on the ashes of greatness and pride. Here is a monument to Shakspeare, and there lies Milton, the poet of heaven, whose lyre rang with strains that had never before fallen on mortal ears. Underneath him sleeps Gray, and on the tablet above him stands the Muse, pointing to the bust of Milton, with this inscription:—

"No more the Grecian muse unrivaled reigns.
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's power in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Near by is Dryden's monument, and a little farther away that of Chaucer and Spenser. Here, too, are Thomson—sweet poet of the Seasons—and Addison, and Butler, the author of "Hudibras." But what a contrast do the monuments of John Gay and Handel exhibit! On the former, is the epitaph written by himself, and for himself:—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Before the figure of the other is placed the "Messiah," opened at the passage "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Can anything illustrate more forcibly the difference between the views of the wicked man and those of the Christian—one saying, even in his grave, "Life is a jest, and now I know it;" and the other uttering in exulting accents, "I know that my

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Redeemer liveth?" With what different hopes and feelings, must two men each of whom can utter these sentiments in sincerity, go out of the world! Which is most likely to have his knowledge prove false?

A little further on is a monument to André, the spy, and Garrick, the actor. Here, too, are sleeping, side by side, Pitt and Fox, rivals no more; and here also are Grattan, and Canning, and Sheridan, and more than all, Isaac Newton. But step once more into this side chapel. There are sleeping, almost within reach of each other, Mary and Elizabeth. The beautiful but erring Queen of the Scots rests in her mouldering tomb as quietly as her proud and successful rival. The haughty Elizabeth sent her to the scaffold, and held her proud sceptre in security, and vainly thought that her reputation was secure. Years rolled by, and she, too, was compelled to lie down in death. A nation mourned her departure—princes and nobles followed her to the tomb, and there were all the pageantry and pomp of a kingly funeral when she was borne to her resting-place. Centuries have passed away, and history has drawn the curtain from before her throne; and now pilgrims come from every land to visit her tomb and that of her rival. Ah, could she listen to the words spoken over her grave, hear the sighs breathed over the beautiful Mary, and the scorn and contempt poured on her own queenly head, she would learn that the act by which she thought to have humbled her rival has covered her own head with infamy. The two queens sleep side by side; but who thinks of Elizabeth over the tomb

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of Mary but to scorn her? Had she let her rival live, her errors would have ruined her fame; but now the mournful and cruel fate to which she fell a victim covers her faults, and fills the heart with sympathy rather than condemnation.

Oh! what a contrast the interior of this old Abbey presents to the world without! London, great, busy, tumultuous London, is shaking to the tread of her million of people, while here all is sad, mournful, and silent. The waves of human life surge up against the walls, but cannot enter; the dead reign here. From the throne, the halls of state, and the heights of fame, men have come hither in their coffins, and disappeared from the world they helped to change. As one stands beneath these old arches, it seems as if a monarch whose word was fate had sat enthroned here century after century, and slowly beckoned to the great to descend from their eminences and lay their proud foreheads in the dust at his feet. Overlooking all the common herd, he would have none but the lordly as his victims. He beckons the king, and he lays aside his sceptre and royal apparel, and with a mournful countenance obeys and descends into the tomb. He waves his imperial hand to the statesman whose single intellect rules the nation, and he ceases his toil, and lies down beside his monarch. He nods to the orator, and his eloquence dies away in indistinct murmurs, and with a palsied tongue he too yields to the irresistible decree. The poet is stopped in the midst of his song, and with lyre snapped in his hand, hastens to this great charnel-house. Thus,

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century after century, has this invisible being stood under the gloomy arches of Westminster Abbey, and called the great and the kingly to him; and lo! what a rich harvest lies at his feet! and still he is calling, and still they come, one after another, and the marble falls over them. What a congregation of dead are here! Some of the noblest hearts that ever beat are mouldering under my feet, and I tread over more greatness than ever did the haughtiest tread upon when alive.

After wandering for an hour in this sombre place, I emerged into the daylight once more with strange feelings. For a moment, I could not shake off the belief I had been dreaming. I had lived so completely with the past that the present had been forgotten; and now, as it came back again, it seemed that one or the other must be a dream. Carriages were rattling around, and the hasty multitude went pouring on, and the jar and hum of London went up like the confused noise from some great battle-field. The tide of human life rolled fiercely on, shaking the gray Abbey on its ancient foundations; but none of it reached the ears of the mighty sleepers within. Their work was long since done. I do not remember ever to have had such feelings but once in my life before, and that was in emerging from the tombs of the Scipios, near Rome. The sun was just sinking in the west as I entered the gloomy portals by torch-light, and roamed through the damp and sombre apartments. As I saw the names of those ancient Romans above the place where they had reposed, time

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seemed suddenly to have been annihilated, and I felt as if standing in the burial-ground of those who had but just died. The familiarity of the scene made it appear real, and when I again stood at the mouth of the tomb and looked off on the landscape, it was some time before I could fairly recall my scattered senses. The fields appeared strange, and the glorious light that glowed where the sun had gone down, looked mysterious and new.

With my heart full of mournful reflections on the fleeting nature of all human greatness, and with a deeper awe of the tomb that crowds such great souls into its portals, I strolled homeward, scarce mindful of the throng through which I passed, and noticing it only to sigh over its evanescence, still sweeping on to the dark inane, wave after wave striking on the unseen shore of the future, but sending back no echo. Flowing ever onward, and no returning wave,

> "————We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

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CHAPTER XIV.

RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.

STARVING CHILDREN.—LONDON BRIDGES.—MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—BONAPARTE'S CARRIAGE.—WINDSOR CASTLE.—THE QUEEN'S STABLES.

I WAS constantly meeting in London evidences of the miserable condition of the poor. Though there is a law forbidding street begging, it cannot prevent the poor wretches from asking for bread. I was struck with the character of many of the beggars that accosted me, so unlike those I had been accustomed to meet. I had just come from Italy, where the whining tone, pitiful look, and drawling "me miserabile!" "fame!" "per carita!" and the ostentatious display of deformed limbs, had rendered me somewhat hardened to all such appeals. But here it was quite different. Men of stout frames, upright bearing, and manly voices, would tell me in a few plain words that they were out of work, and that their families were starving!

One pleasant afternoon, as I was strolling up Ludgate Hill, filled with the multitude, I saw a sight I shall never forget; it even arrested the Londoners, accustomed as they are to all kinds of misery, and a

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group was collected on the walk. Two children, a boy and a girl, the latter I should judge about eight, and the former, five or six years of age, sat on the flagging, pressed close against the wall, wholly unconscious of the passing multitude. In their dress, appearance, and all, they seemed to have been just taken from some damp, dark cellar, where they had been for months deprived of light and almost of sustenance. Their clothes were in rags, black, damp, and ready to drop from their crouching bodies; their cheeks were perfectly colorless, as if bleached for a long time in the dews of a dungeon, and the little boy was evidently dying. How they came there, no one could tell; but there sat the sister, struggling feebly to sustain her sinking brother. The poor little fellow sat with his head waving to and fro, and his eyes closed, while his sister, to whom some one had given a morsel of bread, was crowding the food into his mouth, conscious that famine was the cause of his illness. The spectators, moved by the touching spectacle, rained money into her lap; but she did not even deign to pick it up, or thank them, but, with her pale face bent in the deepest anxiety on her brother, kept forcing the bread into his mouth. The tears came unbidden to my eyes, and I also threw my mite of charity into her lap and hastened away. Oh! how strange it is that men will roll in wealth, and every day throw away what would make hundreds happy, and yet feel no reproaches of conscience for their acts! We hear much nowadays of the horrors of war; but there is no battle-field which exhi-

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bits such woe, and suffering, and mortality, as the streets, and lanes, and cellars of London. Even our preachers are on the wrong track in their efforts to ameliorate the condition of our race. It is not war, nor ambition, nor intemperance, nor any of the great vices so openly condemned, that lies at the bottom of human misery. It is *covetousness*—the thirst for gold, which fills the church too much, as it does the world—ay, so much that it cannot be touched by the hand of discipline—that makes our earth a place of tears. These very vices, against which such anathemas are hurled, grow out of this very covetousness, that is treated as an imperfection rather than a crime. The place that Christ gave it no one dare now give it, and man is left to mourn in poverty and want, and all the hateful passions of the wretched left to rise up in rebellion and scorn against the heartless religion that condemns their vices and urges them to repentance, while it leaves them and their children to starve. "*The Church*," par excellence, of England may treble her prelates and her incomes, build countless cathedrals, and pray for the salvation of the world till doomsday; but, so long as she robs the poor, and neglects the physical condition of the suffering, she will pray to a deaf God. "To visit the widow and the fatherless in their distress" is one of the chief duties of religion, and yet the Church of England never does it; on the contrary, she sends the tithe collector in her place. But I have not yet given a general description of London. Well, this city of more than a million of inhabitants,

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occupies about one thousand four hundred square acres packed with houses. It is about eight miles long and between four and five broad; so that, you see, Harlem Island will have to be packed pretty close before New York equals London in its population. It is divided into West End, occupied by the noble and wealthy; the City Proper, embracing the central portion, which constituted old London; the East End, devoted to commerce and trade, and business of every kind, and hence filled with dust and filth; Southwark, made up, in a great measure, of manufactories and the houses of the operatives; and Westminster, containing the royal palace, parks, two Houses of Parliament, and the old Abbey. There are two hundred thousand houses in this mammoth city, eighty squares, and ten thousand streets, lanes, rows, &c.

The bridges, to which I referred in my former article, constitute one of the chief beauties of London. There are six of them, and magnificent structures they are. A suspension bridge is also in contemplation; and then there is Thames Tunnel, the wonder of the world, of which I will say something more by and by. Of these six bridges, New London is by far the finest. Vauxhall, about seven hundred feet long, is made of cast iron, and composed of nine arches of seventy-eight feet span. Westminster is of stone, over a thousand feet long, and cost nearly two million dollars. Blackfriars is a thousand feet in length, and has nine arches. This is also of stone. Southwark is of cast iron, and, though nearly seven

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hundred feet in length, is composed of but three arches, the middle one being *two hundred and forty feet span*, the largest in the world. The effect of this central arch is beautiful, especially when a whole fleet of boats is beneath it, and a whole crowd of people streaming across it. The New London, which has taken the place of the Old London Bridge, is indeed a noble structure. It is built of Scotch granite, and goes stepping across the Thames in five beautiful arches, completing this wonderful group of bridges, the like of which no city in the world can furnish. It cost seven and a half millions of dollars, while the six together were built at the enormous expense of over fourteen and a half millions. Across them is a constant stream of people, and a hundred and fifty thousand are supposed to pass New London alone daily. One is amazed, the moment he begins to compute the enormous wealth laid out on public works in this great city. The finest buildings it contains are St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham Palace. There are other magnificent buildings, but these are the most prominent. St. Paul's is a noble structure, and, as you stand under the magnificent dome, it seems higher than that of St. Peter's, in Rome. The grand scale on which everything in the latter is built, deceives the eye when attempting to measure any one object in particular. But the dome of St. Paul's is so much larger in proportion to other parts of the building, that you look at it almost as if it stood by itself. Around the

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walls are monuments to the dead warriors, statesmen, &c., some of them being fine specimens of sculpture.

One of the most peculiar things that strikes the eye of the beholder when looking on Buckingham Palace, is a huge bronze lion standing on the top, with head and tail erect. The rampant attitude, as it is presented in such strong relief against the sky, has a singular effect. It is quite characteristic, however, of the nation it represents, for rampant enough it has been, as the history of the world will testify. France, Spain, the East, America, and the islands of the sea, can all bear testimony to the appropriateness of the symbol. This Anglo-Saxon race is strangely aggressive; no people, except the ancient Romans, ever equaled them. Without being cruel, their thirst for conquest and desire of territory are insatiable. This evil trait has not disappeared in the children, but exhibits itself just as strongly on our side of the water, and under a republican form of government.

One of the curiosities of London was Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax figures. She has nearly all the distinguished characters of the present age, as large as life, and executed with remarkable fidelity. Robbers, murderers, &c., figure in this strange collection. As I was strolling around, I came upon Cobbett, in his plain, Quaker-like garb, without noticing him. As I cast my eye down, I saw a man with a gray coat and a white hat sitting with a snuff-box in his hand, his head gently nodding, as if in approval of something he saw; and it never occurred to me he was not a live man, and I passed him a step without

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suspecting I was giving a wax figure such a wide berth. Among other things, was a corpse of some woman, I forget who, the most *human* looking thing I ever saw not made of flesh and blood. In an adjoining apartment were several relics of Bonaparte, among others, two of his teeth and his traveling carriage. This carriage Napoleon had made on purpose for himself and Berthier, and was used by him during all his later campaigns. It was divided into two compartments, one for himself and one for his chief of the staff. Napoleon had it so arranged that he could lie down and sleep when weary, or when traveling all night, with a little secretary, which he could, by a touch, spread open before him, and several drawers for his dispatches and papers of all kinds. He had also made arrangements for a traveling library, which he designed to fill with small editions of the most select books in the world. I could not but think, as I sat in it, what vast plans had been formed in its narrow apartments—plans changing the fate of the world, and what mental agitation and suffering it had also witnessed. As it was whirled onward along the road, the restless spirit within disposed of crowns and thrones, changed dynasties, and made the earth tremble. From thence issued decrees that sent half a million of men into the field of battle, and from thence, too, terms have been dictated to humbled kings. Another of the exhibitions in this same building was "*artificial ice*," a curious thing, by the way, to manufacture.

Windsor Castle is some twelve or fifteen miles from

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London, and of course is visited by every traveler. It was a pleasant morning—that is, as pleasant as it ever is in London—when I jumped into the cars of the great western railway, and shot off towards Windsor. I roamed over this magnificent castle with feelings very different from those I had experienced as I mused amid the ruins of feudal times on the continent. Here was an old castle, yet perfect in all its parts, enjoying a fresh old age, and blending the present with the past, just enough to mellow the one and give life to the other. William the Conqueror laid the foundation of this structure when he built a fortress here, and the kings of England have, from time to time, enlarged and repaired it, till it now stands one of the finest castles in the world. The Queen being at Buckingham Palace, visitors were allowed to pass through it without trouble. I am not going to describe it; but there it stands on that eminence, with its gray turrets, and round towers and walls, and stern aspect, as haughty and imposing an object as you could wish to look upon. There are no jousts and tournaments to-day in its courts—no floating banners that tell of knights gathered for battle; but the sentinel is quietly pacing up and down, and here and there a soldier informs you that you are in the precincts of royalty. I will not speak of the anteroom, vestibule, throne-room, with their paintings both in fresco and on canvas; nor of the Waterloo chamber, where William IV. gave dinners in honor of the battle of Waterloo; nor of St. George's Hall, two hundred feet long; nor of the Queen's presence

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and audience chamber; nor of the choice paintings that cover the walls of these apartments. One must see them, to appreciate their effect on the mind. But you may, if strong of limb, wind up and up the stone staircase of the Round tower, and look off on the extended landscape. The mist is not thick to-day, and the parks and trees, nay, forests, below, shaven lawns, pools and lakes, are scattered about in endless variety. Twelve shires are visible from the summit of this tower, and the limitless landscape melts away in the distance, for there are no mountains to bound the vision. Windsor town is below, and a little farther away the white walls of Eton College rise amid the green foliage.

Descending from the tower, I left the castle and entered St. George's Chapel. The architecture of this building is fine. The roof is richly carved, and the western window is a magnificent specimen of stained glass. But one of the most singular things to an American eye is the stalls of the knights of the garter, on each side of the choir. As all the knights of this order have been installed here, each one of course has his *stall* appropriated to him, and there, beneath a carved canopy, hangs his sword, mantle, crest, helmet, and mouldering banner. I looked upon these silent symbols, covered with dust, with strange and blended feelings. Noble names are in that list of knights; but where is the strong arm and stalwart frame? Gone, leaving but these perishing symbols behind. Their effect on the mind is like that of an elegy on the dead—a world of mournful

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associations cluster around them, and their motionless aspect and unbroken silence are more eloquent than words. There is a beautiful cenotaph here of the Princess Charlotte, erected by Wyatt. The body of the Princess is lying on a bier, covered with the habiliments of death, while the face, too, is shrouded in drapery. Around her, with faces also veiled, kneel the mourners, while the soul of the Princess, in the form of an angelic being, is soaring exultingly homewards. As a group of statuary, it has great merits as well as some great defects.

I turned from old Windsor Castle and its feudal associations, from St. George's Chapel and its solemn and sombre choir, to the Queen's stables. A special permit is required to get access to these; but as I had seen how Victoria and her nobles lived, I was curious to see also how her horses fared. I do not know how many there were in the stables, but I should think thirty or forty. Here were beautiful carriage horses, saddle horses, and ponies, lodged in apartments that tens of thousands of her subjects would thank God if they could occupy. Thus goes the world. Parliament could reject a bill which appropriated a small sum of money to the purposes of education, and yet vote thirty thousand dollars to replenish and repair the Queen's stables. Here, too, are carriages of every variety, from the delicate, fairy-like thing which is drawn by ponies, to the heavy traveling carriage; and bridles and saddles of the choicest kind. I could not but think, as I looked on these fine apartments for the horses, and the use-

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less expenditure in carriages, &c., of the starving population of London and the thousands of poor children in the factories. What kind of government is that which will tax the wretched human being, nay, deprive him of education, to lavish the money on horses and stables? The English government is well fitted for national strength and greatness, but most miserably arranged to secure competence to the lower classes. However, she is slowly changing before that mighty movement that no power can resist —the onward progress of the principle of freedom. One of these days, these now apparently sluggish and wretched masses will rise in their strength and terror, and by one terrible blow settle the long arrears of guilt with the luxurious, profligate nobility of England, and begin to reap the fields they have so long sown. Woe to her when that day shall come!

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CHAPTER XV.

RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

It is said that Webster had scarcely arrived in London, before he ordered a carriage, and drove to the Tower. There is probably no building in the world so fraught with history, and around which cluster so many and varied associations as this.—Kings have held their courts there; and there, too, lain in chains. Queens, princes, nobles, and menials have by turns occupied its gloomy dungeons. The shout of revelry, triumphant strains of music, and groans of the dying, and shrieks of murdered victims, have successively and together made its massive walls ring. Every stone in that gray old structure has a history to tell—it stands the grand and gloomy treasure-house of England's feudal and military glory. Centuries have come and gone, whole dynasties disappeared, and yet that old tower still rises in its strength. It has seen old monarchies crumble to pieces, and new ones rise—the feeble town become the gorgeous and far extending city—the Roman galley give place to the fleets of commerce—the heavy-armed knight, with his hauberk and helmet

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and shield, disappear before the cabman and omnibus driver of London. The pomp and glory of knightly days have vanished before the spirit of trade and the thirst for gain. The living tide rolls like the sea around it; yet there it stands, silent yet eloquent—unwasted by time, unchanged by the changes that destroy or modify all things human. It has a double effect, standing as it does amid modern improvements.

The moment one crosses the ditch and passes under the gloomy arch, he seems in another world—breathing a different atmosphere, and watching the progress of a different life. All the armor ever worn in ancient days—every instrument of torture or of death, used in the dark ages—crowns and sceptres and jewels, are gathered here with a prodigality that astonishes the beholder.

We enter by the "Lyons' Gate," and crossing what was once occupied as the royal menagerie, pass to the Middle Tower, near which is the Bell Tower, where hangs the alarm-bell, whose toll is seldom heard.

Here, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was imprisoned for refusing to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry VIII., and afterwards executed. A little farther on is the "Traitor's Gate," and near by, the Bloody Tower, where, it is said, the two princes—nephews of Richard III.—were suffocated by their uncle. The armory is mostly gone, having been destroyed in the conflagration which took place a few years ago. But here is the Horse Armory, a hun-

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dred and fifty feet long, and thirty-three wide, with a line of equestrian figures, as if in battle array, stretching through the centre. A banner is over the head of each—the ceiling is covered with arms and accoutrements—the walls with armor and figures of ancient warriors; and over all rest the dust and rust of time. That row of twenty-two horsemen, large as life, armed to the teeth, with helmet and cuirass and breastplate and coats of mail, and lances and swords and battle-axes and shields, sitting grim and silent there, is a sight one will not easily forget. They seem ready to charge on the foe, and their attitude and aspect are so fierce, that one almost trembles to walk in front of the steeds.

But pass along these dusty kings and knights of old. Here sits Edward I., of 1272, clad in mail worn in the time of the crusades, and bearing a shield in his left hand. So, haughty king, thou didst look when the brave and gallant Wallace lay a prisoner in these dungeons, from whence he was dragged by thy order, tied to the tails of horses, and quartered and torn asunder with fiendish cruelty.

Next to the tyrant and brute sits Henry VI., who, too feeble to rule the turbulent times, became the inmate of a dungeon here, and was one night darkly murdered in his cell. Gay Edward IV., in his dashing armor we pass by, for here sits an ancient knight in a suit of ribbed mail, with ear-guards to his helmet and rondelles for the armpits, and altogether one of the finest suits of armor in the world. Beside him is another knight, his horse clad in complete armor, and

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a battleaxe hanging at the saddle-bow. Beware, you are crowding against the horse of old Henry VIII. That is the very armor the bloody monarch wore. His relentless hand has grasped that short sword, and around his brutal form that very belt once passed, and beneath that solid breastplate his wild and ferocious heart did beat. Horse and horseman are clad in steel from head to heel; and, as I gazed on him there, I wanted to whisper in his ears the names of his murdered wives. Here all the pomp of royal magnificence honored the nuptials of Anne Boleyn, and here, three years after, she lay a prisoner—the beautiful, the honored, and rejected—and wrote from her dungeon to her relentless lord, saying:—

"Let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, when not so much as a thought thereof, ever proceeded * * * Try me, good king, but let me have a lawfull tryall; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges, yea, let me receive an open tryall, for my truth shall fear no open shames * * * But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me at his genêral judgment-seat, where both you and me myself, must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not, (whatsoever the world may think of me,) mine innocence shall be openly recorded and sufficiently cleared.

"From my dolefull prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.

"Your most loyall and ever faithful wife,

"ANNE BOLEYN."

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It availed not, proud king, and that beautiful neck was severed at thy command; but, at that dread judgment to which she summons thee, her tremulous voice —lost here on earth in the whirlwind of passion— shall be to thy ear louder than a peal of thunder. Katharine Howard is another swift witness; last, though not least, the Countess of Salisbury. This high-spirited woman, though seventy years of age, was condemned to death for treason. When brought out for execution, she refused to place her head on the block, declaring she was no traitress, and the executioner followed her around on the scaffold, striking at her hoary head with his axe until she fell. But I will not dwell on these separate figures. As I looked on this long line of kings sitting motionless on their motionless steeds, the sinewy hand strained over the battleaxe, the identical sword they wielded centuries ago flashing on my sight, and the very spurs on their heels that were once driven into their war steeds as they thundered over the battle plain, the plumes seemed to wave before my eyes, and the shout of kings to roll through the arches. The hand grasping the reins on the horses' necks seemed a *live* hand, and the clash of the sword, the shield, and the battle-axe, and the mailed armor, rung in my ear. I looked again, and the dream was dispelled. Motionless as the walls around them they sat, mere effigies of the past. Yet how significant! Each figure there was a history, and all monuments of England's glory as she was. At the farther end of the adjoining room sat a solitary "crusader on his barbed horse, said to

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be 700 years old." Stern old grim figure! on the very trappings of thy steed, and on that thick plaited mail, has flashed the sun of Palestine. Thou didst stand perchance with that gallant host led on by the wondrous hermit, on the last hill that overlooked Jerusalem, and when the Holy City was seen lying like a beautiful vision below, glittering in the soft light of an eastern sunset, that flooded Mount Moriah, Mount Zion, and Mount Olivet, with its garden of suffering, and more than all, Mount Calvary, the voice from out that visor did go up with the mighty murmur of the bannered host, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" On that very helmet perchance has the cimeter broke, and from that mailed breast the spear of the Infidel rebounded. Methinks I hear thy battle shout, "To the rescue!" as thy gallant-steed is borne into the thickest of the fight, where thy brave brethren are struggling for the Cross and the Sepulchre.

But crusades and crusaders are well-nigh forgotten. For centuries the dust of the desert has drifted over the bones of the chivalry of Europe. The Arab still spurs his steed through the forsaken streets of ancient Jerusalem, and the Muezzin's voice rings over the sepulchre of the Saviour.

But let these grim figures pass. Here is the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh lay a prisoner. By his gross flatteries he had won the favor of Elizabeth, who lavished honors upon him until she at length discovered his amour with the beautiful Elizabeth Throckmorton. Her rage then knew no bounds, and was worthy of her character, and she cast the

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luckless, accomplished courtier into the Tower. Up and down this very stone floor he has paced day after day, pondering on the sad change that has befallen him, and sighing heavily for the splendor and luxury he has lost. He did not, however, despair; he knew too well the weakness of his termagant mistress, and so, one day, as he saw from that window the queen's barge passing by, he threw himself into a paroxysm of passion, and in his ravings besought the jailer to let him go forth in disguise, and get but one look of his dear mistress. His request being refused, he fell upon the keeper, and finally drew his dagger. Good care was taken that this extraordinary mad fit should be reported to Elizabeth. Raleigh followed up the news with a well-timed letter, which so won upon the vixen that she liberated him. Said he, in this rare epistle: "My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire in so many journeys, and am now left behind in a dark prison, all alone. While she was yet near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less, but even now my heart is cast into the depth of misery. I, that was wont to behold her *riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure face like a nymph—sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus.* Behold the sorrows of this world once amiss, hath bereaved me of all."

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Elizabeth was at this time *sixty years old*, ugly as death's head, and yet the foolish old thing swallowed it all. Her tiger heart relented, and she released her cunning lover.

It seems strange that a woman of her strength of intellect could have a weakness so perfectly ridiculous and childlike. But flattery was never too gross for her, and Raleigh knew it. He had often filled her royal ear with such nonsense before, and seen her wrinkled face relax into a smile of tenderness—comical from its very ugliness. So goes the world; every man has his weak side, and the strongest character is assailable in some one direction. Pride, or vanity, or envy, or covetousness, or passion, furnishes an inlet to the citadel, and it falls.

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CHAPTER XVI.

RAMBLES IN ENGLAND.

THE REGALIA.—BANK OF ENGLAND.—THAMES TUNNEL.—OUT OF LONDON.—MURDERING OF THE KING'S ENGLISH.—OXFORD.—STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

I INTENDED, in my last, to go more into details of the Tower; but I will mention only one or two things. In Queen Elizabeth's armory are stored all the varieties of ancient weapons of warfare. There are the glaive, giusarne, the bill, catchpole, Lochaber axe, two-handed battleaxe, halberd, crossbows, &c. Passing over the rooms and instruments of torture, let us drop for a moment into the tower house, containing the regalia. Here, in a single glass case, are gathered all the crown jewels, diadems, sceptres, &c. of rich old England. There are five crowns in all, and five royal sceptres, heavy with gold and flashing with diamonds. The queen's diadem, made for the wife of James II., is a single circlet of gold, yet, with its large, richly set diamonds and edging of pearls, it cost a half million of dollars. Victoria's crown has a large cross in front entirely frosted with brilliants, and in the centre a single sapphire, two inches long, and blue as heaven—it is the size of a small egg.

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There leans St. Edward's staff, four feet and a half long, and of pure gold, and near it a royal sceptre, three feet and a half in length, radiant with its own jeweled light. There, too, are the golden eagle, which holds the anointing oil for their most gracious sovereigns—the anointing spoon—the great golden salt-cellar of state, surrounded with twelve smaller ones, all of gold—the baptismal font, in which Victoria and the present Prince of Wales were both baptized, silver-gilt, *four feet high*—and the heavy sacramental plate—two massive tankards, all of solid gold.

"Only sixpence a sight," and lo! the eye feasts on this profusion of diamonds, and jewels, and precious stones. Millions of money have been wasted on these baubles, and there they idly flash year after year, while their worth expended on famishing Ireland, would give bread to every starving family, or instruction to every ignorant and depraved child of the kingdom. But this is the way of the world—millions for show, but not a cent for wretched, starving men.

With a mere glance at the Bank of England and the Thames Tunnel, and we will away to the open country—to the green hedge-rows and rolling fields of merry old England. The Bank of England is a fine building: "It is an immense and very extensive stone edifice, situated a short distance north-west of Corn Hill. The principal entrance is from Threadneedle street. It is said this building covers five acres of ground. Business hours from nine o'clock

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until five P. M. There are no windows opening on the street; light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. There are nine hundred clerks employed in the bank, and not *one foreigner* among the whole. Should a clerk be too old for service, he is discharged on half-pay for life. The clock in the centre of the bank has fifty dials attached to it; each of the rooms has a dial, in order that all in the bank should know the true time. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts, and engines in perfect order, always in readiness in case of fire. The bank was incorporated in 1694. Capital £18,000,000 sterling, or $90,000,000."

The Tunnel is one of the chief wonders of London. This subterranean passage is thirty feet beneath the bed of the Thames River, and twenty-two feet high. It is thirteen hundred feet long and thirty-eight wide, and lighted with gas. One has strange emotions in standing under these dark, damp arches. Over his head is rushing a deep river, and vessels are floating, and steamboats are ploughing the water, and he cannot but think of the effect a small leak would produce, and what his chance would be in a general break-down of the arches above.

The Tunnel is composed of two arches, with a row of immense columns in the centre. It is designed for carriages, but is not yet sufficiently completed to receive them. You descend by a winding staircase, and passing under the river emerge into daylight by a similar staircase on the farther side. Little hand

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printing-presses, fruit and candy tables, and nick-nacks of various kinds, are strung through this passage.

As I was sauntering along, suddenly I heard a low humming sound which startled me prodigiously. The first thought was that the masonry above had given way, and that ringing was the steady pressure of the down-rushing waters. The bare possibility of being buried up there was too horrible to entertain for a moment. I looked anxiously around; but finding no one, not even those who lived there, the least alarmed, I concluded it was all right, and walked on. But that strange humming-ringing grew louder and louder, and completely bewildered me. It had no rising swell, or sinking cadence, but monotonous, deep, and constant, kept rising every moment louder and clearer. Hastening forward, I came to the farther entrance of the Tunnel, and there sat a man and boy, one with a violin and the other with a harp —the innocent authors of all the strange, indescribable sounds that had so confused me. The endless reverberations amid those long arches so completely mingled them together—one overtaking, and blending in with another, and the whole bounding back in a mass to be again split asunder, and tossed about, created such a jargon as I never before listened to. The sounds could not escape, and in their struggles to do so—hitting along the roof and sides of the Tunnel—they at length lost all distinctness of utterance, and became tangled up in the most astonishing manner.

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At length I bade smoky London adieu, and driving early one morning to a stage-office, booked myself for Oxford. As I was waiting for the stage to start, I stepped into a shop near by for some crackers, thinking perhaps my early breakfast would leave me with something of an appetite before it was time to dine. But, to my surprise, the keeper told me he had no "crackers," and looked as though he regarded me a lunatic, or fresh from some remote region. I returned his look of surprise, for there before me were bushels of crackers. All at once I remembered that *cracker* was an Americanism, and that Englishmen call every thing of the kind *biscuit*. This put matters right.

In a short time we were trundling through the long streets of London, and at length passing from the dirty suburbs, found ourselves in the open country. For a while it was pleasant, but we soon came to a barren, desolate tract, which quite damped the hopes with which we had set out.

But this being passed, we entered on the beautiful farming districts of England. The roads were perfect, and the long green hedge-rows gently rolling over the slopes; the masses of dark foliage sprinkled here and there through the fields; and the fine bracing air, combined to lift our spirits up to the enjoying point. I had taken a seat on the top of the coach, and hence could overlook the whole country. Marlow, which we passed, is a pretty place, and the seats of English gentlemen along the road are picturesque and beautiful.

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As we were descending a gentle inclination to Henly-on-the-Thames, the valley that opened on our view was lovely beyond description. But just here an accident overtook us; one of our wheels broke, and we were compelled to foot it into town. The driver immediately sent one of those hangers-on around taverns and stables to a coachmaker, to see if he could obtain a coach or extra wheel. As he came slouching back, I was struck with his reply. English people are always ridiculing the language spoken in this country; but that loafer beat a down-easter out and out. He had been unsuccessful, and as he came up he drawled out, "He hain't got nary coach nor nary wheel!" Now, an ignorant Yankee might have said, "He hain't got nary coach nor wheel," but he never would have *doubled* the "nary" —this was wholly English. I had often noticed a similar dreadful use of the English language among the cabmen of London; they are altogether worse than our cabmen at home.

We, however, succeeded in getting under way at last, and reached Oxford just as the clouds began to pour their gathered treasures down.

I will not attempt to describe old Oxford. It is a venerable place, and the pile of buildings which compose the University one of the most imposing I have ever seen. Old and time-worn, with their grave architecture and ancient look, they present a striking appearance amid the green-sward that surrounds them. Of the Bodleian and Radcliffe libraries I shall say nothing. In conversing with one of the

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tutors of the University, I was surprised to learn that Pusey was regarded there rather as an honest old granny than an able and profound man.

The morning I left Oxford for Stratford-on-the-Avon was as beautiful a one as ever smiled over New England. The fragmentary clouds went trooping over the sky, the fresh, cool wind swept cheerfully by, and the newly-washed meadows and fields looked as if just preparing themselves for a holiday. Again I took my seat on the top of the coach, with two or three others, and started away. We soon picked up an additional companion—a pretty young woman—who also climbed to the roof of the coach. The inside was full, and you must know that an Englishman never gives up his seat to a lady. He takes the place he has paid for, and expects all others, of whatever sex, to do the same. If it rains, he says it is unfortunate, but supposes that the lady knew the risk when she took her seat, and expects her to bear her misfortune like a philosopher.

This lady, I should think from her general appearance and conversation, was a governess. She had evidently traveled a good deal, and was very talkative and somewhat inquisitive. When she discovered I was an American, she very gravely remarked, that she mistrusted it before from my *complexion*. Now it must be remembered that I have naturally the tinge of a man belonging to a southern clime, which had been considerably deepened by my recent exposures in the open air in Italy and along the Rhine. Supposing that all Americans were tawny from their

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close relationship to the aborigines of our country, she attributed my swarthiness to the *Indian blood* in my veins. I confessed myself sufficiently surprised at her penetration, and humored her inquisitiveness. She left us at Stratford, bidding my friend and myself good-by with a dignified shake of the hand. We of course regarded this great condescension on her part to two Indians with proper respect, attributing it to the comparative fluency with which we spoke English. She evidently thought us savages of more than ordinary education.

After dinner, I strolled out to the house of Shakspeare, a low, miserable affair at the best, and hardly large enough for three persons. Yet here the great dramatist was born. After going through it, I went to the church where his bones repose, and read, with strange feelings, the odd inscription he directed to be placed over his tomb.

It was a beautiful day, and I went out and sat down on the banks of the Avon beside the church, and gazed long on the rippling waters and green slopes of the neighboring hills and greener hedges. Cattle were lazily browsing in the fields; the ancient trees beside the church bent and sighed as the fresh breeze swept by, and all was tranquillity and beauty. I had never seen so pure a sky in England. The air was clear and bracing, and, although it was the middle of August, it seemed like a bright June day at home.

How many fancies a man will sometimes weave, and yet scarce know why! A single chord of memory

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is perhaps touched, or some slight association will arise, followed by a hundred others, as one bird, starting from the brake, will arouse a whole flock, and away they go swarming together. It was thus as I sat on the banks of the Avon, soothed by the ripple of its waters. Along this stream Shakspeare had wandered in his boyhood, and cast his dark eye over this same landscape. What gorgeous dreams here wrapped his youthful imagination, and strange, wild vagaries crossed his mind. Old England then was merry, and plenty reigned in her halls, and good cheer was everywhere to be found. But now want and poverty cover the land. Discontent is written on half the faces you meet, and the murmurs of a coming storm are heard over the distant heavens.

Farewell, sweet Avon! your bright waters, bordered with green fields, and sparkling in light, are like a pleasant dream.

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CHAPTER XVII.

RAMBLES IN ENGLAND.

GUY'S CLIFF.—WARWICK CASTLE.—KENILWORTH CASTLE.—COVENTRY.—PEEPING TOM.—CHARTISTS.

I WILL not speak of Woodstock, which Scott has made immortal; for the village of that name is merely a collection of dirty-looking hovels, arranged along the street in blocks, like houses.

Guy's Cliff is distinguished as the home of the stern old Sir Guy, renowned in the feudal wars. A mile farther on are Warwick and Warwick Castle. The village itself looks like a fragment of antiquity, though the streets were somewhat enlivened, the day I passed through them, by multitudes of men, women, children, cows, horses, and sheep, to say nothing of vegetables and saleables of all kinds and quality. One of those fairs so common in England, and so characteristic of the people, was being held, and I had a good view of the peasantry. The yeomanry collected at one of our cattle-shows are gentlemen compared to them.

I will not describe the castle, with its massive walls and ancient look, for the impression such things make does not result from this or that striking object, but

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from the whole combined. The walls may be thick, the moat deep, the turrets high and hoary, and the rusty armor within massy and dinted—it is not either of these that arrests your footsteps and makes you stand and dream, but the history they altogether unroll, and the images your own imagination calls up from the past.

The rusty sword of this strong-limbed old earl is five feet long, and weighs twenty pounds, his shield thirty pounds, breastplate alone fifty-six pounds, and helmet seven pounds, to say nothing of his massive coat of mail. It was no baby hand which wielded that sword or held that shield. A strong heart beat under that breastplate of fifty-six pounds in weight; and when, mounted on his gigantic war-horse, clad also in steel from head to foot, he spurred into the battle, the strongest knights went down in his path, and his muffled shout was like the trumpet of victory.

Thence we proceeded to Kenilworth Castle, a mere ruin, standing solitary and broken amid the green fields. Gone are its beautiful lake, drawbridge, portcullis, and moat—its strong turrets have crumbled, while over the decayed and decaying walls the ivy creeps unchecked. It is one of the most picturesque ruins I have ever seen. Here and there a portion remains almost entire, while in other places a heap of rubbish alone tells where a magnificent apartment once rung to the shout of wassailers. The bow-window, in which sat the flattered Earl of Leicester and the proud Elizabeth, and looked down on the grand

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tournament, is still entire. As I stood here and gazed below on the green-sward, now spreading where the gay and noble once trod in pride, and around on the ruin whose battlements once glittered with decorations in honor of the haughty queen, and before me, through the gateway, where the gorgeous procession passed, the pageantry of life seemed a dream. There chargers had careered, and trumpets rung, and helmets bowed in homage; and there now swung an old gate, kept by a solitary old porter. The snake and lizard occupy the proud halls of Leicester, and of all the beautiful and brave who once thronged these courts, not one remains. The old walls and crumbling stones have outlasted them all, and serve only as a tombstone to what has been. What wild heart-throbbings, and dizzy hopes, and bitter griefs, have been within these ruined inclosures! But now all is still and deserted—the banners flutter no more from the battlements; the armed knight spurs no more over the clattering drawbridge; lord and vassal have disappeared. Time has outwatched each warder, and hung his mouldering hatchet over all who have lived and struggled here. As I behold in imagination the stern, severe Elizabeth, passing beneath yonder arch on her gallant steed, and princes and nobles of every degree pressing on her steps, and then turn to the deserted ruin, I involuntarily exclaim, "ghosts are we all."

Ah, proud Leicester! what deeds of thine could these dumb walls, had they a tongue, tell! What records are registered in their mouldering forms against

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thee! Kenilworth, *thy* Kenilworth, is apparently deserted; but around it still linger, methinks, the spirits of those thou hast wronged, nay, perchance, murdered.

It was with strange feelings I turned away from this beautiful ruin. The heavens were gathering blackness, and now and then a big drop came dancing to the earth, and all betokened a storm at hand. Had the fading sunlight gilded its dilapidated turrets as I passed from under its silent arches, it would not have seemed so mournful; but, amid this suspense of the elements and increasing gloom, its irregular form had a sad aspect, and left a sad impression.

When I first approached the castle, I was struck with the curious English used by a girl, perhaps thirteen years of age, who had little pamphlets, describing the ruin and giving its history, to sell. As she advanced to meet me, holding the book in her hand, she exclaimed: "A shilling, sir, for the book, or *a sixpence for the lend.*" "*A sixpence for the lend,*" I replied; "what do you mean by that?" On inquiry, I discovered that the *price* of the book was a shilling, but that she would *lend* it to me to go over the castle with for half price. Thinks I to myself, you might travel the length and breadth of the Atlantic States, and not hear such an uncouth English sentence as that.

Coventry is on the railroad that connects Liverpool and London. It has a quaint old church, and a quaint look about it altogether. As I strolled through the graveyard, I seemed to be among the fragments of a past world—the very tombstones

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looked as if they had withstood the deluge. As I wandered about, dreaming rather than thinking, strains of music stole out from the antiquated structure, soothing my feelings, and filling my heart with a pleasure composed half of sadness.

One of the greatest curiosities of this place, it is well known, is "Peeping Tom." The story of Lady Godiva has been woven into poetry as well as prose, and is known the world over. Her husband, Earl Leofric, was captain-general of all the forces under King Canute, and exercised his power in laying heavy taxes on his subjects. Those of Coventry were ground to the earth by his oppression, and though their sufferings could not move his iron heart, they filled the soul of the gentle Godiva with the deepest sorrow. Impelled by her sympathies, she constantly, but in vain, besought her lord to lessen the burdens of the people. But once, being received after a long absence with enthusiastic affection, he in his sudden joy asked her to make any request, and he would grant it. Taking advantage of his kindness, she petitioned for his subjects. The stern old earl was fairly caught, but hoped to extricate himself by imposing a condition as brutal as it was cruel. Knowing the modesty of his lovely wife, he promised to grant her request, provided she would ride naked through the streets of Coventry. "Any thing," she replied, "for my suffering people." He was astonished; but, thinking she would fail in the hour of trial, promised to fulfil his part of the contract. Godiva appointed a day; and Leofric, finding she was deter-

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mined, ordered the people to darken the fronts of their houses and shut themselves up, while the Lady Godiva was passing. They joyfully obeyed, and the blushing, frightened benefactress, with her long tresses streaming over her form, rode unclad through the streets. All was silent and deserted; but one man, a tailor, could not restrain his curiosity, and peeped forth from an upper window to get sight of her. In a moment, Godiva's charger stopped and neighed. The fair rider, being startled, turned her face and saw the unfortunate tailor. Instantly the poor fellow's eyes dropped out of his head, in punishment of his meanness.

So runs the tradition, and so it has run from time immemorial. In the time of Richard II., a painting was placed in Trinity Church, representing the earl and his wife—the former holding in his hand a charter, on which was inscribed,

"I, Leofric, for the love of thee,
Doe make Coventrie tol-free."

I had heard of "Peeping Tom," and went in search of him. I had forgotten, however, that he occupied the upper story of a house, and went the whole length of the street in which I was informed he was placed, without finding him. I expected to see a statue standing in some corner upon the ground, and hence was compelled to inquire more particularly of his whereabouts. When at length I caught a glimpse of him, with his cocked hat on, peeping from an aperture in the corner of a house standing at the inter-

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section of two streets, I had a long and hearty laugh. His appearance was comical in the extreme, as it stood looking down on the throng of promenaders. The man who owns the house receives an annual stipend for allowing it to remain there, and every two years it is clad in a new suit, made after the fashion of the tenth century. On these occasions, the shops are closed as on Sundays, and a procession of the citizens, with the mayor at their head, passes through the principal streets of the place, accompanied by a woman dressed in white or flesh-colored tights, on horseback. When they come opposite "Tom," the procession halts, the high sheriff invests the effigy in its new suit, and the imposing ceremonies are ended. This was the year for the procession, but I arrived too late to witness it. A woman of rather easy virtue, clad in a flesh-colored suit, fitting tight to her skin, was placed on a horse, and, with a quantity of false hair falling around her form, represented the lovely Godiva. I could not but think how such a procession, with such comical ceremonies, would appear in New York, and what the good people of that practical city would do on such an occasion.

As I was strolling about, I came upon three or four hardy, weather-beaten men, one of whom came up to me, and said: "Sir, I am not in the habit of begging, but my master in Stafford has broke, and I am left without work. I came here with my family to find work, but cannot, and have sold my last bed and blanket to buy provisions. If you could give me something, I should be much obliged to you." This

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was said in a manly tone—so unlike the whining accents of a continental beggar, that I was struck with it. "Why," said I, "this is very strange—here you are, a strong man, with two good arms, and a pair of stout hands at the end of them, and yet are starving in the richest kingdom of the world. This is very strange—what is it all coming to?" He turned his eye upon me with the look of a tiger, and exclaimed: "What is it all coming to? Why it is coming to this, one of these days;" and he struck his brawny fists together with a report like that of a pistol. I need not say that I gave him money.

A strong man, willing to work for his daily bread, and yet denied the privilege, is the saddest sight under the sun.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

RAMBLES IN ENGLAND.

BIRMINGHAM.—LIVERPOOL.—A TALL WOMAN.—BEGGARS.—CHESTER.—NORTH WALES.

It is only eighteen miles from Coventry to Birmingham, and by the great London and Liverpool railway the distance is made in forty minutes. So, just at evening, myself and friend jumped in the cars, and soon found ourselves amid the tall chimneys of this great manufacturing city of England. It is useless to repeat the story of factory life, or describe over again for the fortieth time, the sickly children and girls who spend their days (few enough) at the looms and in the unhealthy apartments of those immense cotton-mills. Money is coined out of human life; and degradation, and want, and misery are the price this great kingdom pays for its huge manufacturing cities.

But one thing in my hotel struck me especially. It is well known, notwithstanding the complaints of English travelers of our love of money, that, next to Italy, England is the most dishonest country in the world to travel in. The hackman cheats you—the landlord cheats you, and the servants cheat you.

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You are fleeced the length and breadth of the kingdom. Such outrages as you are compelled to submit to would not be tolerated for a moment in the United States. You are not only charged enormously for your board, but are compelled to make up the servants' wages—each man paying such a sum that servants give the landlord a large price for their places, demanding nothing for their labor. In traveling, you not only pay your fare, but every time the horses are changed, or once in fifteen or twenty miles, are expected to give the driver an English shilling, or about twenty-five cents our money. But this landlord of Birmingham was none of your swindlers—he scorned to fleece travelers—and would have no one in his house who practiced it. So he had regulations printed and neatly framed hung up in the apartments, on purpose, it was stated, to prevent those who stopped at his house from being imposed upon. Servants were not allowed to demand anything, and it was contrary to the rules of the house to charge more than four shillings (a dollar) for a bed, the same for dinner and breakfast; or, in other words, it was not permitted to ask more than about *four dollars* a day from any person, unless he had extras. I could not but exclaim, as I turned towards my bed—"Honest man! how grateful travelers must feel for the interest you take in their welfare! No cheating here; and one can lay his head on his pillow in peace, knowing that in the morning there will be no trickery in the account—a dollar for his sleep, a dollar for his breakfast, and he can depart in peace!"

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The approach to Liverpool through the tunnel is anything but pleasant—this subterranean traveling is unnatural—it seems a great deal worse to be killed under ground than in the clear air of heaven, and beneath the calm quiet sky. Liverpool is an unpleasant city to stop in; yet, before I embarked, I was compelled to spend a month there. I will not describe it; I do not like to describe cities—they are simply a confused heap of *houses*, an endless web of streets. One day, as I was sauntering along, I saw in a stairway leading to the second floor, a man two-thirds drunk—dressed like a clown, with a single feather in his cap, and a monkey hopping to and from his shoulder. Holding on to a rope, and swinging backwards and forwards on the steps in his drunkenness, he kept bawling out to the passers by, "Walk up, gentlemen—only a penny a piece—the tallest woman in the world, besides Oliver Cromwell, Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII., and other great men, large as life—only one penny a sight—well worth the money. Walk up, gentlemen!" It was such an out-of-the-way-looking hole, and withal such a comical advertisement, that I presented my penny, and "*walked up*," and sure enough there was a woman seven feet high, towering head and shoulders above me. She was slender, which, with her female apparel, that always exaggerates the height, made her appear a greater giantess even than she was. I could not believe my eyes, and suspected there was some trickery practiced, and told the exhibitor so. He immediately requested her to sit down, and take off

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her shoes and stockings, and then asked me to feel of her feet and ankles. I did so, and found that they were actually bone and muscle. But, to use a western phrase, she was "a tall specimen," and I came to the conclusion I had seen three of the most remarkable women in the world. First, a French woman who weighed *six hundred and twenty-four* pounds—a mountain of flesh; second, an Italian without arms, who could write, thread a needle, embroider, sketch, load and fire a pistol with her toes, and last of all, this English girl, seven feet high, or thereabouts.

Another day, as I was passing along a by-street, I heard some one singing, and soon after a man in his shirt sleeves emerged into view, leading four children—two on each side—and singing as he approached. He took the middle of the street—the children carrying empty baskets—and thus traversed the city. I soon discovered that he was a beggar, and this was his mode of asking alms. With his head up, and a smile on his countenance, he was singing at the top of his voice, something about a happy family. At all events, the burden of his strain was the happiness he enjoyed with his children: how pleasant their home was for the love that dwelt in it, &c. He did not speak of his poverty and sufferings, or describe the starvation in his hovel; but, taking a different tack, solicited charity on the ground that people ought to keep such a happy family in the continued possession of their happiness. Where begging is so common, imposture so frequent,

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and men's hearts have become so steeled against the pitiful tale and the haggard face, the appearance of suffering accomplishes but little; and I could not but admire the man's ingenuity in thus striking out a new path for himself. Still, it was pitiful to watch him—it seemed such an effort to appear happy, and the hungry-looking children at his side, though trained to their task, and wearing bright faces, seemed so way-worn and weary. I followed their footsteps with my eyes till they turned an angle of the street, and as their voices died away in the distance, I fell into one of my fits of musing on life, its strange destinies, and the unfathomable mystery attached to the unequal distribution of good and evil in it. Alas! how different is the same man—that is, the *outward* man. Circumstances have placed one on a throne, and his heart is haughty, his glance defiant, and his spirit proud and overbearing. Misfortune has placed another in poverty and want, and he crouches at your feet—solicits, with trembling hands and eyes full of tears, a mere moiety for his children. Injustice, abuse, contempt, cannot sting him into resistance or arouse his wrath. With his manhood all broken down, he crawls the earth, the byword and jest of his fellows. Yet life to him is just as solemn as to the monarch—it has the same responsibilities, the same destinies. That humbled and degraded spirit will yet stand up in all its magnificent proportions, and assert its rank in the universe of God. The heap of rags will blaze like a star in its immortality —and yet that unfortunate creature may struggle

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and suffer through this life, and enter on another only to experience still greater unhappiness. The ways of Heaven are indeed dark and beyond the clouds.

My friend left me at Liverpool, and took the steamer for Dublin, where I promised, in a few days, to meet him. I wished to make the land route through North Wales, and then cross over the Channel. Crossing the Mersey in a ferry-boat, I took the cars for the old city of Chester, lying on the confines of England and Wales. This ancient town, which has borne such a part in the history of England, stands just as it did centuries ago. The same immense wall surrounds it that guarded it in knightly days. It environs the entire place, and is so broad that the top furnishes a fine promenade for three abreast. Towards evening I wandered without the walls, and strolled away towards the banks of the Dee. It was a lovely afternoon for England—the sky was clear, and the air pure and invigorating. A single arch is sprung across the stream, said to be one of the largest in the world. It is a beautiful curve, and presents a picturesque appearance, leaping so far from one green bank to another. Along the shore, winding through the field, is a raised embankment, covered with green turf for a promenade. Along this, ladies and gentlemen were sauntering in groups, while here and there a fisherman was casting his line. It was a lovely scene—there on the quiet banks of the Dee, and in full view of the old walls of Chester, I sat down under a tree, and thought long and anxiously of home. It is always thus—in the crowded

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city, and turmoil and hurry of travel, one almost forgets he has a home or far-distant friends—but a single strain of soothing music, one quiet night, or one lonely walk, brings them all back to him, and he wonders that he ever left them for boisterous scenes. One hour we are all energy and will—wishing for a field of great risks and great deeds, and feel confined and straitened for want of greater scope and freer action—the next, we feel lost in the world of active life around us—utterly unequal to its demands on our energies, and thirst only for a quiet home and more tranquil enjoyments. The land of my birth looked greener to me there, on the banks of the Dee, than ever before—and the wide waste of waters never so wide and so unfriendly.

At sunset, I took the stage-coach for the western coast of Wales. I traveled till midnight, and then stopped to make the rest of the route along the north shore by daylight. A little Welsh inn received me, the landlady of which, in return for my politeness to her, secured me a seat next day in the coach, which I otherwise should have lost. She had been accustomed to the haughty bearing of Englishmen, and though I treated her with only the civility common in my own country, it seemed so uncommon to her, that she asked me where I resided. She seemed delighted when I told her in America, and the next morning prevailed on the driver to give me a seat, though he had told me the coach was full.

I had read much of Wales, and had obtained, when a boy, very extravagant ideas of the wildness of its

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scenery from Mrs. Hemans' poems. It did not occur to me that I had just come from the Alps, the grandest scenery on the globe, and hence should prepare for disappointment; but expected to be astonished with beetling crags and lofty mountains, until at last Snowden crowned the whole, as Mont Blanc does the peaks that environ him. I never stopped to question my impressions, nor inquire when or where I derived them; and hence was wholly unprepared for the diminutive hills that met my gaze. One must never form a notion of a cataract or a mountain from an Englishman's description of it. Living on an island and in a rolling country which furnishes no elevations of magnitude, and hence no large streams, he regards those *relatively* large of immense size. Still, the north coast of Wales presents bold and rugged features; and with its old castles frowning amid the desolate scenery—gray as the rock they stand on—is well worth a visit.

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CHAPTER XIX.

RAMBLES IN WALES.

PENRYNN QUARRIES.—HOMEWARD BOUND.—SCOTCH BOY.—STORM AT SEA.—HOME.

THE north coast of Wales is studded with old castles—some of which are in ruins, and others in a good state of preservation. Many a fierce struggle and wild tale they could tell, could they but reveal their history. Cromwell's army has thundered against their walls, and England's chivalry dashed over their battlements; and deeds of daring, and of darkness too, stained every stone with blood. Our road lay right along the base of one, with old towers still standing, and the ancient drawbridge still resting on its ancient foundations. A little farther on, the whole breast of the mountain seemed converted into a modern castle; for ramparts rose over every ridge, and turreted battlements stretched along every precipitous height.

Nothing can be more bleak and desolate than the north coast of Wales. The rocky shores, treeless, shrubless mountains, and ruined castles, combine to render the scene sombre and gloomy. At length we reached Bangor, from whence I made a visit to the

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slate quarries of Mr. Tennant. This gentleman was an English colonel; but being so fortunate as to marry the only daughter of the owner of these extensive quarries, he threw up his profession, and settled down in Wales. Becoming sole heir to Penrynn Castle, on the death of his father-in-law, he improved it by additions and renovations; till now, with its extensive and beautiful grounds it is well worth a visit. The quarries, however, were more interesting to me than the castle, for they are said to be the largest in the world; yielding the proprietor a net income of nearly one hundred thousand dollars per annum. The whole mountain, in which these quarries are dug, is composed of slate. At the base of it the miners commenced, and dug, in a semicircular form, into its very heart. They then blasted back and up a terrace all around the space they had made, some thirty or forty feet from the bottom. About the same distance above this terrace, they ran another around, until they terraced the mountain, in the form of an amphitheatre, to the very top. Around each terrace runs a railroad, to carry out the slate; while small stone huts are placed here and there, to shelter the workmen when a blast occurs near them. These terraces are filled with workmen, who look, from below, like so many ants crawling over the rocks. Taking one of these as a guide, I rambled over the quarries, in a more excited state than one usually views so plain and practical an object; for the blasts, that occur every few moments, keep the mountain in an uproar. The amphitheatre is so far across, that a

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person need not fear a blast from the opposite side; but one from the terrace he is on, or from the one above or below him, is always more or less dangerous. To prevent accidents, just before a blast takes place, the man who is to fire steps to the edge of the terrace, and hallooes, "*he hoo!*" at which all in the neighborhood run for the stone cabins, like prairie dogs for their holes. Again and again was I compelled to dodge into one of these coverts; when, after a moment's pause, there would follow a heavy explosion; and the next moment the loose stones would be rattling like hail on the roof above me. Several times I measured, with considerable interest, the thickness of the covering above me, and calculated how heavy a rock it would require to crush through it. When out on the open terrace, the constant reports, like the rapid discharge of cannon in various parts of the mountain, keep one constantly on the look-out. The depot of the finished slates is also a great curiosity. They are piled in huge rows, according to their size and value: they are named Dukes, Marquises, Counts, &c., to designate their respective worth. All sorts of ornaments are made by the workmen in their leisure moments, which are sold to travelers; several of which I brought away with me. It was a bright day when I visited the quarries; and, as I turned away, I paused, and looked back on that excavated mountain. It was a curious spectacle—those terraces, rising one above another, sprinkled all over with human beings, like mere spots on the spire of a church.

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From Bangor I went to Caernarvon, to visit the ruined castle there, so famous in the ancient history of England. I clambered up its spiral staircase—looked out of its narrow windows—plucked the ivy from its massive and immensely thick walls, and then went to a neighboring eminence to have the whole in one *coup d'œil.* It is an impressive ruin, independent of the associations connected with it. It was my design to cross the island of Anglesea and take steamboat for Dublin, where I expected to meet my friend, who left me at Liverpool; but that afternoon a storm set in which frightened me back. I had had some experience in the British channels, and concluded I had rather not see Dublin than again be made as deadly sick as I had been. I went back to Bangor; roamed over the island of Anglesea; saw the stone block, once a sacrifice stone of the ancient Druids; stood on the Menai bridge, next to that of Frybourg, the longest suspension bridge in the world; and finally set sail for Liverpool. Waiting here two weeks, till I could get a state-room to myself, I at last embarked on board the packet England, and dropped down the Channel. Rounding the southern coast of Ireland we stood out to sea, and soon the last vestige of land disappeared behind the waters; and, homeward bound, we were on the wide Atlantic.

There was an incident occurred on leaving port which interested me exceedingly. With the departure of almost every vessel, some poor wretches, without the means to pay their passage, secrete themselves aboard till fairly out to sea, when they creep forth

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from their hiding-places. The captain cannot put back for them, and he cannot see them starve on board his ship; and so they get a free passage to this land, where every man can find work. So common has this become, that an officer is always hired to ransack the vessel while she is being towed out of the harbor. Several were found hid away in ours, whom I saw shoved over into the "tug," as the tow-boat is called, without the least feeling of commiseration. They were such hard, depraved-looking cases, that I thought it no loss to have them kept back from our shores. But at length the officer drew forth a Scotch lad about seventeen years of age, who seemed unlike his companions. Dirty and ragged enough he indeed was, but a certain honest expression in his face, which was covered with tears, interested me in him immediately. I stopped the officer, and asked the boy his name. "Robert S," he replied. "Where are you from?" "Greenock. I am a baker by trade, but my master has broke, and I have come to Liverpool to get work." "Why do you want to go to America?" said I. "To get work," he replied, in his strong Scotch accent. He seemed to have but one idea, and that was *work!* The object of his ambition, the end of his wishes, was the privilege of working. He had wandered around Liverpool in vain; slept on the docks, and lived on the refuse crumbs he could pick up; and as a last resort determined, all alone, to cross the Atlantic to a land where man is allowed the boon of working for his daily bread. I could not let him go ashore, and told the captain that

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I would see that his passage was paid. The passengers joined with me, and I told him he need not be alarmed, he should go to America. I was struck with his reply: said he, in a manly tone, "I don't know how I can pay you, sir, but I will work for you." I gave him clothes, and told him to wash himself up and be cheerful, and I would take care of him. In a short time he became deadly sick, and at the end of a week he was so emaciated and feeble I feared he would die. I said to him one day, "Robert, are you not very sorry now you started for America?" "No, sir!" he replied, "if I can get work there." "Merciful God!" I mentally exclaimed, "has hunger so gnawed at this poor fellow's vitals, and starvation stared him so often in the face, that he can think of no joy like that of being permitted to work!"

Days and weeks passed away, wearisome and lonely, until at length, as we approached the banks of Newfoundland, a heavy storm overtook us. It blew for two days, and the third night the sea was rolling tremendously. The good ship labored over the mountainous billows, while every timber, and plank, and door seemed suddenly to have been endowed with a voice, and screeched, and screamed, and groaned, and complained, till the tumult without was almost drowned by the uproar within. It did not seem possible that the timbers could hold together for an hour, so violently did the vessel work. I could not keep in my berth, and ropes were strung along the deck to enable the sailors to cross from one side to another. I crawled to the cabin door, and holding on with both

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hands, gazed out with strange feelings upon the wild and ruinous waste of waters. We had a host of steerage passengers aboard, whom the captain was compelled to drive below, and fasten down the hatches over them. The sea was breaking madly over the shrinking, shivering ship, as if determined to crush it down; and at every shock of the billows, as they fell in thunder on the deck, the poor wretches below thought themselves going to the bottom, and kept up a constant wailing, screaming, and praying, at once pitiful and ludicrous. Still, I could not blame them; for to one unaccustomed to the sea, the rush and roll of waves on the trembling planks overhead are anything but pleasant sounds. One moment, as we ascended a billow, the jib-boom of our vessel seemed to pierce mid-heaven—the next moment, in her mad and downward plunge it would disappear in the sea, and tons of water come sweeping with a crash over our decks. Once the second mate, who was forward, was caught by one of these furious seas and borne backward the whole length of the deck, against the after-cabin. As the ship pitched again he was carried forward, and the second time borne backward, before he could feel the deck, although the water was running in a perfect torrent from the scuppers the while. Oh! it was a fearful night—the clouds swept in angry masses athwart the heavens, and all around was the mountainous deep, over which our groaning vessel strained with desperate efforts and most piteous complaints. I turned in, sick of the sea; but I could not sleep; for one moment my feet would be pointing

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to the zenith, and the next moment my head, and immediately after, head, body, and legs, would be lying in a confused heap on the state-room floor. As a last resort, I stretched myself on the cabin sofa, which was bolted to the floor, and bade the steward lash me to it with a rope; and strange to say, in this position I dropped asleep and slept till morning. It was the soundest night's rest I ever had at sea. But it is startling to be waked out of sleep by the creaking of timbers and roar of waves; and the spirits feel a sudden reaction that is painful. I staggered on deck, and such a sight I never beheld before. The storm had broken, and the fragmentary clouds were flying like lightning over the sky, while the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was one vast expanse of heaving, tumbling mountains—their bases a bright pea-green, and their ridges white as snow. Over and around these our good ship floundered like a mere toy. On our right, and perhaps three quarters of a mile distant (though it seemed scarcely three rods), lay a ship riding out the storm. When we went down and she went up, I could see the copper on her bottom; and when we both went down together, the tops of her tallest masts disappeared as though she had been suddenly ingulfed in the ocean. The sun at length emerged from a cloud and lighted up with strange brilliancy this strange scene. It was a sublime spectacle, and I acknowledged it to be so; but added mentally, as I clung to a belaying pin and braced against the bulwarks to keep my legs, that I thought it would appear *much better from shore.*

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Days and nights passed away, until at length, a bird came and lighted on our rigging, and then I knew we were near my fatherland. I could have kissed it. The last night came on with rain and storm, and we flew on before the gale with our white wings spread, thankful that it bore us homeward. At noon next day, the clouds broke away, and soon after we took on board a pilot. The sun went down in beauty, and the moon sailed up the golden sky, and the stars came out and smiled on the sea, and all was lovely and entrancing; but soon other lights flashed over the waters, that far outshone both moon and stars—the lights from Sandy Hook. My heart leaped up in my throat at the sight, and an involuntary burst of joy escaped my lips. No bay ever looked so sweet as New York bay the next morning; and when my feet pressed my native land, I loved her better than ever.

* * * * * *

I will only add that my protége, the Scotch boy, was taken care of, and proved worthy of the interest I had taken in him. He is now on the fair road to wealth and prosperity.

The good packet England, a few months after, left Liverpool for New York, and was never heard of more. A better officer than her captain never trod a deck, and her first mate was also a fine man. He had been lately married, and went to sea because it was his only means of livelihood. Alas! the billows now roll over them and their gallant ship together.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE ST. REGIS INDIANS.

It is not my design to give a history of the tribe, which is now nearly extinct. The relics of it are mostly in Canada, though now and then one may be found around the lakes of northern New York, where it used to dwell. Those vast hunting-grounds, and lakes, and rivers filled with the most delicious trout, were once their own. But they have met the doom of the red man of this continent—gradually melted away like the snows of spring. Three years ago, I went through a large portion of the pathless wilderness which lies between Lake Champlain and the River St. Lawrence, extending northward almost to the Mohawk. Here is a tract about four hundred miles in circumference, or more than a hundred miles through, either way, spanned by no road—not even a path—and navigated by no boats except those of the hunter or adventurer. There are but two or three settlements in this entire region, and those consisting only of a few log huts, surrounded by small patches of cleared land. Through these vast solitudes, made gloomier by lofty mountains, and precipices, and deep gorges, the moose, and deer, and panther, and bear, and wolf stray in great numbers.

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At the outset, I plunged fifty miles into the very heart of this wilderness, where I found one of the St. Regis tribe, whom I immediately engaged as a guide and companion. He was rather short, but stoutly built, with straight black hair, black eyes, and that grave, almost solemn expression, so peculiar to the Indian. Taciturn and silent, he seldom spoke unless spoken to, while his laugh never ventured beyond a smile. Cool and prompt, no danger found him unprepared, and no object escaped the searching glance of his keen black eye. I never shall forget the first night we camped out together. A large fire had been built in the open air, and we lay down on the ground with our feet to it—our only covering a few strips of bark that leaned against a horizontal pole, which we had placed on a couple of upright crotched sticks. Our trusty rifles leaned against our rude shanty. Our boat was drawn up on the lake shore below, and all was still and solemn around us as the majestic pine-trees, through whose lofty tops not a breath of air was straying. The smoke of our camp fire curled slowly upward, and its cheerful blaze threw into striking relief the dark trunks that receded away into the night like the columns of a boundless cathedral. Side by side,

"Like brothers true and tried,"

we stretched ourselves out before the fire, and were soon lost in slumber. About midnight, I was waked by the chilliness of the air, and lo, the camp fire had burnt itself nearly out. A few flickering embers still

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threw their fitful light on the swarthy visage of my sleeping companion, and I gazed on his manly form stretched there on the leaves, and around on the gloomy scene, with new and strange emotions. Suddenly I heard a low, crackling sound, like that of an animal crushing bones between his teeth. It came from a thick clump of bushes in a little ravine a few yards distant. Taking my rifle in my hand, I crept stealthily towards the spot, when I found that what I had taken for a bear or wolf was the Indian's dog, slowly munching the head of a deer we had killed the day before. I turned back to our camp fire, and having rekindled a cheerful blaze, sat down and gave myself up to musing. The wind had risen, and the tree-tops were rustling and murmuring overhead; the ripples of the lake fell on the beach like the rattling of a silver chain, while far away on its placid bosom came, at intervals, the lone and lonely cry of the loon. The luminous stars looked brightly down—the only cheerful objects amid that solitude. I crept again to the side of my Indian friend, and was soon forgetful of all. Towards morning I was awakened by a sense of suffocation, as if an enormous pressure were on my breast, and a low growl. I had scarcely time to open my eyes, before the Indian was on his feet, and gazing steadily upon me. That low growl had started him from his sleep like a peal of thunder. His dog had crawled on my breast, and with his huge form stretched upon me and his nose close to my mouth, had uttered the growl which had aroused us both. In an instant I heaved him from my body,

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and was on my feet. "What does this mean?" I exclaimed to the Indian. Without changing a muscle, he replied, "He was watching you; he scented danger near." What it was we never discovered. Day was breaking, and soon the sound of our axe awoke the echoes of the forest, as we began to prepare for breakfast.

This was but the beginning of our acquaintance. For two different seasons have we threaded the forest together, and a truer friend and a better companion I never found. Respectful, considerate, and kind, he in his silent way did everything I could desire. I never in all my intercourse with him heard him use a rough expression but once, and that was when his huge dog, jumping from a rock into our frail boat, upset it, throwing him and his rifle into the lake.

One day we started on an expedition to a beautiful lake I had never visited. Taking a birch-bark canoe, we paddled some ten or twelve miles up the lake on which we had been encamped, and entered the inlet. Slowly stemming the stream, we made our way through the deep forest, until suddenly the roar of a cataract met our ears. Soon after, its white descending waters appeared through the leaves, and we steered for the shore. Here my faithful Indian lifted the canoe from the water, and, turning it over his head, strode through the forest; while I, with a rifle in each hand, and the camp kettle and other utensils strung over my shoulders, followed after. Ascending beyond the cataract, we again launched our frail craft and toiled on. In a short

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time we came to a succession of rapids two miles in length, around which we were compelled to carry our canoe. Thus riding *in* our little vessel, and letting it ride *us*, we proceeded, until at length, late in the afternoon, we emerged into the lake we were seeking. It was a glorious afternoon; the sun was bright and clear, and going like a monarch to his rest amid the purple mountains that towered away in endless succession in the heavens. A strong west wind swept the bosom of the lake, and the miniature waves came flowing like wreaths of gold around our boat. Not a sign of human civilization was to be seen. Mountains of green folded in this beautiful sheet of water, while little green islands, tufted with lofty pine trees, dotted it in every direction. Nothing disturbed the solitude of the scene save the slow flight of the vulture, as he moved lazily over our heads, or the scream of the fish-hawk alarmed for its young.

At length, just before sundown, we went ashore, and pitched our camp amid a clump of dark fir-trees. Wearied and hungry I sat down for awhile, and then asked the Indian if we could get some trout for supper. "We can try," he replied; and so cutting some rude poles, we rigged our lines, and pushed for the inlet to the lake. As we were proceeding slowly along, a sudden "Hist!" from the Indian made me drop my head. "Stop," said he; "I see a deer coming out to feed on that marsh yonder." Nothing but his head had yet appeared, but the quick eye of that Indian would have detected it, if only an ear had projected through the leaves. "Shoot him,"

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said he. "I cannot," I replied; "I am too tired to hold my rifle steady—shoot over me." In a moment his rifle was to his shoulder, and as suddenly dropped again, while he bent almost double to conceal himself. With his eye fixed warily on the deer, that seemed to snuff danger in the air, he rose as the animal commenced feeding, and then as it lifted its head he would drop his own. At length he seemed satisfied with his observations, and, standing perfectly erect, he drew his rifle to his shoulder, where it rested but a moment, and then the quick, sharp report rung through the forest, and the bullet passed directly over my head. The noble deer leaped convulsively into the air, and, wheeling, darted for the woods. The Indian had shot more than a hundred yards at arm's length, and standing upright in a frail bark canoe. On rowing to the spot, no traces of the deer could be discovered. At length, however, the quick eye of my companion detected a single blood spot on a spear of grass. He pointed it out to me, yet it was with the utmost difficulty I could descry it. "He is hit hard," he said, "or he would have bled more." The next moment he was lost in the woods. In a short time I heard the crack of his rifle, followed by a shrill whistle, and on hastening to the spot I found the noble deer stretched in death, and the Indian standing over him. We dragged him to the boat, and, returning to camp, soon had a portion of him roasting on the coals. That was a dark and gloomy night; our fire went out, and the drenching rain came down, and the fog from the lake enveloped us in its thick covering;

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giving to the solemn fir-trees a sombre and ghostlike appearance.

This Indian had married a white wife, and I spent several days with him in his hut. During my stay, his aged father, one of the oldest of his tribe, visited him. With his daughter, some twenty-two years of age, the old man, now verging on *ninety*, had come a hundred and fifty miles from Canada in his bark canoe. His daughter paddled the boat up the streams, carried it around the rapids, built the camp fire at night, cooked the venison, and accompanied him in all his hunting and fishing expeditions. She was a handsome squaw, and her long black hair fell in waving tresses far below her waist. I never could get her to speak to me, not even to answer a question; but she would sit and talk with her brother, in her native tongue, in a low musical tone which charmed me. The old man's head was covered with a mass of white hair, and shook constantly with the palsy. He would sit by the hour and mutter to himself in French and Indian. He was a large, powerful man, but the sands of life were well-nigh run. As I looked upon him, I could not but think of the long journey he had performed through the wilderness —of the tender care this solitary girl had taken of him—and of the affection with which she watched over his feeble age. The eye of the hunter had waxed dim, and the muscular arm lost its steadiness, so that he had been compelled to change his trusty rifle for the fowling-piece. He had a dog with him —half dog and half wolf—which was the quickest,

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sprightliest animal I ever saw. His motions were like lightning, and when he leaped to your caress, so sudden and fierce was his spring, that it seemed as if he were about to tear you in pieces.

The last time I saw this strange couple, I met them on a lonely lake on their return journey to Canada. The old man sat in the bottom of the canoe, while his daughter, bare-headed, with her long black hair filled with white water-lilies, which were also scattered profusely over her form, paddled the frail craft through the water. I watched them as they receded in the distance, with emotions of pity and admiration. Some night that old hunter would lie down by his camp fire, never to rise again, and that young Indian girl would watch beside him alone. Thus in the still forest would she see him die, without one heart to sympathize with her, or one voice to cheer her solitude, then drag his lifeless form to the canoe, and seek with it the graves of her tribe.

I shall never forget the last look I had of that old Indian and his daughter, and shall long remember those relics of the St. Regis tribe.

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CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE ADAPTATION OF ONE'S INTELLECTUAL EFFORTS TO THE CHARACTER OF HIS OWN MIND AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH HE IS PLACED.

THE necessity of adapting all one's intellectual efforts to the character of his mind, furnishes a wide range of varied and interesting thought, finding illustrations in the mathematician and poet, the novelist and chemist, the historian and the humorist. To trace out the workings of different minds in their peculiar departments would be a delightful and instructive task. "Know thyself," was written on the temple of Apollo, and though a heathen injunction, outweighs volumes of wholesome counsel. Perhaps there is no motive operating so powerfully on the mind of the young student as the unexpressed desire to excel as a speaker, a man of letters or of genius. Probably there is no vision which floats so dazzlingly before the spirit of the ambitious scholar as the sight of himself, holding an audience spellbound by the force of his eloquence or the displays of his genius in some department of learning or of art. If the secrets of the studio were revealed, the dreams of the ambitious sleeper uttered aloud, and the irrepressible longings of his spirit breathed in the ear, they would

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all speak of this one bright vision. True, this dream, except in a few cases, is never fully realized. It results from the consciousness of power which the soul feels as it first steps across the threshold into the great intellectual universe, and expands to the deepening, growing prospect above and around it. But a man may sit for ever and gaze upon the hill-top of his desires; invested though it be with real splendor, without industry on his part, he might as well gaze on the moon. To have this industry well applied; to excel at all in our primary exertions, or after efforts, we must let the mind work to its natural tendencies.

Neither the mind nor its tendencies are created by education; they are simply developed, corrected, and strengthened. Every mind has its peculiarities, its own way of viewing a question, and its mode of presenting it. In some one thing it is better than in all others. There are the feebler and the stronger powers, and *to know where one's intellectual strength lies* is the *first* lesson to be learned, but it is one that many never learn. Our taste is not the judge on this point; for taste is only a cultivated quality, receiving its character from the influences under which it has been educated. Mistaking *taste* for genius is the rock on which thousands have split. It has hurried many a young and struggling author into scenes of bitter disappointment and an early grave. A *taste* for poetry is not the divine "afflatus," nor a love for eloquence its heaven-imparted power. Mistaking taste for genius effectually prevents a man from un-

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derstanding its true intellectual strength. One, perhaps, has been educated to consider the true power of a speaker to consist in logical argument, and calm, deliberate discussion; while his own mind is highly imaginative, and its power consists in the force and beauty of its illustrations; the new forms under which its presents truth; its resistless appeals, and impassioned bursts of feeling. To comply with the rigid taste under which it has been educated, the mind would leave untouched its greatest powers, and labor to lead out those most weakly developed, and which never can become more than ordinary. On the other hand, a cool mathematician, whose imagination never flew beyond a diagram, may possess a wonderful penchant for the pathetic and highly figurative. He may struggle for ever, but his efforts will be like measuring poetry by the yard, or gauging beauty with rule and compass. How many illustrations of this truth have been presented to each of us in our lifetime. My memory refers this moment to two. One, whose mind was of a bold and ardent character, wished to be reputed a cool and laborious metaphysician. To secure this reputation, he labored through life against Nature herself. Sometimes, when suddenly excited, he would break away from the fetters in which he had enthralled himself, and burst with startling power upon his auditors. But he controlled these ebullitions of feeling, as he termed them, and, with the power of excelling as an orator, he died as a common metaphysician. The other probably never could have been a great man; yet all the excellence

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he possessed consisted in the plain, practical, common sense view he took of a subject adapted to instruct or benefit his hearers. But he had a wonderful taste for the pathetic. He fondly believed he was fitted to stir an audience with lofty feeling, and bear them away on the resistless tide of strong emotion. Mistaking the structure of his mind, he consequently always failed, but consoled himself with the reflection that no human power could arouse and agitate such marble hearts. He never tore a passion to tatters, like a declamatory schoolboy; but he gently rocked it to rest, then made a serious caricature of it. He would turn even a tragedy into a comedy. "Know thyself," is a difficult but necessary lesson. Many a man considers himself a sound critic of a speaker's or writer's power, while he brings every one to the same test—*his own taste*. But minds are as various in their construction as natural scenery in its aspects. There is the bold outline of the mountain range, with its rocks and caverns and gloomy gorges; and there is the great plain, with its groves and streamlets. There are the rough torrent and headlong cataract, and there is the gentle river, winding in perfect wantonness through the vale, as if it loved and strove to linger amid its beauties; there is the terrific swoop of the eagle, and the arrow-like dart of the swallow; there are the thunder-cloud and rainbow, the roar of the ocean and the gentle murmur of the south wind; all, all unlike, yet all attractive, and all possessing their admirers. The same Divine hand that created and spread out this

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diversified scenery, has formed mind with aspects as various, and it appears most attractive in that which the Creator has given it.

I recollect of seeing, some years ago, a contrast, drawn by a western man, between Dr. Beecher and Bishop M'Ilvaine. I do not recollect the author's name, nor can I now recall much of the comparison; but, among other things, he remarked, that the structure and movement of their minds were as different as the structure and movement of their bodies —one abrupt, vehement, and rapid; the other calm, easy, and graceful.

The thoughts of one are like a chest of gold rings; of the other, like the links of an iron chain. One makes the sky above you all sunshine and beauty; the other makes one half of it too bright for mortal eye to gaze upon, the other half with thunder-cloud piled on thunder-cloud, and above all the wheels of Providence rolling. These men are both eloquent; yet how different the orbits in which their minds revolve. One never could be the other. One is the torrent among the hills; the other the stream along the meadows. One startles; the other delights. One agitates; the other soothes. One ever asks for the war bugle, and pours through it a rallying cry that would almost wake the dead; the other cries, "bring out the silver trumpet," and breathes his soul into it till the melody dies away in the human heart like sunset on the heavens. Some one drawing a contrast between Lord Brougham and Canning, remarks that the mind of one (Lord Brougham) is like a con-

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cave mirror, converging all the rays of light that fall upon it into one tremendous and burning focus; the mind of the other, like a convex mirror, scattering the rays as they strike it, till it shines and glitters from every point you view it. So Longinus, speaking of Demosthenes and Cicero, says, one is like the mountain torrent, bearing away everything by the violence of its current; the other a consuming fire, wandering hither and thither over the fields, ever burning, and ever finding something to consume. Every great speaker and writer in our own land has his peculiar style, that no other one can appropriate to himself. How do all these varieties occur? From obeying the great—I might say greatest—maxim, "Look into thine own heart, then *write*." Walter Scott would doubtless have died an ordinary man if he had continued the law, to which external circumstances seemed resolved to chain him. No one supposes that every man has powers so strikingly developed as those I have noticed. The upward tendencies of some minds are so powerful, that no education can subdue or change them, and, Titan-like, they will arise, though mountains are piled on them. But in more ordinary ones, the better qualities are not so prominent; they must be sought out and cultivated. These varieties as really exist in the most common intellects as in great ones. A backwoodsman very soon knows whether he is better on the dead lift or vigorous leap, but how few who write or speak know in what direction their *minds* work with greatest power; and yet, till they do, they never can

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receive their best cultivation. A man destitute of imagination might as well attempt to fly with leaden wings, as strive to excel in highly descriptive and ornamental, or figurative writing. While, on the contrary, let one with a youthful, ardent, and highly imaginative mind, assume the deliberate judge and deep philosopher, and aim to make every word weigh a pound, and he will appear at best like a child with his grandfather's spectacles on. And yet the world is full of these unnatural efforts, till the mind often loses all its elasticity and playfulness on the one hand, and all its force and power on the other. Indeed, sober-minded men often compliment themselves on the soundness of their judgments in condemning writers and speakers, when they ought to be reproved for the narrowness of their views. That man who, on listening to a beautiful poem, satirically inquired at the close what it all proved, doubtless considered himself blessed with a vastly deep and philosophical mind. What did it prove? It proved there was harmony in the universe besides the jingle of dollars and cents—that there was beauty in the world besides lines and angles, railroads and canals. Many seem to think there is nothing proved, except by a long train of consecutive reason. As if the stars and the blue sky, the caroling of birds, and the music of running waters, proved nothing! They prove much to one who has an eye and ear to perceive and understand them. Said a great scholar and distinguished man once to me, "Mrs. Hemans never wrote a single line of poetry in her life." *Vastly*

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profound! Methinks such a man could discourse systematically on the compact, scientifically-built wall of a garden all day, and never behold a single flower it inclosed. For such minds beauty and harmony are created in vain. It is this rigidity of taste that often paralyzes the powers of the finest-wrought minds. The variety which God has created is disregarded, and every one is brought to the same iron-like standard. The mind is doubtless, in a thousand instances, injured before it is old enough to compare for itself. How many parents regard institutions of learning as so many intellectual mills, into which every variety of mind is to be tossed, and come out well-bolted intellectual flour! How little do they study the different characters of those under their control! and while they fondly believe they are granting them equal opportunities by the course they pursue, they are using means adapted to develop the best powers of one, and the weakest of the other. Let not the reader suppose that the intellect is self-educated; that Nature is an unerring guide, and he must follow as far as she leads. She directs to which species the variety belongs, gently admonishing man to cultivate it according to the character of the plant. Nor do I suppose she has inclosed a path for any particular mind to tread in without deviation to the right hand or to the left, but that there is *one* in which it can move with greater facility and pleasure. There is one aspect of it more attractive than all the rest. I may be considered as having given an undue importance to this subject, but I am confident that no

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one has advanced far without knowing what his best powers are. Cultivate an ordinary mind so that it may possess its greatest power, and it will be regarded as a giant in this world of misapplied effort.

The latter part of this subject—the adaptation of one's self to circumstances—may seem at first sight to conflict with the former, namely, that one should consult the peculiar tendencies and powers of his own mind in his mental efforts. But it does not; for although one may possess an excellence on which he must mainly rely, yet there may be some circumstances calling forth a lower order of powers that shall exhibit the mind to greater advantage from the very beauty of the adaptation itself. Besides, the desired result does not always depend on the *weight* of the given blow, but on the direction it takes, and the point of contact. So the mind cannot always produce the greatest results by the employment of its greatest powers. That depends very much upon the minds with which it comes in collision, and the tastes it has to encounter. When there is a broad and striking contrast in the occasion, this rule is always followed. No one would make the same address on a funeral occasion and jubilee day. But reflective men go farther, and adapt their efforts to the different intellectual capacities of assemblies and their various habits of feeling. The necessity of regarding this variety of taste and habits of thought is seen by one who has traveled in different sections of the world. The same speech would be very differently estimated in this State, in the far South, and in the

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Western States. One that would please the taste of most Southern assemblies would be considered too flowery and ornamental by an assembly here; while an address that would be regarded *here* as very sound and logical, might rock many a Western audience to sleep. Some divines, able to control large parishes in New England, could not keep a Western congregation together. Uncultivated countries naturally draw into them men of a bold and ardent character. The startling appeal, the bold figure, and fearless action, correspond to their habits of thought and manner of living. I suppose many a sound Eastern lawyer would have been an unsuccessful rival against Col. Crockett, among the latter's constituents. I do not introduce this to show that one should assume the bad manners of others to move them. But to elevate those whose mental habits have been directly opposed to his own to what he considers correct taste, is a long and difficult process, and never can be done unless he throws himself somewhat into the current of their thoughts and feelings. Who would think, for instance, of moving a French audience, with all their ardor, by the same kind of eloquence that he would the Dutch, their neighbors; or address an Italian assembly, with their poetic feeling and deep sentiment, in the same strain that he would an English one? Similar, though not so striking contrasts, sometimes exist in towns that border on each other. Daniel O'Connell does not harangue in the same style in the British Parliament that he does before his Irish constituents. Place a man of great and *varied* powers

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before a small audience of savans, perchance the faculty of a university, and if he wishes to convince them of some abstract proposition, he keeps his heart as emotionless as marble—imagination furls her wings in repose, and naked reason toils alone. He advances from argument to argument with a watchfulness that eludes suspicion, and omitting no proof that strengthens his cause, he presses right on to the point towards which he is laboring, till at length, with all the gravity of a mathematician, he exclaims, "quod erat demonstrandum." Place him the next hour, as a political aspirant, in the midst of a motley multitude, and he that was a moment before all moderation, suddenly becomes all appeal and declamation. The most extravagant assertions, and exaggerated statements, bring down upon his head thunders of applause. Let him the next hour be transported before an enlightened audience, and he one moment enchains attention by a train of rapid reasoning—now startles with a sudden flight of the imagination, and again delights by the harmonious flow of his sentences. He receives the admiration of all by adapting himself at times to each. I do not suppose that minds usually possess such varied powers, but the fact is a forcible illustration of the principle of adaptation, on which those act who seek to influence others, and which must control more or less every one who would directly benefit any. Men study well the rules of the schools, but very defectively that strange and restless thing, the human heart.

This principle operates so extensively that what

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would be considered violent declamation in some circumstances would be the truest eloquence in others. Take, as an illustration, the speech which Sir Walter Scott puts in the mouth of Ephraim McBriar, when addressing the Covenanters after a successful battle. It exhibits his wonderful knowledge of the human heart. The Covenanters had been driven from their homes and altars by the merciless Claverhouse and his followers, till at length, hunted even among the hills and caverns, and driven to despair, they turned at bay, and falling on their pursuers, repulsed them with great slaughter, leaving the field covered with the slain. As the last shout of battle died away on the mountain air, with their brows yet unbent from the stern conflict, and their hands crimson with the blood of their foes, they gathered together on the field of death, and demanded a sermon from one of their preachers. Amid the silent dead, encompassed by the everlasting hills, beneath the open sky, those stern and fiery-hearted men stood and listened. A young man, scarce twenty years of age, arose, pale from watching, fasts, and long imprisonment—the hectic flush on his cheek writing his early doom. But as he stood, and cast his faded eye over the multitude and over the scene of battle, his cheek burned with a sudden glow, and a smile of triumph played around his lips. His voice at first faint and low, was scarce heard by the immense multitude, but gathering strength and volume from his increasing emotion, its clear and startling tones fell at length like a trumpet-call on the ears of the throng. He wished to nerve

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them to sterner conflicts, and urge them on to new victories, and what should be the character of his address? Should he attempt to convince those wronged and hunted men of the righteousness of their cause? From history and law should he calmly prove the right of defending themselves against the oppressor? No; such argument would have been tame amid the stormy feelings that agitated their bosoms. He at first awoke indignation by describing their outraged altars and violated homes. He spoke of the Church, compared her to Hagar, watching the waning life of her infant in the desert—to Rachel, mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted; then suddenly taking fire at the wrongs in which he felt a common interest, he bursts forth: "Your garments are stained, but not with the blood of beasts—your swords are filled with blood, but not of bullocks or goats; neither are these wild hills around you a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and torches; but these are the corpses of men who rode to battle—these hills are your altars, and your own good swords the instruments of sacrifice; wherefore turn not back from the slaughter on which ye have entered, like the worthies of old; but let every man's hand be like the hand of the mighty Samson, and every man's sword like that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banners of the Reformation are spread abroad on the mountains in their first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." In this wild and

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enthusiastic manner he continued, till at his single bidding those iron-hearted men would have "rushed to battle as to a banquet, and embraced death with rapture." I do not speak of the moral character of such an appeal, but of its adaptedness to produce the effect he desired, and to establish the fact that even declamation may become eloquence, and argument be equivalent to nonsense. He wished the resistance unto blood which had commenced should not terminate through hesitating fears and calm reflection. He wished them to be upborne by the same lofty enthusiasm that sustained him in the perils and death that surrounded him. To effect these objects, he acted with consummate skill. Powerful minds study more carefully than we imagine the principle I have advanced. There is no doubt that it should be the design of all intellectual efforts to make men wiser and better. But truth may be clothed in garments various as the different phases which the human mind assumes. Its illustrations are as diversified as the forms of nature, and on the appropriateness of them its power and success very much depend. I know there is an objection in the hearts of some good men against exciting emotion; they prefer calm, deliberate reason. But the danger seems to me to consist in the *means* used to awaken it. The feelings are transient, but the effect they work while in being may not be. In agitating times men govern too much by enlisting the sympathies, while in calm and ordinary times they entirely neglect it. To hear some men speak, one would think the heart was quite

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a redundant thing, or at least very subordinate; and thought and reason alone regal. But the heart also knows how to play the despot, and it is more difficult to arouse it than to convince the reason. The greatest truths in the universe are as clear as daylight to the mass of enlightened men. But reason regards them with a cold and stony eye till the heart kindles upon them. It is easier to make the judgment assent than to awaken emotion. It requires a master hand to sweep successfully that strange and delicate instrument, the human heart. Any man can easily learn to adjust the strings of an instrument, and prove the design and propriety of every part, till reason is satisfied with its construction; but it is quite another thing to make it discourse sweet music, and breathe forth harmony, to which the spirit's harp gives out a continual response. As much as men deprecate sudden impulses, if governed by truth they often originate right action when nothing else would do it. In the first House of Delegates, doubt, fear, and irresolution characterized all its proceedings, till Patrick Henry arose, and by a short and stirring appeal, poured his determined and excited soul into every bosom. Then the cry of "To arms! to arms!" ran like wild-fire from lip to lip. When strong emotion sleeps, the baser passions often rule, and man's habitual selfishness becomes the dominant motive. One's first thoughts may not be the best, yet the first feelings on good subjects generally are.

These principles apply with equal force to writers. In all those works which impart the greatest plea-

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sure, we behold the heart of the author written out. They all follow the direction, "Look into thine own heart, then write." One excels in description, another in humor; one in colloquy, another in discussion. Some minds work with greatest power when thrown into collision with other minds, as steel and flint when brought in contact emit fire.

But rules are useless without enthusiasm—they form the structure and muscles, but the breath of life is needed. It is the great moving power bestowed on man—it is, indeed, his only inspiration. When, under its influence, thoughts which reflection never could have suggested, come rushing like angels upon him, and visions, gorgeous as the midnight heavens, and as real, throng about him, until the soul toils like a giant amid the terrible elements it has gathered around it. It constitutes the wings of the soul, by which it scales heights mere industry never could reach. It is the divine afflatus, and when kindled upon truth, will make the laggard blood roll like lava through the veins.

An American once entered the church of Robert Hall, when that eloquent divine was fast sinking under the ravages of disease. As he arose and leaned feebly on the desk, and glanced over the multitude, his eye was dull and dead in its sunken socket, and around it that dark and sickly hue which denotes great physical exhaustion. His cheek was hollow, and his voice low, and scarcely audible. He proceeded in this manner for some time, when a sudden flash passed over his countenance, lighting the

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eye; and giving fullness to the cheek. It disappeared, and the eye lapsed again into its dullness, and the features into their wan expression. After a short interval, that sudden glow a second time kindled over his countenance, and remaining a little longer than before, again subsided away. But the intervals between them gradually became shorter, and the duration of the excitement longer, till at length the veins swelled to their utmost fullness and remained so—the eye lightened to its intensest brilliancy and burned on, while thought after thought, such as seemed never to have fallen from mortal lips before, poured over the audience, and at the close they found themselves standing erect, gazing up into the face of the orator. Enthusiasm came to him in his weakness like a good angel, keying up for him the strings of his shattered harp, which he could not do for himself—not too suddenly and violently—but gradually, till in perfect tune. It bade the player sweep it; he obeyed, and it discoursed sweetest harmony. Reason never could have strung up that man's failing sinews so, nor brought those vivid conceptions to his soul, nor poured such a torrent of eloquence from his lips. Lord Brougham never exhibits his great qualities as an orator, till he has wrought himself into this overwhelming excitement. Not till his mind seems in a state of fusion are the red-hot bolts launched from it.

It was this that made Paul appear like a minister of vengeance when he reasoned with Felix of the judgment to come. As he proceeded in his dis-

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course, and the scenes of that terrible day passed before his vision—forgot were all—the noble auditory, his bonds, his coming fate. That palace seemed to shrink away before the descending God—its massive walls crumble before the archangel's trumpet—the throne was set—the judge had ascended the seat—before him stood that terrible throng awaiting their doom—gone was the contemptuous sneer and careless smile, and look of incredulity; and when the fearful speaker closed, the haughty Felix trembled. Not even the sneer of Tertullus could prevent conviction.

"No orator for God, or his country, or injured innocence, was ever eloquent without enthusiasm. No poet ever sung in strains that made him immortal, unless he felt the spirit of enthusiasm like the pressure of a sensible presence upon him. No artist ever made the canvas breathe with power without it. Nor, without it, would have come those great conceptions, that, wrought out, made the dumb marble eloquent. Some of the most gifted have been called crazed, till the groves they have made sweet with their song are silent for ever, and the world learns why they are silent, and calls to them in vain to return. Then the enthusiast is deified, and man enacts his former folly over again." Enthusiasm forces a man to forget his miserable, selfish schemes and act from his loftier impulses. "The enthusiasm of the patriot is the self-devotion of Winkelried, of Tell, of Curtius, of the first Brutus, of Washington.

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"The enthusiasm of the bar is the face of Moses from the top of Horeb.

"The enthusiasm of the pulpit is the pillar of fire and of cloud, the symbol of joy to the Church, and of terror to its enemies." In all trades and professions, in all occupations of whatever character, enthusiasm is the impulsive power that carries one to eminence in it. The ideal perfect which it ever presents to the view, acts as an increasing stimulus to urge him on to still greater excellence, till, at length, he may die unsatisfied, but blessing the world. A man cannot have enthusiasm, without possessing with it a love for the perfect and the beautiful in that he seeks after. The conceptions it brings to the mind are all beyond the reality. It lifts the standard of perfection a little higher and higher, still urging him on, while, like the rainbow, it keeps receding as he advances. He never finds the spot where its light arch rests its foot. He can only gaze at the curve as it bows above the storm-cloud. It is to this hot pursuit after perfection we owe all that is grand and beautiful in language or art. The man who boasts of being no enthusiast, is never troubled with this longing after the faultless, and never seeks it, and hence never excels. He has the good sense to be very well satisfied with what he does. He pities the enthusiastic, dissatisfied lover of perfection, as the steady old dray-horse commiserated the fiery Pegasus, when he would gall his breast with such fiery leaps against his harness. If that dray-horse could have spoken, he would have said, "Keep cool, Pegasus, and take

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a steady jog like me. You only get thumps for your pains. Besides, you wear your strength out at the start. You will not be a long liver, I fear, Pegasus."

But the soul needs excitement to give it force. This enthusiasm may not be boisterous, indeed, never come to the surface at all, but, calm and deep, burn on like a hidden fire. It matters not, so that it only has an existence. Under its influence man breaks away from those petty fears which cramp thought and feeling, and exhibits that daring which of itself will create genius. He then writes, with his own *heart* not a critical *audience* before him.

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CHAPTER XXII.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Most great men, though constituting a part of the world's history, belong more especially to the age in which they lived. Their greatness consists in being the leader and forerunner or impersonation of the spirit of that age. A military leader becomes the most renowned in the era which produced him; but the tactics of a Cæsar or Alexander give way to more scientific rules, and they are great only in the past. When feudalism was at its height, the noblest, strongest feudal lord received the homage and admiration of all, but he exerted no influence on the age that succeeded him. When the Machiavellian policy was regarded as the true science of government, men of Talleyrand's principles and intellect were looked upon as leaders and examples, but the present century repudiates them.

Thus, the great warrior and the great statesman are seen only in their relations to a policy and state of things which can never be recalled. Washington differs from all these, in that he stands the embodiment of principles instead of *measures;*—principles, too, that outlive dynasties and kingdoms, and are destined to change the face of the world. The doc-

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trine of self-government—the freedom to think, to speak, and to act, these point for ever to Washington as their great champion. Instead of belonging to the age in which he lived, he is less in it than he will be in all subsequent ones. Republicanism then had only a small nook in which to do him honor; and while the civilized world revered his virtue and greatness, it looked upon his views as visionary and impracticable. But since that time, what changes have taken place! The principles he established have shaken the thrones of Europe to their foundations, and are, this moment, making playthings of crowns and crowned heads. The ages coming and to come are the ones in which he will be greatest. Nations, that from remotest time have slumbered in darkness, are just opening their eyes, and the name of Washington is to be their rallying cry and their hope. And the more trustless, and selfish, and ambitious, republican leaders are found to be, the more reverently will the disappointed, betrayed people turn to Washington, and pray for his spirit to return. Hence, instead of being less, he will be more written about, the older the world grows—until at last, when the great structure of liberty is completed, he will stand on the topmost stone.

Of Washington's boyhood but little is known, except what uncertain tradition has left us. His ancestors in England distinguished themselves in various spheres. His genealogy is somewhat broken. There is a parish in the county of Durham, called Washington, which, in the 12th century, was held by William

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de Herthum. In 1345, "the resident family had assumed a local name, and William de Wessyngton, knight, then held manor and title."* This name gradually changed, sometimes written Wessington, and again Wasshington. The family distinguished itself in the wars of Cromwell. It seems they were then cavaliers, and struck boldly for Charles Stuart. One of them was governor of Worcester, and held it for a long time against the parliamentary forces under Fairfax. He fought also at Bristol. The line of descent, however, as before remarked, is broken, and our hero's connection with this old family is not known. His direct ancestor came to this country in 1657—John and Lawrence Washington having left England during Cromwell's usurpation. John was the great grandfather of George, who was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, 22d of February, 1732. When he was but eleven years old his father died, leaving him a handsome plantation. He had been married twice, and of the ten children born to him, five only lived to mature years. George was the child of his second wife. The mother of Washington was thus left with a large family on her hands, which she managed and educated in a manner that reflects the highest honor on herself—and had the satisfaction of seeing her labors rewarded in the honorable career each member of it afterwards pursued. Sparks says, "It has been said that there never was a great man, the elements of whose great-

* Huthcum's Hist. of Durham.

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ness might not be traced to the original characteristics or early influence of his mother. If this be true, how much do mankind owe to the mother of Washington!"

We would like to know more of the history of this mother and child, and see what kind of a plant produced the glorious tree that shaded a nation, and is still shaking down its freedom on the world. That nice sense of humor which never forsook him, and that love of honor which nothing could shake, must, in the ever changeful life which belongs to childhood, have caused many interesting passages between the son and mother, that filled the bosom of the latter with fond pride and noble expectations. A child that would not tell a falsehood, how strong soever the temptation, nor do an unjust or ignoble thing, in whatever circumstances he might be placed, was worth watching and remembering, even though he reached no after eminence.

His education, of course, was limited, for no colleges had then been founded in the colonies. Those parents who wished to give their children a finished education were compelled to send them to England. George Washington had only the advantages of a common school, or of a private tutor, and hence the branches he pursued were those only which would aid him as a practical business man. These he soon mastered, for he is represented as having been remarkably studious, industrious, and teachable; of a fine athletic frame, handsome and open countenance, he was the pride of the school to which he belonged.

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Full of enthusiasm and frolic, he was the first in all those violent sports so common to boyhood. With a step elastic as a panther, and a grasp like that of steel, it mattered not to him whether it was the race, the jump, or the close wrestle, he was always ready for either. Knowing the immense strength of the *man*, we may well believe tradition that he was seldom conquered. But his superiority in all physical endowments, did not render him a bully, or make him the terror of his playmates. Though his hand was quick to repel a wrong, it was never raised to commit one. His joyous blue eye could kindle at injustice, but free-hearted mirth and genuine kindness were its prevailing expression.

The warlike spirit seems inherent in our nature, for rarely do we find boys who have reached the age of fourteen, who do not know half the manual. Cockades and feathers, wooden swords and guns, and mimic battles seem as natural to them, as to the other sex the domestic sports they engage in.

The playmates of Washington formed themselves into companies, and many a bloodless field was fought by our young hero, little thinking of the terrible struggles he was destined to go through. Of course, he was always commander. A boy of his superior physical endowments would never be long found in the ranks—it was short work fighting his way up.

He was the arbiter in the disputes that arose among his companions. Did any disagreement occur in their mimic battles, or was any unfair advantage taken, about which the young Hotspurs wished to fight in

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earnest, George's word was sufficient to restore concord. No higher compliment could be paid to his truth and justice than this confidence of his playmates. Children are not apt to be governed much by reason when excited, and feeling is much more powerful with them than judgment. Hence his character must have been singularly upright and noble, to have maintained such an ascendancy over them. It was the germ, which was afterwards fully developed when he stood at the head of the American army. Nothing is more common than for a steady lad, prompt to strike, to settle difficulties summarily, by throwing his influence with one party or the other; but it is rare that the sense of justice in one so young, is more commanding than the sense of strength. But he seemed to have in his youth all those noble qualities which, fully developed, made him so perfect a man. Though full of life and passion, and panting for action, he was studious in the extreme; and with a judgment far beyond his years, laid the foundation of a thorough practical man. When but thirteen years of age, he began to keep manuscript schoolbooks, which have been preserved by the family. Here are whole pages taken up with copies of notes of hand, receipts, bills of sale and exchange, deeds, bonds, land warrants, &c. The rosy-cheeked and frolicksome boy of thirteen, forced himself into all the dry details of business, that he might be furnished for the duties of a man. But even here, the opposite qualities which distinguished him as commander exhibited themselves in quick feeling and enthusiasm,

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and a careful, correct judgment; for between his bills of sale, land warrants, notes of hand, &c., occur snatches of poetry.

The most remarkable part of this manuscript, however, is, as Mr. Sparks observes, a compiled system of maxims, under the head of "Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation." They cover pages, and, in a boy of thirteen, evince a singular maturity of judgment. Out of nearly sixty, we venture to give a few by way of illustration.

The first: "Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present." Then follow several of a similar character, prescribing rules of conduct when in company. Another is, "Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

Another, which he followed in after life, is, "Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend deliver not before others."

The following was, perhaps, equally binding on him: "Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to them that speak in private." Aaron Burr violated this rule once in Washington's head-quarters, in Newburgh. The house is still standing, and the room entire, where it occurred. Washington was busily engaged in writing a letter; when Burr, supposing it referred to matters he was anxious to know about, cautiously approached the back of Washington's chair, and began to look over his

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shoulder. So wary had been his tread, that his foot-fall was not heard; but his shadow passing across the mirror, directly in front of his commander, arrested the latter's attention, and looking hastily up, his stern glance encountered the embarrassed eye of Burr. "*Mr. Burr,*" said Washington, and then stopped short; while the detected culprit, quailing before that look of scorn, beat a hasty retreat.

Equally indicative of his character is the following: "Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise." It was a mighty task he undertook, when he resolved to redeem his country from the British yoke; yet he gloriously performed it; and to him the historian may proudly point and say, "*There is a man whose promise was never broken.*" We will give but three others showing how deep the Christian and moral precepts of his mother had sunk in his heart.

"When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

"*Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.*"

Nobly were these maxims carried out in his after life—but what a singular collection to be made by a lad of thirteen. One would hardly think that a child of that age could understand, much less adopt such maxims as rules of action. Although they reflect great honor on his boyish character, they illustrate fairly that of his mother. Oh, how she must have

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striven to implant noble and upright sentiments in her child, to have her labors crowned with such early success. Unseen by mortal eye—impelled alone by a mother's deep and holy love and high religious principle, she sowed the seeds of truth, honor, morality, and religion, in his heart, so soon as it was capable of receiving any impressions at all. We love to call up in imagination the boy of thirteen, full of life, athletic, and panting for the active sports of the playground, turning from the boisterous game, and, with a sober countenance, sitting down to pen such maxims as we have quoted above. Even in his childhood he had two distinct lives—one outward, with his companions, and the other inward, and all his own. *They* saw his arm always stretched for the keen wrestle, or stripped for the race, or bold and active, ready for any deed of daring or hardihood; they saw him also honorable, generous, just, and kind; but they could not see the thoughts and feelings that swayed him as he sat for hours and penned maxims or rules which would have done honor to a gray-headed man.

These manuscript books of that early age, show clearly that, even then, he was conscious of the violent passions that threatened to master him, and that his ardent temperament needed every check he could lay upon it. Good but stupid men have endeavored to show that George Washington, when a boy, was always calm, passionless, nay, cold, imagining that violence of feeling was derogatory to his character. Without those strong emotions that sometimes swept

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like a hurricane over his heart, he never could have loved the hardy sports he engaged in, nor chosen, as he afterwards did, the life of a soldier. To that strong and excitable nature of his, he owed the energy, and daring, and fearful resolution in the moment of extremest danger which distinguished him, and which, at those times, made his nearest friend shrink from him appalled.

But such a nature needs strong restraints, and it is evident his mother understood it, and had the rare art, possessed by so few parents, of teaching him *to govern himself*. This lesson must have been enforced on him with the most solemn admonitions, to have made so deep an impression on him at that age. He shackled himself with a multiplicity of rules; and hence, easily attained that self-control which formed so distinguished a trait in his character. Of a healthful constitution, robust frame, and daring spirit, he possessed all the elements of a headstrong and violent nature; and, had he been cursed with such a mother as nurtured Byron, his career, though brilliant, would have been fearful. The very liberty he won, he might have trampled under foot, and used the power he gained only to aggrandize himself. But, like the young Moses in his ark of bulrushes, a higher Being guarded his destiny. A joyous and free-hearted boy he romped with his fellows, scarcely thinking of the future; and yet the while, the sleepless eye of Him who rules the fate of nations, and has decreed the liberty of the beings he has made, watched his grow-

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ing years, shaped his youthful tendencies, and guarded him in the hour of danger.

Washington, as the young arbiter of his companions' disputes, is the miniature of the patriot who harmonized the conflicting elements which, but for him, would have wrecked the hopes of freedom.

We are told that when Washington was fourteen years of age, a project was set on foot which well-nigh changed the destiny of our hero and of the world. His eldest brother, Lawrence, was an English officer, and had fought gallantly at the siege of Carthagena, and distinguished himself in several battles. Observing George's natural turn, he obtained, through Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, a midshipman's warrant for him. This appointment was considered highly fortunate by the family, and filled George with unbounded delight. His love of action and adventure could now be gratified to the full, while a career of glory and honor seemed open to his ardent imagination. It was evident that his mother was consulted respecting the appointment, and at first acquiesced in the plan. The situation, difficult to obtain for a young American, offered too many inducements to be slightly rejected; but when the time came for her son's departure, her solicitude for his success in life gave way before the strength of maternal affection. To see her fair-haired boy, only fourteen years old, taken from her arms and consigned to the rough usage of sailors, to be rocked by the storms of the ocean, and exposed to all the corrupting influences of a sea life—nay, perhaps

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his youthful form wrecked on some lonely coast, or shattered by a cannon-ball in the fierce conflict, was more than she could bear. She knew his daring spirit too well; and though she loved his proud bearing, by her side, her heart told her that it would carry him into the thickest of the fight. We may well believe, also, that the temptations to immorality had great weight with her. She had implanted in him principles of truth, honor, and religion; and as he stood before her a virtuous and obedient son, he promised to be a man of no common character; and it was too great a risk to let him drift away from her influence, and be thrown amid temptations few have been found able to resist. Besides, *she was a widow*, and he her eldest son; on whom in her old age she was to lean, and to whom she must look for the support of her young family. As all these things crowded upon her, backed by a mother's deep love, no wonder she at first hesitated and finally decided against the project.

Mr. Jackson, a friend of the family, wrote to Lawrence Washington, who had procured the appointment, saying, "I am afraid Mrs. Washington will not keep up to her first resolution. She seems to dislike George's going to sea, and says several persons have told her it was a bad scheme. She offers several trifling objections, such as fond, unthinking mothers habitually suggest; and I find that one word against his going has more strength than ten for it."

To a practical business man, her sad forebodings,

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and greater fears of the wreck of the moral nature, seemed imaginary terrors.

She was continually beset by her friends, and we are told that George himself struggled hard to overcome her objections. How full of interest and of pathos must those interviews have been which took place between mother and son. On the one side were the strong desire for the worldly welfare and advancement of her child, and sad forebodings and tender love warring in a mother's heart—and on the other, the bold and daring hopes and extravagant promises of the boy of fourteen; promises which the fond parent loved to hear, but which she knew were the offspring of boyish dreams and a warm imagination. We should love to have witnessed the last interview of all, and seen the caresses, and tears, and endearing appellations she showered on the noble-hearted boy, as at last, overcome by her entreaties and her fears, he threw his arms about her neck and promised never to leave her.

Not long after this he left school, and went to live with his brother Lawrence, on the Potomac River. The latter had called his place Mount Vernon, in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had fought, and who had interested himself so much in George's appointment. Here he devoted himself to mathematics. Having let the golden opportunity of securing fame pass by, there seemed nothing before him but the simple life of a farmer. But in his case the lines proved pre-eminently *true:*—

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

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We move along swayed by various motives and governed in the main by circumstances. Choice is left us, and we are at liberty to make it, and yet there seem instances in life where, without infringing on our free agency, an unseen power impels us inevitably toward a given point. To a believer in chance, how full of danger must that interval of suspense appear on which hung the future destiny of Washington. If he had entered the navy, he never would have been Commander-in-chief of the American forces, nor the Father of his country. Growing up away from those influences which made him so early a sympathizer and defender of the colonies, and in an atmosphere of deep loyalty to the king, he probably would have seen, at least at the outset, nothing but unnatural rebellion in our resistance to the mother country. As it was, he witnessed every step of oppression, and gradually grew into an uncompromising foe of the government under which he suffered. As an officer in the British service, he doubtless would, if stationed on our coast, have taken fire at the wrongs heaped on the land of his birth, and the outrages committed on our unoffending inhabitants, and his honest indignation at length overcome the obligation of honor which held him to his king, and he would have flung back in his face with scorn the commission he had received at his hands, and, leaping into our midst, freely sacrificed himself in our behalf. But by that time other leaders would have occupied all places of trust in the army—other measures and other fortunes changed the current of our destiny.

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Lee might have been commander-in-chief, and *he* would have wrecked us, first or last. If successful under some great leader till our independence was declared, who could have steadied us till we became consolidated into a government, but Washington? What destinies, then, hung on that vacillating purpose! As a naval officer, kept on foreign service while the war went on, or a late volunteer, ignorant of military tactics on land, he could have had but little influence on our struggle. Yet as doubtful as that decision seemed, it was as certain as the pen of fate could make it. In some cases "if's" amount to nothing. *If* the Israelites had all perished in the wilderness, the Bible would never have been written, but the causes necessary to secure such a result did not exist. *If* the leaky, miserable vessel that bore the Puritans to Plymouth Rock had been wrecked, the history of this country would doubtless have been totally different. As the Mayflower rose and fell on the heavy storm-swell of the Atlantic, her rotten sides gaping to the sea, and her shattered sails drifting to the gale, the chances that she would survive were few and trembling. But the wildest storm that ever swept the Atlantic could not have wrecked her, for God's hand was on her staggering form—his breath on her canvas. Every nail in her timbers was as sacred as the ark of the covenant—an angel sent on a great commission, she was sure to reach the shore.

If an adventurous pike had pierced Cromwell in the midst of the Revolution, the Commonwealth of

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England would have been an air-bubble which the first touch bursts; and had the bayonet which entered Bonaparte's thigh at Toulon struck a few inches higher, Europe would not now be convulsed with men struggling for freedom; but a higher Being guarded their lives. They were sent to accomplish great ends, and so did heaven stoop to sway the decision of the mother of Washington. Even the savage was compelled to recognize the protection of the Great Spirit, and refused to fire at him. Thus, amid all the commotions of time—the overthrow of dynasties and empires, does "one Eternal thought move on the undisturbed affairs" of the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

THE English army, ten thousand strong, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was passing through New Jersey, on its way to New York. The whole country was filled with the marching columns—the baggage-train alone stretching *twelve miles along the road.* On the rear of this army, in order to cut it and the baggage-train from the main body, Washington determined to fall, and sent forward five thousand men to commence the attack. The command of this belonged to Lee, but, he refusing to accept it, it was given to Lafayette. The former, however, thinking it would have an ugly look, to decline serving in such an important battle as this promised to be, changed his mind and asked for the post assigned him, which was generously granted by Lafayette. The morning of the 28th of June, was one of the sultriest of the year; yet at an early hour, Lee, who was but five miles from Monmouth, where the British army had encamped that night, put his troops in motion. Pushing rapidly on, through the broken and wooded country, he at length emerged on the plain of Monmouth, which, like that of Marengo, seemed made on purpose for a battle-field. Forming his men in the

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woods, to conceal them from the enemy, he and Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre, and lo! all the ample plain below them was dark with the moving masses. To the stirring sound of music, the steady columns of the grenadiers moved sternly forward, their bayonets glittering in the morning sunlight, while far as the eye could reach, followed after the immense train—horses and wagons toiling through the sand and filling the air with dust.

Wayne descended like a torrent upon this line of march, and soon the sharp rattle of musketry, and roar of cannon, and heavy smoke, told where he was pouring his troops to the charge. Lee, in the mean time, with the rest of his division, took a circuitous march to fall on the head of the corps with which Wayne was engaged, when he learned that the whole British army had wheeled about and was hurrying back to protect the rear. That plain then presented a magnificent appearance. Far away the cloud of horses and wagons was seen hurrying from the field, while nearer by, the glittering columns fell, one after another, in the order of battle—the artillery opened like a sudden conflagration on the plain—the cavalry went dashing forward to the charge, and amid the pealing of trumpets, unrolling of standards, and shouts of men, the battle commenced.

But at this moment, Lee, who had not expected to meet a strong force, and not liking to have a heavy battle thrown on him, with a morass in his rear, ordered a retreat; and the brave Wayne, grinding his teeth in rage, was compelled to fall back, and

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came very near being cut off in the attempt. Across the morass, and over the broken country, the division kept retreating, with the victorious columns of the British in full pursuit.

In the mean time Washington, ignorant of this shameful retreat, was marching up with the other division of the army. As the sound of the first cannonade broke dull and heavy over the woods, the troops were hurried forward, and the soldiers, eager for the encounter, threw aside their knapsacks, and many of them their coats, and with shouts pressed rapidly on. It was a terrible day—the thermometer stood at *ninety-six*—and as that sweltering army toiled through the sand and dust, many sunk in their footsteps overpowered by the heat. Washington had dismounted where two roads met, and stood with his arm thrown over the neck of his white steed that was reeking with sweat, listening to the cannonading in the distance, and watching his eager columns as they swept along the road. Far in advance, he heard the thunder of artillery that was mowing down his ranks, while before him fluttered the flag of his country, soon also to be enveloped in the smoke of battle. A shade of anxiety was seen on that calm, noble countenance; but the next moment it grew dark as wrath. A horseman, bursting into his presence, cried out that Lee was in full retreat, bearing down with his divided ranks, full on his own advancing columns. The expression of his face at that moment was dreadful, and with a burst of indignation that startled those around him, he sprang to the saddle and, plunging the rowels

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in his steed, launched like a thunderbolt away. A cloud of dust alone told where he and his suite sped onward, and those who looked on him then, with his usually pale face flushed, and his blue eye emitting fire, knew that a storm was soon to burst somewhere. He swept in a headlong gallop up to the van of the retreating army, and the moment his white horse was seen, the brave fellows, who had not been half beaten, sent up a shout that was heard the whole length of the lines, and "*Long live Washington,*" rent the air. Flinging a hasty inquiry to Osgood, as to the reason of this retreat, who replied, with a terrible oath, "*Sir, we are fleeing from a shadow;*" he galloped to the rear, and reining up his horse beside Lee, bent on him a face of fearful expression, and thundered in his ear as he leaned over his saddle-bow, "*Sir, I desire to know what is the reason, and whence arises this disorder and confusion.*" It was not the words, but the smothered tone of passion in which they were uttered, and the manner which was severe as a blow, that made this rebuke so terrible. Wheeling his steed, he spurred up to Oswald's and Stewart's regiment, saying, "On you I depend, to check this pursuit;" and riding along the ranks he roused their courage to the highest pitch by his stirring appeals, while that glorious shout of "*Long live Washington,*" again shook the field. The sudden gust of passion had swept by; but the storm that ever slumbered in his bosom was now fairly up, and galloping about on his splendid charger, his tall and commanding form towering above all about him, and his noble

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countenance lit up with enthusiasm, he was the impersonation of all that is great and heroic in man. In a moment, the aspect of the field was changed—the retreating mass halted—officers were seen hurrying about in every direction, their shouts and orders ringing above the roar of the enemy's guns. The ranks opened, and under the galling fire of the enemy, the steady battalions wheeled, and formed in splendid order. Washington then rode back to Lee; and pointing to the firm front he had arrayed against the enemy, exclaimed, "*Will you, sir, command in that place?*" He replied, yes. "*Well,*" then, said he, "*I expect you to check the enemy immediately.*" "Your orders shall be obeyed," replied the stung commander; "and I will not be the first to leave the field." The battle then opened with renewed fury, and Washington hurried back to bring his own division into action.

It was a glorious triumph of discipline, and the power of one master mind, to see how those retreating troops recovered their confidence, and formed under the very fire of their pursuers, before the panic had been communicated to the other portion of the army.

But the danger had only just commenced; the few regiments which had been thrown forward, could not long withstand the heavy shock to which they were exposed. Swept by the artillery and enveloped in fire, they were gradually forced back over the field. They fought bravely, as if they knew the fate of the battle rested on their firmness, yet the advanced corps finally fell back on the reserve. On this, too,

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the victorious legions of the enemy thundered with deafening shouts—the grenadiers pressed furiously forward—the cavalry hung like a cloud on our flanks, while the steadily advancing cannon galled the ranks with a most destructive fire. Our whole line of battle began to shake. Washington, with the rear division, was not yet up, and every moment threatened to throw Lee's whole shattered corps back in disorder upon it. Everything quivered in the balance, but at this terrible crisis, the noble, the chivalric Hamilton, with his hat off, and his hair streaming in the wind, was seen crossing the field in a sweeping gallop, making straight for Lee. Knowing that the fate of the battle rested on his firmness, and fearing he might shrink again under the heavy onsets of the enemy, he flew to his relief. Reining up his foam-covered steed beside him, he exclaimed in that lofty enthusiasm, which that day saved the army, "I will stay with you, my dear general, and *die with you. Let us all die here rather than retreat.*" Nobly said, brave Hamilton! — the firmest prop of American liberty stands fast in this dreadful hour.

In this critical moment, Washington appeared on the field, and rapidly formed his division in front of the enemy. Casting his eye over the battle, he saw at a glance the whole extent of the danger, and strained every nerve to avert it. His orders flew like lightning in every direction, while full on his centre came the shouting, headlong battalions of the enemy. Both his right and left flank were threatened almost simultaneously; yet calm and collected he sternly

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surveyed the steadily advancing columns, without one thought of retreating. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than at this moment. Ordering up Sterling with the artillery on the left, and the other portion of the army to advance, he watched for an instant the effect of the movements. Sterling came up on a furious gallop with his guns, and unlimbering them, pouring such a sudden fire on the chasing columns, that they recoiled before it. At the same time, the veteran Knox hurried up his heavy guns on the right, and began to thunder on the dense masses of the enemy, while the gallant Wayne, at the head of his chosen infantry, charged like fire full on the centre. The battle now raged along the whole lines, and the plain shook under the uproar. But nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Americans, and the fierce fire of our artillery. The hotly worked batteries of Knox and Sterling were like two spots of flame on either side; while the head of Wayne's column, enveloped in smoke and flame, pressed steadily forward, bearing down every thing in its passage, and sweeping the field with shouts that were heard above the roar of the artillery. Every step had been contested with the energy of despair, and under the oppressive heat, scores of brave fellows had fallen in death, unsmitten by the foe.

The whole English army retreated, and took up a strong position on the ground Lee had occupied in the morning. Almost impenetrable woods and swamps were on either side, while there was nothing

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but a narrow causeway in front, over which an army could advance to the attack. The battle now seemed over; for under that burning sun and temperature of ninety-six degrees, the exhausted army could hardly stir. Even Washington's powerful frame was overcome by the heat and toil he had passed through; and, as he stood begrimed with dust and the smoke of battle, and wiped his brow, the perspiration fell in streams from his horse, which looked as if it had been dragged through a muddy stream, rather than rode by a living man. The tired hero gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's position, and, notwithstanding its strength, and the heat of the day and the state of his army, determined to force it. His strong nature had been thoroughly roused, and the battle he sought thrown unexpectedly upon him, and well-nigh lost, and he now resolved to press it home on the foe. All around him lay the dead, and the cry for water was most piteous to hear; while those who bore back the wounded, were ready themselves to sink under the heat. The eye of Washington, however, rested only on the English army; and ordering up two brigades to assail it, one on the right flank and the other on the left, he brought the heavy guns of Knox forward to the front. In a few minutes these tremendous batteries opened, and the English cannon replied, till it was one constant peal of thunder there over the hot plain. In the mean time, the burning sun was stooping to the western hills, and striving in vain with its level beams to pierce the smoke and dust-filled atmosphere, that spread like a

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cloud over the field. Still that heavy cannonade made the earth groan, and still those gallant brigades were forcing their way onward through the deep woods and over the marshes to the attack. But the almost insurmountable obstacles that crossed their path, so delayed their march, that night came on before they could reach their respective positions. The firing then ceased, and darkness shut in the scene. For awhile, the tread of the battalions taking up their positions for the night, the heavy rumbling of artillery wagons, and the moans of the wounded, and piteous prayer for water, disturbed the calmness of the Sabbath evening, and then all was still. The poor soldiers, overcome with heat and toil, lay down upon the ground with their arms in their hands, and the two tired armies slept. Within sight of each other they sunk on the field, while the silent cannon, loaded with death, still frowned darkly from the heights upon the foe. The young moon just glanced a moment on the slumbering hosts, then fled behind the hills. The stars, one after another, came out upon the sky like silent watchers, while the smoke of the conflict hung in vapory masses over the woods and plain. Washington, determined with the dawn of day to renew the battle, wrapped his military cloak around him, and, throwing himself on the ground beneath a tree, slept amid his followers. So did Bonaparte, on the first night of the battle of Wagram, sleep by the Danube, lulled by its turbulent waters.

But at midnight, the English commander roused his

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sleeping army and quietly withdrew, and before morning was beyond the reach of Washington's arm. So profound were the slumbers of our exhausted troops, that no intimation of the departure of the enemy was received until the morning light revealed their deserted camp. The prey had escaped him, and so Washington slowly followed on, moving his army by easy marches to the Hudson.

This battle, though not so bloody as many others, was one of the most remarkable of the Revolution. The presence of mind and firmness of Washington, which restored it after it seemed lost, the steadiness and bravery of the troops that rallied and formed right in the face of their pursuers, and the energy and strength which not only overcame pursuit and restored the day, but finally broke into a furious offensive, scarcely have a parallel. Especially do we feel this to be true when we remember the extraordinary heat of the day, and that the troops, from a little after sunrise till sunset, marched and fought on a field where no water was to be had. I never heard of a battle before lasting twelve hours, and with the thermometer at ninety-six Fahrenheit. It seems impossible that troops could be aroused to put forth such exertions under such a scorching sun. The fact that many fell dead with a sun-stroke, shows that, on this sandy plain, the suffering from heat and want of water must have been intense. Over twenty thousand men packed into that valley, and struggling a whole day in such a temperature, made doubly worse by their

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own smoke and fire, is one of the most remarkable spectacles the history of war presents.

Immediately after the battle, Washington reinstated Lee in his old command, thus showing that he meant to overlook the whole matter. But the latter had been severely galled by the rebuke* he had received; and, still farther irritated by the severe remarks made by the officers on his retreat, wrote a saucy letter to Washington, which called forth a short and severe reply. Stung by this additional attack, he wrote a still more impertinent and ridiculous letter, demanding a court-martial to decide on his conduct. Washington wound up his letter to Lee with a curtness and tartness uncommon for him, declaring that he "was guilty of a breach of orders, and of misbehavior before the enemy, in not attacking them as he had been directed, and in making an unnecessary, disorderly,

* There is some doubt about the exact language used by Washington on this occasion. Weems says that he exclaimed, as he rode up, "For God's sake, General Lee, what's the cause of this ill-timed prudence?" to which the latter replied, "No man, sir, can boast a larger portion of that rascally virtue than your excellency." This eccentric historian, I know, is not considered very reliable authority; but the language here given corresponds precisely to the characters of the two men, in the state of mind in which they then were, and to me bears internal evidence of truth. Mr. Sparks informs me, that he once asked Lafayette at La Grange what the expression of Washington was on that occasion. He replied, that he did not know; and, though near them both at the time, could not have told an hour afterwards. He said it was not the language but the *manner*—no one had ever before seen Washington so terribly excited; his whole appearance was fearful.

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and shameful retreat." Lee's reply was: "You cannot afford me greater pleasure, sir, than in giving me an opportunity of showing to America the efficiency of her respective servants. I trust that the temporary power of office, and the tinsel dignity attending it, will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to offuscate the bright rays of truth. In the mean time, your excellency can have no objection to my retiring from the army." A more insulting letter could scarcely have been written, and he was put under arrest immediately. In August, the court-martial sat, and he was tried under three charges: First, for disobeying orders in not attacking the enemy; second, for "making an unnecessary and disorderly retreat;" and third, for "disrespect to the commander-in-chief in two letters." He had a fair trial, and was found guilty in all three charges, except that, in the second, the word "shameful" was expunged, and "in some instances" inserted before "disorderly." He was suspended from the army twelve months. This decision fell like a thunderbolt on him, and his indignation against Washington burst forth like a torrent, and never lost its intensity till the day of his death. Many exceptions have been taken to this decision, and even Mr. Sparks thinks the charges not fully sustained by the evidence. Lee's defence is, that he *did* attack the enemy in the first place, and that he did not order a retreat in the second place—that, when he found the whole English army on him, he fell back, and Scott's brigade, forming a large portion of his division, mistaking an oblique

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movement of a column for a retreat, crossed over the marsh without his orders. That he could not reverse this movement in face of the enemy safely, and so he fell back also, intending to form his men in the first favorable position, which did not occur till he reached Washington. This statement, at first sight, is very plausible, but when sifted amounts to very little. In the first place, it is a mere farce to say he attacked the enemy in the spirit of his instructions. On the same ground, the firing of a single platoon might be called an attack. He knew, and everybody else knows, that Washington meant more than he performed by an "*attack*." It is ridiculous to quibble on the letter of his instructions in this way. Washington did not send him forward with five thousand men to execute a manœuvre. In the second place, it is asserted that Lee's orders were discretionary, and therefore he cannot be charged with disobedience of them by retreating, if he thought best. His orders were to attack the enemy, unless there were "powerful reasons to the contrary." I see precious little that is discretionary in such an order. No general officer receives one less so, unless he is acting under the direct eye of the commander-in-chief; or, if he does, it is always construed in this way. No man, if ordered with five thousand men to "attack the enemy *at all hazards*," would feel himself bound to do so, if, on coming up, there were fifty thousand men strongly posted, instead of five thousand as supposed. A man would be court-martialed for carrying out the letter of his instructions under such circum-

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stances. The whole thing lies in a nutshell. When a man like Lee is sent forward with half the army, on purpose to commence the attack and bring on a battle, he is expected to do it; and, under such orders, he is under obligation to do it, unless he finds circumstances so utterly different from what was expected, that there can be no doubt the commander-in-chief would change his orders if he were present. No such difference existed in Lee's case, and he was bound to put himself in a position where he could commence the attack. The whole defence made on the word discretionary is a mere quibble, and only serves to reveal the weakness of the argument it is designed to support. The mere fact that he declares he intended to make an attack, when Scott, retreating without his permission, forced him also to retire, shows how he construed his discretionary orders, and makes all he says about having "saved the army by a timely and judicious retreat," supremely ridiculous. He either did, or did not, design to attack the enemy, before Scott retreated. If he did, the retreat about which he boasts so much was an accident, and not in any way owing to his excellent judgment; if he did *not*, he violated his orders, and the whole story about being *forced* to retire by Scott's movement is a falsehood.

He has been accused of designing to ruin Washington; but this is not so clear. At first sight, the plain facts seem to be—he went into the battle reluctantly, and only to save his reputation, and hence

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would not fight if he could help it. Having no confidence in his troops, or in his ability to make a successful attack, he would if possible refrain from doing it. Hence he wavered and hesitated, when the utmost promptness and decision were necessary. This uncertain action deceived his troops, who knew not what was expected of them, and so Scott retreated at the first appearance of a retrograde movement. Lee, glad of an excuse to follow his wishes, did not order him back, and retreated also. In the mean time, he designed to occupy the first strong position he came to, but finding none, continued to fall back until met by Washington.

There are only two objections to this charitable construction. In the first place, he had marched over the ground just before, and he knew that behind that morass was the best place to make a stand between him and Washington, yet when the latter came up there was no demonstration towards a rally. The second is, he retreated nearly five miles without once sending word to Washington, who he knew was rapidly advancing unapprised of his flight. The excuse, that he expected to rally and make a stand every moment, and thought he would not shake the courage of the advancing troops by announcing a pursuit he expected to check, is utterly worthless. It might bear him out during the first mile of his retreat, but not when he found himself to be almost upon Washington's division. He was too old a soldier not to be perfectly aware, that there was no danger so great as to come

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in full flight, unannounced, upon a body of advancing troops. He knew there was scarcely one army out of a hundred that could be rallied under such a sudden shock, and that the steadiest would be dreadfully shaken. It was the height of madness to pour his five thousand disordered troops upon an equal number unprepared to receive them; and this refusal to apprise Washington of his movements is the darkest thing about the whole affair. Nothing prevented the catastrophe he was precipitating but the providential arrival of a farmer, who reported his disorderly retreat. Still, it is unjust to accuse Lee of the base motive to destroy Washington. There was never any low trickery in his actions, none of this underground treacherous dealing about his character. What he did, he did boldly, nay, defiantly; and hence it is more reasonable to look for an explanation of his conduct in these traits than in one he never seemed to possess. The truth of the whole matter doubtless is—his anger being aroused, at the summary manner in which the commander-in-chief had set aside the decision of the council of war, he would just as soon have the attack unsuccessful as not. Going into the battle with those sullen feelings, he put forth no effort, and showed no zeal, and retreated at the first appearance of strong opposition. Attributing his repulse to Washington's self-will, rather than to his own bad management, he, in his savage anger, wished to see him punished, and determined to let events take their own course—charging the whole responsibility over to his obsti-

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nacy in not regarding the opinions of his officers. His insulting letter to the latter, which he knew would recoil upon him, sprung out of this same reckless, independent feeling.

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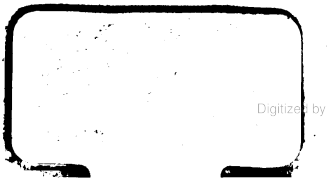

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